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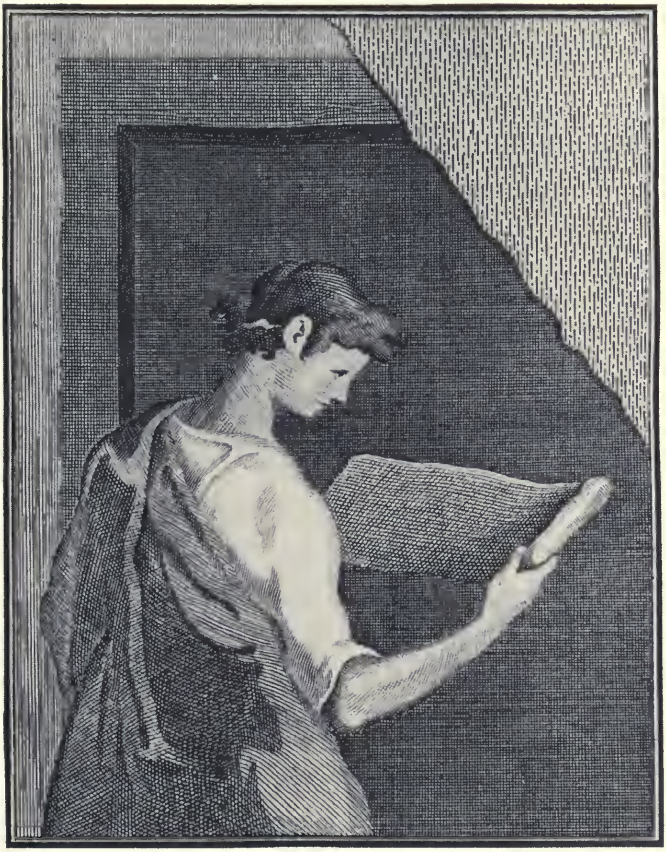
Charles Brownell.



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JOURNAL

OF A

TOUR IN ITALY,

IN 1850,

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF AN

INTERVIEW WITH THE POPE,

At the Vatican.

BY THE REV.

GEORGE TOWNSEND, D.D.

CANON OF DURHAM,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHRONOLOGICAL ARRANGEMENT OF THE BIBLE,"
"SCRIPTURAL COMMUNION WITH GOD,"
"ECCLESIASTICAL AND CIVIL HISTORY PHILOSOPHICALLY CONSIDERED,"
"ACCUSATIONS OF HISTORY AGAINST THE CHURCH OF ROME,"
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1851.

רִפִּאנוּ אֶת־בָּבֶל וְלֹא נֵרָפָתָה עֲזֹבוּהָ

"We would have healed Babylon, but she is not healed: forsake her."
JER. li. 9.

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THE Tour in Italy, of which an account is given in the following pages, was begun and completed, and the narrative itself, with the exception of a few sentences, was written, long before the promulgation of the late unscriptural, absurd, and insolent bull of the Pope, whom I visited at the Vatican. I could not be aware, that three years ago the plan of dividing England into dioceses, as if we were either a Heathen or a Popish country, could have been imagined, much less acted upon. The folly and the presumption, however, of the Pope's action has not altered that opinion which I believe I am almost alone in holding, expressing, and enforcing; but which, until I can be convinced I am in error, I shall still hold, express, and enforce—that God will so order, by His Providence, the course of this world, that in His own good time the Holy and Omnipotent Spirit of God will change the Papists of France, Italy, and

Spain, as He changed, three centuries ago, the Papists of England, Scotland, and Germany. In spite of all the blasphemous pretensions of Rome—in spite of all its unjustifiable additions to the Primitive Faith of Christ,—in spite of all the indefensible assumption, by which, in this hour of its decrepitude, it asserts the divine right to permit to, or withhold from, the soul of man, the birthright of all men, the free use of the Word of God,—in spite of all the wicked laws, bulls, rescripts, and edicts, which are alike hostile to the ancient early Religion of Jesus Christ, to modern constitutional liberty, and therefore to National happiness; I believe, against all appearances to the contrary, that the Omnipotent power, and grace, and influence of the Spirit of God will finally make the Church of Rome become what it is not now, but what it once was, when St. Paul approved and blessed it. If this great Protestant country will now do its duty to the civilized world, as it did in the reign of Elizabeth, when it beat back Popery; or in the reign of William III., when it trod down the divine right of Kings, and all regal despotism; or as it did in the reign of George III., when it rebuked and vanquished the Infidelity of the Continent; then will England be not only safe within itself, but more and more influential as the blessing and the example to mankind. Towards the close of that great and

terrible war, which began with the first French Revolution and ended with the contest at Waterloo, an English General begun one of his despatches with the memorable words—"England has saved itself by its firmness, and Europe by its example." So must it be now, in the revival and renewal of the great war between Christianity and its corruptions, between the Reformation and Papistry.

But what, it will be demanded, is the remedy? What must be done? How are we to resist these aggressions? How can we meet these encroachments?

They must be all met, we answer, by untiring, vigilant, sleepless resistance. This resistance must be of three kinds; *Political, Christian, Ecclesiastical.*

There must be untiring, vigilant, sleepless, *Political* resistance.

The details of this first mode of resistance must be left to our Rulers; but as the soldiers of a foreign enemy are justly regarded as enemies, and are not, therefore, invested with the privileges of citizens, even if they are permitted to traverse the country on their parole of honour; so also should it now be with the members of the Church of Rome. The Pope has declared himself to be the foreign enemy. By the promulgation of a bull as atrocious and as hostile

to the Protestant Institutions of England as any that were issued in the reigns of Elizabeth or James I., the Pope has cancelled the claims of his subjects to the civil privileges of their Protestant countrymen ; and has placed them in the position of foreigners, aliens, and enemies. No man in a state of society is entitled to any other privileges than the law of the land allows him. All privileges are granted, or are maintained, upon certain implied or expressed conditions. The privilege of participating with the legislatorial power in assisting in the formation of the laws of the land, was granted to the Romanists on the solemn condition, that such obedience be not rendered to a foreigner which shall ultimately endanger the Throne of England. If the Pope does not rescind this bull, our political security requires that he be declared to be "a foreign enemy." If the subjects of the Pope do not repudiate this bull, they will then be the soldiers of that foreign enemy. They forfeit their political privileges. They place themselves under their parole of honour only ; and though we may safely grant to them peace, toleration, and protection, under the watchful superintendence of the public law ; we shall do wisely to insist upon their resignation of the peculiar conditional privileges which we granted to them in the year 1829, and thus relieve them from the

burthen under which their consciences, as the subjects of the foreign enemy, must so deeply suffer,—the power of legislating for the prosperity, the strength, the extension, and the influence of the Protestant Institutions, which their duty to God, and their allegiance to the foreign enemy, the declared vicar of Christ, requires them to endeavour to destroy.

This is the commencenent of the *Political* resistance to the aggression of which we complain.

The second mode of resistance may be called *Christian* resistance, because it is founded on the principles of abstract Christianity, which ought ever, so far as is possible, to be the guide and direction to the disciples of Christ.

We are the disciples of Christ, and the followers of the primitive martyrs of the early Church. Two examples are before us of the manner in which our discipleship may be shown.

Jesus Christ loved His people. He reproved their apostasy, He wept over their destruction; and, at the very moment when they were nailing Him to the cross, He offered the prayer for His murderers, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

Stephen, the first martyr, loved his countrymen. He reproved the fearful crime of their crucifying Christ, and stigmatized them as the resisters of

the Holy Ghost. When they cast him out of the city and stoned him, then, at the very moment when they were overwhelming him with the instruments of persecution and death he kneeled down and cried with a loud voice, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge."

As Christ, and His servant Stephen, were willing to lay down their lives, protesting against the errors and corruptions of their people; so ought we, after their example, in opposition to errors and corruptions as inveterate, obstinate, and unscriptural, to persevere in the second mode of our resistance to the encroachments of Rome. We must maintain our protestation against their doctrines, their superstitions, and their usurpations, to the grave. We must appeal to them, expostulate with them, pray for them, and love them: but we must never, never submit to them, never sanction their idolatry, never uphold their apostasy, never endure their pretensions. Ever watchful, ever on our guard, ever mindful of the uniform experience of many centuries, and especially of the testimony of the last century, that Rome never sleeps, that—

> Still to new heights her restless wishes soar,
> Claim leads to claim, and power advances power
> Still whimpering on, "Think nothing done," she cries,
> "Till at our feet the Church of England lies—"

our duty of resistance is strengthened by her boldness of aggression. The result must be left to God. Only let our motto be—No peace with Rome, as it is; no peace with Rome, till God shall give it repentance; no peace with Rome, till its Pauline Faith be restored, its mediæval additions to Christ's Truth be removed, its cruel canons be rescinded, and its odious bulls be withdrawn. No peace with Rome, till the unrestricted Bible be its rule; and its rulers, and its people, once more become the repentant and humble Church, with their brethren. No peace with Rome, till the Spirit of God shall change it, and render it no longer our duty to protest against its errors, and to resist its domination.

The third mode of resistance to the aggression of Rome is *Ecclesiastical*.

By the words *Ecclesiastical* Resistance, as contradistinguished from Political Resistance, I mean that opposition to the usurpations and pretensions of the Bishop of Rome, which may be, and which must be, sooner or later, made by Christian sovereigns, states, and people, considered as members of the one universal Church, and founded upon the revival of the scriptural, primitive custom, of conciliar deliberation on the controversies which agitate that Church. The battle is not between Popery and Protestantism, considered as two adverse

parties, but between Christianity and its corruptions. England alone is not interested; the whole human race, to whom the knowledge of the religion of Jesus Christ has been, or will be made known, is concerned in the results of this mighty contest. The controversy is between truth and falsehood, liberty and slavery, constitutional government and arbitrary despotism, monarchical authority and papal usurpation; between good and evil. The temporal monarchs of the world are the guardians of the people committed to their care. Scriptural Christianity is the only effectual mode of blessing their people; and the monarchs, to whom God has given the crown and the sceptre, are required, as their first duty, to take care that no priesthood changes that blessing into a curse. There is, in fact, but one only question to be considered. —Christ gave to one of His Apostles a commission to build His Church, and a prophecy that he should execute His commission. The preaching of that Apostle first to the Jews, and then to the Gentiles, accomplished the commission, and fulfilled the prophecy. The chief question for the princes, the rulers, and the people of the Universal Church to consider, in the Council which it is their duty to summon is this, Whether the Bishop of Rome, because Christ said to His

Apostle, "Thou art Peter," is entrusted with the power of saying to all States, and to all Churches, 'I ordain, and I decree, that public prayer shall not be offered to God in the language in which the people think best, but in the language which I deem best. "Thou art Peter;" therefore I give the Holy Scriptures as I please, and as I permit. "Thou art Peter;" therefore I, the Bishop of Rome, command all Senates, Rulers, Kings, and people, to enact no laws, grant no liberties, make no decrees, which shall affect the best interests of nations, without my sanction, without my permission. "Thou art Peter;" therefore I, the Bishop of Rome,—whatever be the laws of England, whether Scriptural, absolute, constitutional, old or new, ecclesiastical or civil,—divide England into dioceses and districts at my will and pleasure; and I command this law—my law—to be observed by my subjects in that country.'—Such is the claim of ecclesiastical supremacy. In England the papal ecclesiastical supremacy has been met by ecclesiastical resistance. The Convocation, in the reign of Henry VIII., met and rejected it: and the State, in its Parliament, acted upon the decision of the Convocation. But the Councils of England are peculiar to that Empire alone;—and this question of the Ecclesiastical Supremacy is not an English question only; it is,—if I may use new

terms,—not only an European question, but an universal Church question, a human race question. If Christianity is to be, as I believe that God's holy revelation affirms it eventually shall be, the uniter of all mankind in one Universal Church ; then all mankind, through all its aggregate of states, peoples, nations, languages, and tongues, are interested in the overthrow of an Ecclesiastical Supremacy which poisons the Fountains of spiritual life at their source. The union of Churches, on the foundation of Papistry, would only be a universal apostasy, which would bring down the second deluge of fire from heaven to destroy the world, and its Churches.

I only add, that if I could have imagined the possibility of the folly and crime which the Pope has committed, I would never have entered Rome ; and that distance from the press, and many avocations and interruptions, have prevented the earlier publication of my Journal.

College, Durham,
Dec. 4, 1850.

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TOUR IN ITALY.

INTRODUCTION.

REASONS FOR GOING TO ITALY, AND SEEKING AN INTERVIEW WITH THE POPE.

When a member of the United Churches of England and Ireland, or a Protestant Episcopalian of Scotland, America, or elsewhere, goes up to the Table and Altar of the Lord, at the celebration of the Holy Sacrament, he is accustomed to pray, that —"God would inspire continually the Universal Church with the spirit of truth, unity, and concord; and grant, that all who confess His holy Name may agree in the truth of His holy word, and live in unity and Godly love." In the Prayer of the Post-Communion we humbly beseech our Lord and Heavenly Father,—"that by the merits and death of Jesus Christ we and ALL His whole Church may obtain remission of our sins, and all other benefits of His passion."—We pray in the Litany

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that it may please God "to rule and govern the Holy Church Universal in the right way." In the Prayer for all Conditions of Men, we pray "more especially for the good estate of the Catholic Church; that it may be so guided and governed by God's good Spirit, that ALL who profess and call themselves Christians may be led into the way of truth, and hold the Faith in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life."—And in many other parts of our beautiful Service we implore the Almighty, to whom we pray, to grant the same petitions.

I have now, through many years, inquired of myself, Whether all these prayers are a mere mockery? Whether they are utterly vain and useless? Whether they have any meaning, or are merely the language of routine and form? Solemn prayers like these generally imply a solemn vow. Those who pray for "Unity, Peace, and Concord," are required to exert themselves, to labour, and hope, to accomplish objects so desirable. No Papist, nor Protestant, however, is found to make the least attempt to promote peace. Every Church, sect, and party, entrenches itself behind its own fortifications, and its own battlements, contented with affirming the Scriptural impregnability of its own position, and with exhausting the language of vituperation on the holders of the neighbouring

fortress. "See how these Christians love one another!" was the language of antiquity. "See how these Christians hate one another!" is the language of the present day. Infidelity triumphs in our mutual hatreds. *Rome* charges England with originating and perpetuating this infidelity, by the obstinacy of its schism, and by the multiplicity of its sects, which it permits to exist, to speak, and to write, without control. *England* charges Rome with the same sin, by its stubborn resistance to the union of religious liberty with ecclesiastical authority; and by fettering the mind of man to the maxims, opinions, discipline, and traditions, which are neither divine in their origin, true in their nature, useful in their exercise, nor consistent with the spiritual improvement of mankind. *Rome* teaches its people that their opposition to its creed and government produces present political, ecclesiastical, and anarchical evil, as well as undoubted future misery. *England* regards the religion and polity of Rome as "the worst of superstitions, and the heaviest of all God's judgments[1]." Both are vehement in their condemnation of the real or supposed criminality which originates and perpetuates the greatest hindrance to the extension and influence of pure and primitive Christianity.

[1] Milton.

The question, then, is, *What is the remedy for these evils?*—"Submission to Rome," is the answer of many of our own brethren, whose mournful defection we deplore; or who have endeavoured to soften or palliate the errors which our fathers so justly condemned.—"Submission to Rome," is the answer of the disciples of the school of Bossuet, who endeavour to explain away the more obnoxious tenets of the Church of Rome, and represent the differences between the two Churches as too minute and too trivial to justify the continuance of the separation.—"Implicit submission to Rome," says the bolder and more decided Papist. "We will rescind no law; we will abrogate no decree; we will alter no article of doctrine; we will change no rule of discipline; we will reconquer the Universal Church by our endurance, our patience, and our perseverance."—Alas, for the hopes of mankind, if truth is more pliable than error! With deep, sincere, impartial study of the arguments in favour of the Church of Rome, and of the evidence by which it would support its pretensions, I have endeavoured to answer this question; and I am compelled, as a lover of the truth, to come to the conclusion, that, while Rome remains as she is, resistance to Rome, and not submission to Rome, is the most bounden duty of every Christian. I am compelled to believe, that

submission to Rome is the worst evil that can befal the Church of God. For Rome is chargeable with two errors which forbid the possibility of unity, peace, and concord between the Churches of the Catholic Church till they are removed. One relates to its doctrines, the other to its discipline. The first is, the reception of a Creed, which embodies, on the authority, not of a Council, but of an individual Bishop of Rome, the whole of the conclusions to which we are compelled to object. The second is, claiming and exercising the right and privilege of permitting, and therefore of withholding, from the believer in Christianity who receives that Creed, that word of God which the Almighty gave to all, as He gives them the fresh air of Heaven to breathe, or the light of the sun to enable them to see. Three degrees of happiness are given to all mankind. One is, the inferior happiness which we possess in common with the ignorant and the savage,—namely, the satisfaction of the appetites and the instincts of nature. The second is, the happiness which we share with the refined and learned, who may not possess the better and the higher felicity—the pleasures of poetry, the delights of eloquence, and the charms of literature. The third is, the happiness which we partake in common with the spirits of all true Christians—the knowledge of the Deity as it is given us in Reve-

lation, the anticipations and the earnest also of the enjoyments of a future state, and all the elevations and blessings which the Son of God died to bestow upon man. This highest happiness can only be derived from the knowledge, the belief, and the study of the word of God. The suppression, therefore, or even the partial permission of that word, is warfare against the supreme happiness of man [2]. The claim of the Church of Rome to permit what the Almighty has freely granted to all, is an act of blasphemy and presumption against His Providence. The refusal of that word, because it has been sometimes misinterpreted, or sometimes rendered a source of controversy, is an impeachment of the wisdom of the Deity, and an injustice to the soul of man. To supply its place by human compositions, by an acted Mass, by well-painted pictures, by the finest statuary, or by any religious ordinances whatever, is as utterly impossible as the attempt to supply the place of the flowing river, the fresh air, and the realities of the scenery of nature, by the illusion of a panorama; or to satisfy the cravings of hunger by the sounds of music. The word of God is the birthright and heritage of all men. It is given to the Church and to the world; that from the world the Church might be formed. The

[2] Note 1, Appendix.

Church is only the keeper of its truth, and the witness of its origin, its perpetuity, and its authenticity; and so long as the Church of Rome continues its unholy warfare against the word of God, that Church must and will be deemed the chief hindrance to the best, highest, spiritual happiness; and the first chief cause of the infidelity which now threatens Christianity.

Such are the reflections which have now, for many years, induced me to desire to seek some remedy for our mutual hatreds, and to make some effort, however feeble, and however humble, towards the accomplishment of the object for which, in common with my brethren of the Church of England, I ever pray, when I go up to the Table and Altar of the Lord. They are not, therefore, new; neither is my Prayer that the Church may be united in one true Catholicity, now offered by me for the first time. Ten years have elapsed since I commenced a laborious work on the Pentateuch, entitled "Scriptural Communion with God." The sixth and final Part was completed at the end of the last year (1849), immediately before I left England for Italy. As the reunion of Christians, or the establishment of the truth, unity, and concord for which we pray, by unpoperizing the Church of Rome, was the frequent subject of my private prayers to God; the meditations on

which those prayers were founded were embodied in various Dedications, prefixed to the four last Parts of that work. The Third Part was dedicated to Pope Gregory XVI. It related to the mode in which the work of the reunion of Christians might be commenced in the manner which the great majority of the Catholic Church would require;—that as laws must be rescinded by the power which enacts them, and as the Bulls of the Popes have been repeatedly rescinded by their successors; the Bull, therefore, which decreed that twelve doctrines be added to the Nicene Creed[3], as Articles of Faith, may be rescinded by the present Pope, or by any of his successors, without propounding any condemnation of the Articles themselves. If this were done, the propositions which the Council of Trent commended to the approbation of the Roman Catholic Church might be reconsidered in another Council, summoned under the authority of Christian temporal Princes, of whom the Bishop of Rome might be one; and in this mode the hope of a better state of Christianity might dawn upon the world[4].

In the Dedication prefixed to the Fourth Part of my above-mentioned work, and addressed to the temporal powers of Europe, I placed before them the example of Constantine, the first Christian

[3] Note 2, Appendix.

[4] Note 3, Appendix.

Emperor. If the Pope, as the chief Bishop of the Western Churches, I showed them, refused to commence this great work of promoting the reunion of Christians on the basis of the reconsideration of the past; it then became the duty of the successors of Constantine, in the secular empires of Europe and Asia, to adopt his plan of government in seven particulars there specified, and to deem it to be their bounden Christian duty to endeavour, on the basis of truth, without regard to the Pope, to re-establish peace and union on earth.

The Fifth Part was dedicated to the Sovereign of Great Britain and Ireland, as the fittest potentate to begin this holy movement.

The Sixth and last Part was dedicated to the general Prelacy of the Universal Church, and more especially to the spiritual authorities of our own Church. I there urged upon them, the possibility of obtaining the consent of their several governments to assemble in Synods, in Congresses, or Councils, peaceably to deliberate on this most desirable reunion. To the Archbishop of Paris I related, in this last Dedication, the correspondence between Dr. Wake, the Archbishop of Canterbury in the reign of Queen Anne, and the learned M. Dupin [5], author of the "Dissertation on the Discipline of the Ancient Church." I then, in

[5] Note 4, Appendix.

the most earnest terms I could command, implored the Archbishop of Paris, and the Bishop of Rome, to devote themselves to the reformation of their Churches, in the manner in which the Apostles themselves would do, if they could be raised from the dead to judge the spiritual Israel of God. I implored the Pope to become the standard-bearer of that great number, which longs for the embracings of Peace with Truth [6]; but I assured him, that neither the Pope, nor his successors, with all the despotisms of Europe, if they could be restored—nor all the Jesuits who have ever uttered their curses on our energies—nor all the perverted traitors within our own tolerant Church, *will be able to re-unite the Christian Churches on the foundation of the old Popery.* From addressing the Pope, I conclude the Dedication with an appeal to the Archbishop of Canterbury. I entreated him to be able to look up to God when he is dying, and to say,—"No difficulties terrified me; no mere routine retarded me; no apprehension lest Princes should oppose me, no fear lest the people should deride me, no human motive prevented me from endeavouring to fulfil my duty to the Holy Catholic Church of Christ, as well as to its best portion, my own Church, the useful, the honoured, the Scriptural Church of England."—And the Dedication is con-

[6] Note 5, Appendix.

cluded with the words of the despair with which I was conscious that I might as well have spoken to the dead themselves, for the present time at least, "*Can your Grace do nothing—nothing* to remove the mutual hatred of Christians?" "Nothing to call forth their love to each other, and to promote the union of Christ's Holy Catholic Church?"

Some such detail as the above was necessary to enable me to answer the questions, Why did I go to Italy? Why did I desire an interview with the Pope?—I went, not from caprice, not from impulse, not from curiosity alone; *I went in the pursuit of what I deemed a religious object, and in the performance of what I considered a religious duty.* At the very time when I was finishing this last Dedication, and completing the correspondence with the Archbishop of Canterbury which followed my transmitting to him my humble labours; at that very time, I was told that a change of scene and climate was necessary for my health, and that I must travel on the Continent. I had no desire to travel. I wished to stay in England, and proceed, as my health might permit, to other labours—to the completion of a work on Ecclesiastical and Civil History, and to the continuation of "The Scriptural Communion with God," in the form of a Commentary on the New Testament. I was assured, however, by my

physician, and that earnestly and repeatedly, of the advantage that would attend a remission of application to study. I was again and again assured, that it was necessary that I should go abroad. Then the thought occurred to me, that if I must for a time leave my home, I would go to Italy, and realize the visions of my solitude. Strange, Quixotic, romantic as the resolution seemed to be, the imbument of my mind with the train of thought which I have mentioned, and which had now continued through so many years, kindled the determination to make an effort to commence, by personal exertion, the better era which my anxious imagination had pictured. I would proceed to the Vatican, and seek an audience of the Pope, whom I had so often addressed from a distance, as an almost imaginary personage ;—I would appeal to him, in the Name of the Holy, Blessed, and Glorious Trinity, to begin, and to commend by his own great authority, the reconsideration of the past. In proportion to my magnificent independence, should be my extreme and deferential courtesy. In proportion to my zeal to serve the cause of peace, on the basis of Truth, should be my caution never to offend. The very attempt to gain admission to the Vatican would subject me, I well knew, to the charge of enthusiasm, fanaticism, and folly. Self-possession and

calmness must protect me from the imputation of the two first. From the imputation of the last, no wisdom could protect me, in the opinion of that large class of men, who imagine every religious action which passes the prescribed boundaries of routine, form, and custom, to be utterly useless and absurd. Though I could have no other motive than the glory of my God, and the promoting of the happiness and union of my divided brethren, I well knew, that disinterestedness is always folly, in the opinion of the selfish, the formal, and the dull.

As I could not be personally acquainted with the Pope, and as the laws of our country prohibit any of the Bishops of England from giving me letters commendatory, according to the custom of the ancient primitive Church[7], I would endeavour to obtain such letters from some one of the foreign Bishops who might be in communion with the Church of Rome. I should thus observe the common etiquette established and observed in courts, without violating the spirit of the laws of my country, or any of the courtesies of society.

"In the name of the God I serve, in the name of the Saviour I love, I will present myself;" I said, "humbly, deferentially, courteously, to the chief Bishop of that Church, which is the one great ob-

[7] Note 6, Appendix.

stacle to the reunion of the Christian Churches. I will implore him to commence in his own Church the reconsideration of the past. I will appeal to the Bishop of Rome in the spirit and temper of the Fathers and Reformers of an earlier period, who lamented, while they justified, as an act of bounden religious duty, the absolute necessity of their separation from that Church, which had once deserved the eulogy of an Apostle. I will aim at changing Rome, and so reconciling Rome to England." "Progress, not retrogression," is my motto. The desire to make Rome once more worthy of the approbation of the reader of God's word, of the lover of God's religion, and of the most anxious aspirant for the blessing of God upon the souls of men, is my motive; and the attempt, I know and feel, is worthy of St. Paul, or Cranmer, or Luther, or any of the humble followers of their noble and disinterested examples. Not one word will I presume to speak which can relate to the politics, the quarrels, the contests, which are merely of a secular nature. I will speak to the Pope, in the name of our common Father, on that subject only which relates to the spiritual improvement of the Universal Church, and the foundation of the better union of Christians. "O Lord God! Son of God! Holy Spirit of God! Who dost rule the world by Thy Providence," (was,

and is, my prayer,) "as Thou hast broken off from my own beloved land the intolerable yoke of the Continental corruptions of the Christian faith; break off the same yoke from the Continent of Europe itself. Change the creed of Rome. Remove its errors. Thy divine power can infuse into the minds of its rulers and of its people the desire, and the resolution, to put away their unscriptural additions to Thy revealed will. Send forth Thy light, and grant Thy blessing, that Thy Church may be one in love, peace, and truth, to man's greater happiness, and God's increased glory."—So I pray for Rome. Rome prays for me. I pray that Rome become as England, and that England never become like Rome. I will begin the travelling which is commanded me. I will go to Rome. I will see the capital of the Christian world, and the effects of Popery upon the happiness of Rome, and its alleged superiority over the reformed, Protestant, Christianity of England. I will obtain, if it be possible, an interview with the Pope himself, to implore him to reconsider, or to cause the reconsideration, in a free and general Synod, of the controversies of the past.—In the following extracts from my Journal, some brief details of my tour to Italy, and of my interview with the Pope, are respectfully submitted to those who may be

interested in the first faint effort to appeal to the Church of Rome, in the spirit of love to the Romanists, zeal for antipapal Truth, and abhorrence of papal error[8].

[8] Note 7, Appendix.

JOURNAL.

We left London, by way of Folkestone, for Boulogne, on Tuesday, the 22nd of January, 1850. On taking leave of my friends at Durham and London, I was alternately amused, pained, or cheered, by the different manner in which they received the announcement of my desire to see the Pope, and to endeavour to interest him in the question of a General Council. Some pitied me. Others assured me of the danger of assassination from a fanatic, or from the stiletto of a bandit. One shouted with derisive laughter. Another blessed me, and wished me God speed; with tears and prayers. Some approved of my undertaking, with eulogies on my boldness. Others condemned me, with expostulations for my rashness. Some imagined that I was about to tamper with error, and to apostatize from the principles which I had professed so strenuously, and through my whole life defended. Others acquitted me of all such impu-

tations, but enlarged on the impossibility of effecting good by any appeal to Rome, which was doomed to utter destruction. The Bishop of London, when I told him I was going to Rome, trusted they would not keep me there. My venerable friend the Archbishop of Canterbury, though he declined to comply with my request that I might use his name, in the most general manner, as of one desirous of the peace of the Church, when I should see the Bishop of Rome; and though he discouraged rather than encouraged my persevering, expressed to me, in his answer to my request, every kind and friendly wish. The affectionate and earliest friend of my life, in childhood, manhood, and age, the Historian and advocate of the Vaudois, Dr. Gilly, principally endeavoured to dissuade me from my enterprise.—"I cannot believe that any success," he told me, "will reward your zeal. Peace is your object. I am persuaded that Truth is the only foundation of Christian union; and that, till God be pleased to pour out His Spirit, and to transform those who are opposed to His Truth, by the renewing of their minds, we cannot hope for union."—But this was the very argument which encouraged me. I believed that God would so order the course of this world, and so pour forth, in His own good time, His changing and converting power, that Truth and Love should become the basis of Union, and the madness of the Chris-

tian world would be lessened. "Your friends," he added, "of the Lutheran, Calvinistic, Anglican, and Scotian Churches, will begin to suspect that you would sacrifice their honest, conscientious scruples to the shadow of Catholic consent."—No, I thought; if the Holy Power which changed the Heathen to Christian, and which can now turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the hearts of the children to the fathers, shall ordain and decree the re-establishment of the Scriptural faith—then the Lutheran, the Calvinist, the Anglican, and the Scotian will be made to drink of the same fountain of living waters, and all—all of them will follow the example of St. Paul, and speak of that faith with eulogy and favour. "Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim [1]." My confidence in the Presbyterian, the Dissenter, and the Christian of whatever name, whose happiness is derived from the word of God, compels me to believe, that if God changes Rome, they would all rejoice in her conversion, and gladly unite in its reformed communion. If God could make Saul the persecutor, Paul the Apostle, God can make the Bishop of Rome himself the opponent of the old Popery. Modern experience shall not destroy my faith and my hope in the promise, that, in spite of all present appearances, men shall be one fold under the

[1] Isa. xi. 13.

one great Shepherd. I will never sacrifice Truth ; but I will persevere to speak Peace, as the will of Christ, and of God.

Wednesday, the 23*rd.*—Arrived at Meurice's Hotel, in Paris, where we had previously ordered apartments.

The Canons of Durham are accustomed, when the Assizes take place there, to proffer their hospitalities to the senior barristers on the Northern Circuit. More than twenty years ago, when I had the honour to receive from the venerable Bishop Barrington my appointment in the College of Durham, Lord Brougham, then Mr. Brougham, was not acceptable to some of my brethren, who are now no longer among us, on account of certain speeches which he had made in the celebrated cause of the King *v.* Williams. Unwilling to continue such a ban upon this distinguished advocate, I invited him, contrary to the expostulations of my seniors, among other members of the bar. From that time I have had the honour of his acquaintance. In the course of this, my first evening at Paris, I heard at the table d'hôte of the hotel, that Lord Brougham had just arrived in that city, and was then at Meurice's. Having omitted to bring letters of introduction to the Marquis of Normanby, the English Ambassador, I had intended to have called upon his Excellency, as the

friend of his venerable father-in-law, my neighbour Lord Ravensworth. I desired, by means of the English Ambassador, a letter of introduction to the Archbishop of Paris, from whom I could solicit letters commendatory to the Pope. The arrival of Lord Brougham rescued me from the dilemma. I knew that his kindness of temper was equal to his intellectual eminence, and I had no doubt that he would favour me with the letter of introduction I required to the Marquis of Normanby, with whom I well knew he must be acquainted.

Thursday, the 24th.—At Eleven o'clock, the earliest hour permissible by the customs of society, I called upon Lord Brougham. The conversation was animated and interesting. But I dislike Boswellizing; and as the ancients never sacrificed to their heroes till after sunset, so do I avoid any eulogies on the knowledge, talents, and accomplishments of my friend. After he had given me an account of the mistakes that were made in the public papers respecting his experiments, at Cannes, on light and its effects, and made inquiries about my friend Dr. Gilly, and others, I informed him of the object which had brought me to the Continent. I requested from him letters of introduction to his friends at Rome, and to the English Ambassador at Paris, and repeated, as the foundation of my request, in a manner now usual with

me, my settled persuasion that the time was coming, when the great controversy between England and Rome must be reconsidered, and that the Pope might be induced to summon a General Council for such reconsideration, &c.

He promised to have some letters ready for me on the following day, and I then took my leave.

Friday, the 25th.—"Lord Brougham has left the hotel," said my servant, at breakfast time. "O no," I replied, "it is impossible; he appointed Eleven o'clock to see me, and it is now half-past Ten." Precisely at Eleven Lord Brougham returned to the hotel, from his early breakfastless visits to some of his friends in Paris. His activity is most extraordinary. At Eleven I was with him; and, while he breakfasted, renewed the conversation of the preceding day. After a lively and interesting conversation on Wycliffe, and the ecclesiastical history of the Middle Ages; and on the question, whether modern infidelity, with its multifarious evil offshoots, political and moral, could be effectually opposed only by a general movement on the part of those who feel a common interest in resisting its advances; his Lordship gave me some letters of introduction to his friends at Rome. "I am not acquainted," he added, "with Pio Nono nor with the Archbishop of Paris; I cannot, therefore, give you letters to them. But here

is a letter to the Marquis of Normanby: and most sincerely do I wish you success in your (and he added some words of eulogy) mission." I was leaving Lord Brougham, when a gentleman came into the apartment, to whom, with many encomiums, he introduced me. It was Mr. ——, the former Roman Catholic Correspondent of "The Times" newspaper. I frankly and candidly stated to Mr. —— the nature of my design and purpose in visiting Paris, on my way to Rome. Mrs. Townsend, as I knew the French language but imperfectly, was my interpreter through France; but I could not, if I should be so fortunate as to obtain, by means of the Ambassador, an introduction to the Archbishop of Paris, take Mrs. Townsend with me to an audience with that prelate, unless I first received his permission to do so. This, I thought, might be difficult. I therefore requested Mr. ——, if it should please Lord Normanby, to accompany me to the Archbishop, as my interpreter. He assured me that he should be most happy to comply with any request made to him by a friend of Lord Brougham; and it was agreed that he should go with me to the audience, if an audience were granted me.—I then hastened to the hotel of the British embassy; and the Marquis was so good as to appoint the hour of

Twelve the next day for my reception. After a long walk, and many sight-seeings, I returned, much fatigued, to my hotel.

Saturday, the 26th.—At Twelve, mid-day, I called upon Lord Normanby. I much admired the magnificent and spacious staircase, to which the Suisse at the door conducted me. The mansion had belonged to one of the principal of the wealthy nobles, before the storms of the first French Revolution. The waiting-room was at the top of these stairs. An English valet presented himself. I gave him my card. "I will take it to his Excellency," he remarked; "but his Excellency, I know, is much engaged." I was angered at this stumbling at the threshold. Handing to him, therefore, Lord Brougham's letter of introduction, which was not of the most diplomatic or courtlike appearance, "Will you," I said, "give that to the Ambassador? His Excellency has been so good as to appoint Twelve o'clock to see me." The man bowed, and begged me to walk into the adjoining room. He took my card and the letter, and returned in three minutes, to say that the Ambassador would see me.

After apologizing to his Excellency for any unintentional violation of etiquette, as I appeared before him in my usual morning costume, we conversed about Lord Ravensworth, his health, and

family; and about Lord Brougham, and his letter of introduction. Lord Normanby then observed, that he read Lord Brougham's writing with some difficulty, as it was very peculiar; but that he saw something in the letter that referred to my going to Rome. This remark led me at once to begin the subject.—"Lord Normanby," I said, "I am presuming to attempt what many would regard as the most romantic and absurd effort that ever presented itself to the mind of man. I see, in every quarter, a general Infidelity threatening the destruction or the weakening of our common Christianity. I see Christians every where animated with hostile feelings towards one another; and I wish to appeal to the influential ecclesiastics of Europe—to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of Paris, and the Bishop of Rome, that they would make an effort in common to promote the general good of Christians."—And so I proceeded for a few minutes.—Our laws, I added, forbid the direct communication, or correspondence, of our influential ecclesiastics with Rome; and some one person, therefore, must commence the design I had in view, by conversation with the Pope on the subject. Though nothing, I added, could be expected to result from such conversation at present, yet, if the public attention

could be turned to the point, something might be expected by the next generation, although the present should not witness any results. I only wished, I said, to direct the general attention, or, at all events, the attention of influential persons, to the matter: and that for this purpose, I had obtained letters of introduction to some of the Cardinals, from persons eminent for their rank and influence; and that I had solicited the honour of this interview with his Lordship for the purpose of requesting him to favour me with a letter of introduction to the Archbishop of Paris.—I then told his Lordship, as briefly as possible, of the correspondence which had taken place in the beginning of the last century between Dupin and Wake, the Archbishop of Canterbury; and said that I desired to obtain, if possible, an opportunity of speaking upon the subject of that correspondence with the present Archbishop of Paris, from whom I further wished to obtain a letter of introduction to the Pope.—In reply to all this, the Marquis made the cautious and courteous reply which I had expected.—Every Christian, he observed, must wish well to an object so desirable as that which I had in view —that I had but formed a right notion of the difficulties attending its speedy attainment,—that

nothing could be expected at present,—and that there were matters of detail which seldom presented themselves to the ardent and energetic, who projected new schemes of good, but who were often hurried, by the earnestness of their zeal in the pursuit of an object good in itself, to overlook those obstacles which always impede the most commendable projects. He should feel, he added, much satisfaction in giving me a letter of introduction to the Archbishop of Paris; but he said that it would be advisable that he (Lord Normanby) should have some previous conversation with that prelate upon the subject. He expected to see the Archbishop on the following Tuesday; and he promised that I should then hear from him. He informed me that, at the present juncture, there prevailed at Rome a great deal of jealousy on the subject of conversion: that any attempt in that direction would be looked upon with much suspicion: that Dr. Achilli had been released from prison in consequence of some interference, or expostulation, on the part of the English; and that great offence would be taken by the ecclesiastical authorities of Rome, if I did not observe, on all occasions, exceeding circumspection.

I told his Lordship that my object, in one sense, was not conversion; that, in the commonly under-

stood sense of the expression, I did not intend to put myself forward as the assailant of Popery; that I sought the extension neither of Protestantism, nor of Puritanism, but *to make* the κοινὴ πίστις, *the common Christianity of the Bible and of the Primitive Church, in which all parties professed to agree, the basis of a common league*, and the bond of a common union, against the menacing and alarming onset of Infidelity; and that if we all look up to a common Saviour, our faith in Him ought to bind us together in one common brotherhood, and banish from among us that mutual distrust, jealousy, and hatred, which have so long been the bane and reproach of Christendom. I assured him that my object had in it nothing political, nothing sectarian, nothing that had even a tendency to kindle the torch of theological controversy; that my friend the Archbishop of Canterbury, who had known me long, and known me well, could not commit himself by writing to me on the immediate object of my purposed visit to Italy; but that I was certain he desired the reunion of Christians; and that I was sure the Archbishop of Paris must desire it also; and I concluded by expressing my hope and persuasion, that if I could obtain a private audience with the Archbishop of Paris, and, through that prelate's letter of

introduction, with the Bishop of Rome, even my humble efforts might not be eventually wholly unavailing.—His Excellency thereupon renewed his assurance that he would shortly see the Archbishop of Paris upon the subject of my visit to him, and let me know the result. I then took my leave of his Excellency, thanking him for the courtesy with which he had received me, for the interest he appeared to take in my self-appointed mission, and for the promise of the letter I had requested. Walked about Paris, and returned to Meurice's.

Sunday, the 27th.—As we were finishing breakfast, Lord Brougham called upon us to say, Adieu. He had been detained in Paris longer than he had intended to stay by an accident which compelled him to take medical advice; and he was now required to return in haste to England, to his duty in the House of Lords. This obliged him to travel on the Lord's-day. His eye was bound up in consequence of the accident; but his conversation was agreeable as ever. We wished him a pleasant journey, and an useful life. I envied him his power to do good, and to promote, by his great influence, the best interests of society.

The 3rd verse of the 137th Psalm occurred to me as we proceeded to our own Service. Very beau-

tiful is that verse in the original Hebrew:—"How shall we sing the song of Jehovah on the ground of the foreigner[3]?"—And I prayed that the day might come, when, as the spiritual wants of mankind are the same, their united prayers might be the same.—I am sure that the foundation of the uniformity of the liturgical worship of the Universal Church is laid in the devotions which are embodied in the primitive services of the early Church, and preserved in our own Book of Common Prayer. This is the best "Song to Jehovah:" and unspeakably mournful is the fact, that, while all Christian people say, "Our Father, which art in heaven," they make so few efforts to remove the barriers which alienate His children from each other on earth, and make the world a Babylon, in which the captive Israel mourns. Rise in Thy power, Blessed Spirit!

"Make Thy temples worthy Thee,"

that all who use Christ's Holy Prayer, and say, "Our Father," may be sanctified by Thy blessed power to be one Catholic family, united in holiness, truth, and love!

Lord Brougham's friend called upon us after his own Service was over. We conversed on the

[3] אֵיךְ נָשִׁיר אֶת־שִׁיר־יְהוָה עַל אַדְמַת נֵכָר

religious prospects of England, the differences between the two Churches, and the possibility of a better state of religion in the Universal Church. One material difference, however, between him and myself pervaded his conversation—and the same difference marked the conversation of every Roman Catholic with whom I conversed, whether in France, Italy, or England, since I have returned to my own country. *I* wish for union on the basis of the equality of the Christian Churches, composing the Church Universal: *they* hope for union on the basis of the submission of all Churches to the ruler of the Church of Rome. This can never, never be. This shall, by God's blessing, never, never be. We will love them as our brethren; but we will never betray Christ, by submitting to the Pope, either as his subjects or his slaves. We can only be united, when Rome is changed, as brethren, who are all equal with each other, as children of God, and the mutual friends and servants of each other.

If we had not been grieved and shocked, we should have been amused by the vivacity of the people in the streets, whom we passed on our way. They seem to imagine that religion being a very dull, uninteresting matter, they must chase away its dulness by external and most intense gaiety. They

seem to be utterly ignorant of the delightful fact that a Christian's duty is a Christian's privilege; and that to keep the Lord's day holily, is only to keep the Lord's day happily, to increase inward felicity, and to anticipate the pleasures of the immortality that is before us[4].

Monday, the 28*th.*—Walk around and in Paris. We visited the Cathedral, and the churches of St. Sulpice, St. Eustache, &c. At Nôtre Dame, which was under repair, very few people attended; as is the case with the daily service at our own cathedrals. I did not know what festival was commemorated; but three priests on each side of the choir, in green velvet copes, enriched with gold embroidery, read, sang, turned and bowed to each other; while two boys in white vestments incensed the place. I could not distinguish a word that was said by the priests. Eight or ten boys stood on each side of the choir, below the seats where the rest of the priests were sitting, who wore black cloaks, with hoods, like those of the Capuchins. When the repairs and restorations, now in progress, are completed, the general effect will be very fine. The elaborate carvings on the three old porches are preserved with wonderful

[4] The reader will remember "the rest," σαββατισμός, "that remaineth for the people of God."—Heb. iv. 9.

fidelity, and exactness. I was much struck by the contrast between the general demeanour of English and French worshippers. With us the people seem less devout than the minister who officiates; with the French, the priests during service seem to be trifling, while the devotion of the week-day worshippers appears to be most intense. Some young mothers, with their very young children, knelt before the image of the Virgin, and seemed to be quite absorbed in prayer; while their children followed their example.

Thursday, the 29th.—Visit the galleries of the Louvre. I leave the description of all this to the "Visitors' Guide Book."

We next proceeded to the Hôtel des Invalides. In the Chapel, Mrs. Townsend asked the person who conducted us over that noble institution, whether Protestant as well as Roman Catholic veterans were admitted into it? "O oui, Madame, there is no difference here. They worship the Bon Dieu; we worship the Vierge." "Eh bien," observed Mrs. T., "but that *is* a difference!" We walked the length of the Champ de Mars, thence along the Quay d'Orsay, and through the Champs Elysées, to our hotel, where I found the following note from the British Ambassador:—

"The Marquis of Normanby presents his compliments to Mr. Canon Townsend, and begs to enclose to him herewith a letter of introduction, which he has addressed to the Archbishop of Paris.

"Paris, January 29th, 1850."

I immediately despatched a messenger with a note to the Archbishop, of which the following is a copy :—

"Meurice's Hotel, January 29th, 1850.

"The Rev. Geo. Townsend, Canon of Durham, in England, having received a letter of introduction to his Grace the Archbishop of Paris from his Excellency the Marquis of Normanby, Her Britannic Majesty's Ambassador to France, requests to know the time at which Dr. Townsend may have the honour of waiting upon his Grace the Archbishop of Paris.

"To his Grace the Archbishop of Paris,"
&c. &c. &c.

Wednesday, the 30th.—We went, by railway, to the noble Palace of St. Cloud, and much enjoyed its historical recollections, its gorgeous apartments, its choice, and, in some instances, matchless pictures, its gardens, fountains, and princely, regal, bewildering magnificence! The only drawback to

our satisfaction was, that the guide had mislaid, or lost, the key of the Orangery, of which I had said so much to Mrs. T., as illustrating the history of Napoleon, and the conduct of his brother Lucien [5]. We then proceeded through the gardens to Sèvres, and walked through the beautiful rooms filled with the most exquisite productions of that celebrated manufactory of unrivalled porcelain. The late government, Louis Philippe's, kept up the manufactory at a great cost, to present its inimitable productions to kings, princes, ambassadors, and popes. The present government is pensioning off the artists, and the whole establishment is declining. Some perfect specimens were priced at 1200*l.* or 2000*l.* of our money. No idea I could have previously formed would have equalled the reality. I did not suppose that human skill and taste could have produced articles so exquisitely beautiful.

Received the following note from the Archbishop of Paris, appointing the 2nd of February for the desired audience:—

"M. l'Archevêque de Paris aura l'honneur de recevoir M. le clér. Geo. de Durham, le Samedi, 2 Fév. à 2 heures.

"Paris, le 31 Janvier, 1850."

[5] Vide Alison's History of the French Revolution.

Friday, February 1.—Visit the Luxembourg, and some churches.

Saturday, the 2*nd.*—Before I proceeded this day to my audience with the Archbishop of Paris, another letter was brought to me from my dear friend Gilly, recapitulating his former remarks, and communicating to me the appalling intelligence, that I was believed to be betraying the cause of the Church of England, and the common Christianity, and crying, "Peace, peace; when there is no peace!" I may here insert an extract from my answer to his letter:—"How, my dear friend, could you, or any other of our friends in England, imagine that I could ever desire, or seek for, the peace of the Church, and union of Christians, on any other basis but that of Truth? I fully agree with you, that to cry 'Peace, peace; when there is no peace,' is a great sin; but I aim only at being the commencer of a movement, which may take place long after my death, on the sole basis of the common Truth.—'What is that Truth?' you will say; 'What is Truth? what is that basis?'—It is this. Before the Churches of the East were separated from the Churches of the West, and before the first General Council, the Church of Christ was united as one society, upon these four principles—1. Faith in Christ and the Trinity; 2. Sacraments and public

worship; 3. The Scriptures freely used, and the ancient customs, such as the admission of women to the Sacrament, and the setting apart of the first day of the week, &c. observed; 4. The government of Churches by teachers who rule, and by teachers who do not rule, and their assistants:—the Bishop of Rome, over his Church, and other Bishops over their respective Churches.—These, with permanent councils, as the representatives of Christian Princes, and the principle of toleration to all, would enable us to dispense with nearly all the clashing decisions which have resulted from our mutual discussions. The Purgatory of the Council of Florence, the Decrees of Gregory VII., the Consubstantiation of Luther, and the Transubstantiation of Trent, the images, the relics, and the Mariolatry, would all disappear. Christ, as the Word of God, would be worshipped and honoured; and the common Christianity would bind us together. When shall this be? And Echo answers, 'When?' Long after I am removed. But all the prophets proclaim the reign of Christ; and the petition in the Lord's Prayer, 'Thy kingdom come,' shall be answered. The points I have mentioned would unite Faith, worship, discipline, and rulers, among the great majority of Christians; and this is all we can hope for. But pardon all this. Never imagine that I would sacrifice Truth to peace."

Mr.——, who had consented to accompany me to the Archbishop as my interpreter, was punctual to the moment; and we arrived at the Palace a few minutes before the time appointed. Precisely at Two o'clock, a servant announced that Monsignore was ready to receive us.

Monsignore Sibour, the successor of Monsignore Affre, who nobly fell in the streets of Paris, while endeavouring to prevent the effusion of the blood of his countrymen, received us with all the courtesy and kindness we might have anticipated. He appeared to be about forty years of age. He is of short stature, rather stout, and good-looking, with dark eyes. He was habited in purple silk, with silk stockings of the same colour, and full dress shoes, with gold buckles. He wore, suspended from his neck, a large gold cross; and upon his finger was a magnificent archiepiscopal ring. His bands were black, edged with white. After the customary obeisances, I handed to him, with my card, the Ambassador's letter. On the letter being opened, I perceived it to be much longer than I had expected. The Archbishop read it, and bowed. "I have had," he said, "some conversation with the Ambassador; and I am glad to see Monsieur. But what is the particular object which Monsieur has in view?"—"He wishes," said my interpreter, "to obtain from Monsignore letters of introduction

to the Pope."—"What is the reason for which Monsieur desires these letters?"—"He wishes to converse with the Pope on the expediency, or possibility, of summoning, in conjunction with other Sovereigns, another General Council; and he requests letters commendatory from the Archbishop of Paris, in conformity with the custom of the Primitive Church." (I had been advised to make no allusion to the law of England, which inhibits any of our Bishops or Statesmen from corresponding with the Court of Rome.) "I fear," said the Archbishop, "that the jealousy of the secular towards the spiritual power would prevent the summoning of the General Council, as desired. But I know that the question has been discussed, and that the Pope wishes it. On what principle" (so I understood the question) "does Monsieur wish to see this Council assemble?"—"A common danger," I replied, "from a common enemy—Infidelity and Socialism—threatens the Churches of England, France, Germany, and Italy; and I have thought it possible that, on the basis of a common Christianity, an effort might be made to resist the enemy. An effort was made in the reign of Anne, Queen of England, by the eminent ecclesiastical historian Dupin, and by Dr. Wake, the Archbishop of Canterbury at that time, to

remove the barrier between the Churches of England and France ; and I wished, if it were possible, to resume the object for which that correspondence was set on foot, and to bring about a closer union among Christians."—The Archbishop said that he had heard of that correspondence, and that he desired earnestly to promote love and union. He then proceeded, at some length, in the most animated, and eloquent, and thrilling manner, to expatiate upon the great and substantial advantages which England and France, if united in religious principles, might be instrumental in conferring upon the world. He enlarged upon our extended commerce, which carried civilization in its train. He spoke of our noble missionary zeal, and of the results to the happiness of all, if it were possible that Christians could be more united. I agreed with him in every sentiment thus expressed, though they were but generalities. He then spoke of another subject. He had received, he said, several letters from some English divines, who had assured him that the points of diversity between the two Churches were of minor importance, and could be easily reconciled. Some allusion was made to Puseyism. "And," said the Archbishop, abruptly pausing, "is Monsieur a Puseyite?"—I was sorry that he could suppose I

was walking on that bridge, between Rome and England. I was sorry to be thought to have touched that pitch, and to be defiled with the touch. I was sorry to be regarded as one of those imbeciles, who imagine that either Christian peace or Christian holiness can be restored to the Universal Church by bringing the Church of England into conformity with that of Rome, instead of bringing the Church of Rome into conformity with its own pristine, primitive condition, of which the best extant model, however imperfect it may be, is the Reformed Church of England.—"I am an Episcopalian Christian," I replied; "and I can assume nor bear no other appellation."—A pause ensued. "On the basis of a common Christianity," I added, "I would meet a common danger; and I would unite all Christians against the Infidelity and Socialism of the day. If the heads of the Churches could be persuaded to act in unison in a Council, it is possible that much might be done; and to effect what lay in my power towards a result so desirable, I requested of the British Ambassador a letter of introduction to Monsignore, from whom I now request letters of introduction to the Pope."—Another pause: and then the Archbishop replied, "Monsieur shall have them." But he added, that he had so many engagements upon his hands, that he could not then write the letters

I required. They should be sent to me that evening, or on the following day. If he could not send them in time, he promised that they should be forwarded, with all possible expedition, to Rome, where I should receive them. He then shook hands with me, and accompanied me to the door, where we parted, with mutual expressions of kindness and good will.

My interpreter, a Roman Catholic gentleman, who proved to be a most intelligent, interesting, and obliging companion, accompanied me, after our interview with the Archbishop, through several of the leading streets of Paris, and pointed out to me several of the notabilities of that remarkable city, in which he had resided for many years. "There," said he, "is an old attendant of Napoleon in all his later battles. Yonder is one of the Young Guard, who made the last attack at Waterloo. This," said he, "is Rothschild's mansion, the most sumptuously furnished residence, it is said, in the known world." He conducted me to the Bourse, where we heard it rumoured that the English had battered Athens,—that a general war was anticipated, because of some movements in Switzerland, &c. The frequenters of the Bourse, I observed, have the same sharp, eager, restless look, which characterizes those who attend our own Stock Exchange. In the course of conversation my friend

expressed his regret that I was not a Puseyite. But I told him that, much as I desired Peace, I could never forget, nor compromise, truth.

Sunday, the 3rd.—Attended the Ambassador's Chapel, and more than ever admired our own dear form of worship, and that Te Deum which was once the song of the United Universal Church, and which may God, in His own time, grant may be the Hallelujah and Hosanna of mankind! Christ died for all—for the Church, and for the people of England, France, Germany, and Italy, for the whole human family, however diversified by climate, language, customs, institutions, manners, and feelings. I believe that that prevalent but most pestilent error—of identifying Popery with Christianity—is the chief preventive of the overthrow of the Infidelity which closes the hearts of men against the Gospel of Christ.

We proceeded, after the Service, to the chapel of the Duc d'Orleans, the eldest son of Louis Philippe, who was killed by a fall from his carriage. The statue of the lamented Prince is one of the finest specimens of modern sculpture. The composure, and serenity, and life of the countenance reminded me of the line by Canning, which, however, is spoiled by alliteration:—

"And the live statue started from the stone."

We were requested to kneel upon a Prie Dieu, and look through a sort of grating at a picture of the family group, gathered round the couch of the dying Prince, attended by the physicians, nurses, &c. The effect is magical.

On our way to the Chapel we inspected that part of the fortifications of Paris through which we had passed. The works are very complete; but, if competent military authorities are to be believed, very useless. The masonry is solid, the fosse deep, the breastworks perfect.

We then went on to Neuilly, the private property and family château of Louis Philippe. All was desolation, and devastation, and ruins, ruins, ruins! It was a monument of destruction, the wreck of splendour and magnificence, and aimless and vexatious malignity. The walls were half burnt, half battered, and broken down. The windows were smashed, and the ornaments defaced. The elegant pavilions, in the walks and gardens, were desecrated by every token of wanton, vulgar violence. The rabble broke in, and did their work of desolation completely. "Interior domus Priami," &c., the inmost recesses of the royal dwelling were disclosed by the mob. On various parts of the walls, however, were written, as expressions of an opposite feeling, sentences in black

chalk, deprecatory of the conduct of the populace. "Mort aux voleurs;" "mort aux incendiaires." One poor man was landing a boat from the garden, which had been inundated by the overflowing of the Seine. We expressed to him our sorrow at the spectacle of devastation before us. His appearance excited our curiosity, and we asked him who he was. He had been a seaman, he said, from Dunkirk. He had been much noticed by the Prince de Joinville, to whom he was gratefully attached, and he had been left as a guard, or watchman, at the Palace. He was a noble-looking fellow, but seemed afraid to utter an opinion, or to re-echo a sentiment. Yet he did make a response to our exclamation on the misery and desolation of the scene around us. God preserve England from the sad effects of revolutionary havoc!

Monday, the 4th.—Sunday evening and night, I am told, is the chief season for dissipation in this dissipated, pleasure-seeking capital; and last night there was in the neighbourhood a numerously attended masked ball. The ceaseless rolling of carriages prevented the possibility of sleep.

We went to the National Assembly, where I heard the Member of Finance read his report. He was answered by ——. The excitement, though no question of remarkable interest was before the as-

sembly, was very great. The members spoke from their places, as well as from the tribune. The sense of the Chamber is taken by the deputies standing up in their places. I no longer wonder at the tales of the excitement so often attendant upon the public discussions during the first French Revolution. Even the ladies who sat with us in the box of the Corps Diplomatique, to which we were admitted, were breathless with agitation.

Tuesday, the 5th.—The Archbishop of Paris' letter of introduction to the Pope has just been brought to me.

I had previously written a note of thanks to Lord Normanby; and we instantly prepared to leave Paris by the Diligence, as there was no completed railway for Lyons, on our road to Marseilles. This mode of travelling is attended with some discomfort; but we were soon reconciled to it. In some places the roads were overflowed with water. The mud was deep, thick, cloggy, and encumbering. Then the shouts of the drivers! the Sacre Dieus! the groans, the *yoo-ups,* the *yoo-icks,* the unrepeatable, the unspellable ejaculations to the saints, to the horses, and to the passers-by, together with the replies of the horses to their drivers, in groans, neighings, shakings of their

heads, and ringings of the bells on their harness —the dirty, splashed, uncombed, undressed, unwashen appearance of the horses, with the blouses, the caps, the long whips, and the dignified beards of the drivers, presented to our English ears and eyes, sounds and sights most novel, amusing, and exhilarating. We had two travelling companions; one, a Protestant gentleman of Nismes, with whom I sometimes conversed in Latin; the other, a Captain in the army, a very gentlemanly, well-informed man, with whom I contrived to hold some interesting and instructive conversation respecting the various periods of the first French Revolution.

Wednesday, the 6th.—Still travelling in the Diligence. We stopped for three hours at Beaune, having been driven out of the direct road to Dijon by the floods. I visited the church, which is large, but not remarkable for its cleanliness.

Thursday, the 7th.—After many delays on the road, and much weariness, we arrived safely at Lyons at Two o'clock, P.M. We visited the Cathedral, and several of the churches.

Friday, the 8th.—We left Lyons in the steamboat at Ten o'clock, A.M., for Valence. Soon after we had left the former place we passed by a well-walled city, and, while my attention was attracted

by a beautifully mullioned church window, "What is the name," I asked, "of this town?" "This is Vienne." "Vienne, in Gaul," I thought, "the place to which it is said that Pontius Pilate was banished, after the Crucifixion of our Lord." The Bible, in the majestic simplicity of its style, never turns aside to produce effect by rhetorical embellishment: but I could not help calling to mind the magnificent tautology of St. Luke, "Pilate gave sentence that it should be as they required. And he released unto them, him, that for sedition and murder had been cast into prison, whom they had desired: but he delivered Jesus to their will." (Luke xxiii. 24, 25.) I always carry my little Greek Testament with me. I turned to the passage; and I gazed once more upon the window of the church, the church, and the city. "And so it shall be," said I to myself; "the Son of God shall reign, though Pontius Pilate at that time, and though all the kings and rulers of the earth at the present time, take counsel against Him." I mused, and reflected, and pondered upon the past, the present, and the future prospects of the Church of God.

On our arrival at Valence I proceeded, according to my uniform custom, to the Cathedral. On going through the church I observed, near the

altar, and within the rails, a large marble monument, with an inscription in large golden letters, in which recurred the name of Pio Nono. "This, then," I thought, "is the first time when I am presented with something relating to the Pope, with whom I am presuming to seek an interview. This marble monument, with its inscription, shall be to me an omen of the reception I shall experience, and of the probability of the useful or useless results of my mission." I read the inscription. It was the memorial of the gratitude of the Canons of the Cathedral of Valence to Pio Nono—"for what," I exclaimed, "for what reason is this gratitude?" I could with difficulty believe the evidence of my senses when I read that the gratitude of the Canons of Valence to Pio Nono was here commemorated, because he had permitted the bowels of his predecessor, who had died at Valence, to rest there, while the body was conveyed for its burial to Rome! "Of what possible service can be any appeal," I thought, "to the Christian Bishop who received, or to the benighted people who proffered, homage for such a reason as this?" What would be thought or said in England, if the Canons of Winchester had raised a memorial to Bishop Sumner, because he permitted them to retain the bowels of Bishop Tom-

line, while his body was buried at St. Paul's? If this act would be deemed absurd by England, why not by Italy? I cannot understand the theory, the devotion, the philosophy, the reasoning, by which such an act could be either proposed or adopted. Is the opinion too severe, or too uncharitable? Am I uncandid, or bigoted, or unjust, when I express my conviction, that the reception of the erroneous additions to Christianity seem to enfeeble the intellect, and to blind the understanding, of those who believe them?

From the Cathedral we proceeded to inspect the statue of General Championnet, a native of Valence, one of the victorious Republican chieftains in the first French Revolution;—and then the ancient Roman walls, or their ruins, which had once encircled the city. We saw, too, the statue of Liberty, which had been raised two years ago. It was an emblem of the revolutionary spirit which had erected it. Though so short a period had elapsed since the popular feelings had placed it upon its pedestal, it was already mutilated, broken, and defaced.

Saturday, the 9th.—We left Valence for Avignon before sunrise, by the steam-boat. When I had the opportunity of conversing with a Roman Catholic priest, I generally accosted him with,

"Intelligis ne Latinam, Domine?" The not unusual reply was, "Imo, imo." And we then began to converse in Latin. A Roman Catholic priest, a Canon of the Cathedral Church of Lyons, was on board the vessel. I asked him, in French, whether he spoke English? He was habited in the costume of his order, decorated with the ribbon of the Legion of Honour, neither vulgar, nor slovenly in his appearance, nor sheepish in his looks or demeanour; and I thought it possible that he might be one of those more accomplished members of the Church of Rome, who had travelled much, and were acquainted with men and manners. He told me, however, that he did not understand English. I answered, that I was sure that he understood Latin; and I trusted that the difference between our respective modes of pronunciation would not prevent us from conversing in that language. At this moment the beams of the rising sun gilded the tops of the rocks on the banks of the Rhone, near Valence, and the scenery became every moment more and more beautiful. We gazed in silence at the long line of light extending over the hills, as the sun broke forth. "See," I said, "the reason why the ancient Persians made the sun the emblem of Deity, and how the original idolatry may have originated."

"Yes," he replied? and he quoted at length a passage from a theological writer. "But Jesus Christ," we both said, by a singular coincidence, at the same moment, "is the true image of God. and the Sun, the rising 'Sun of Righteousness'." We had then much interesting conversation, principally on the value of the writings of Cornelius à Lapide, the learned Jesuit commentator on the Bible, and on the new edition of his works[6]; on many points or illustrations of ancient history; and on various texts of Scripture, which the Canon interpreted according to the Vulgate. In the course of our conversation I requested him to read to me, according to his own mode of pronunciation,—that I might know wherein it differed from mine,—the first verses of the Epistle to the Hebrews, after I had read them to him. He placed the accent on the words πολυμέρως and πολυτρόπως differently from the way in which we are taught to place them; and I am inclined to think that the continental pronunciation of the Greek is better, and of the Latin worse, than our own. We talked of Durham, its past history, Wolsey, Henry VIII.,

[6] Published in Paris, in twenty-seven small folio volumes, by Migne, in 1839—1843. I have made much use of this commentary in my work on the Pentateuch, as well as of the commentaries of Poole, Gill, Henry, Scott, &c.

and the results of our Anglican movements in matters of religion upon the opinions, morality, and faith of the Continent. He imputed even the outbreak of the first French Revolution to the influence of Luther and Calvin. I thought he might as wisely and philosophically impute the origin of a fatal disease to the physicians. In the course of our conversation, which sometimes assumed the form of a discussion, I showed him my Bagster's little Greek Testament. He returned it to me, with the remark, commonly made by Romish ecclesiastics, that he received the Bible in the sense in which the Church received it, and in no other. Neither did he seem pleased with my declaration, that the word of God was the sole foundation of the Church. Much more passed; and we parted with expressions of good will and kindness to each other[7].

[7] Our conversation, as I have already stated, was in Latin; but as the difference in our pronunciation sometimes rendered our sentences obscure, we wrote down our thoughts and observations, so far as the vibrating movements of a small steam-boat would permit. In reply to a remark, that even in England some of the members of the House of Commons could not be deemed religious men, "Vestri politici," he wrote down, "imitantur nostros politico rationalistas et inimicos Christiani nominis ab anno 1789 in Galliis ingruentes et dominantes. Sed omnis hæc pestis repetenda est a tempore et erroribus præteritis Lutheri, Calvini, Henrici VIII., jam a tribus sæculis." And I find this to be the common opinion

We arrived at Avignon about One o'clock, P.M. As I had been recently reading the history of the Great Schism, in which this city holds a conspicuous place, I proceeded with much interest to inspect the various ecclesiastical edifices, once the abode of a succession of pontiffs who held unchallenged the chair of St. Peter; and afterwards the abode of others, who perseveringly struggled against the claims of their Italian rivals, while Europe witnessed with sorrow, or scorn, two, three, and, at one time, four Popes, contending that each of them rightfully filled that office, which Rome boasts of as being one and indivisible! I saw the palace of the Popes, the Inquisition Chamber, the Hall of the Question, the beautiful but fast fading frescoes, the once glorious Chapel of the Popes, and the tombs of John XXII. and Benedict XII.

in France. But I never hear any allusion to the noble conduct of Mr. Pitt's government, in affording an asylum, provision, and pensions, to the suffering expatriated French Clergy, who fled hither from the persecution to which they were exposed at home. We protected and harboured their persons, though we could not, with the Bible in our hands, countenance in the slightest degree those opinions which it plainly condemns, and which they blindly but tenaciously maintained. My friend wrote down in Latin and French his name, and official designations.—Petrus Paulus à Cruce, Canonicus Lugdunensis et Senonensis; Vicarius Generalis Archiepiscopi Remensis.—M. l'Abbé Le Croix, Chanoine de Lyon et de Sens, Vicaire Général de Rheims.

Sunday, the 10*th.*—After domestic worship in our room with our servants, we walked on the bank of the river, and on each side of the bridge which spans the Rhone; and we traced the extensive and still nearly perfect fortifications around the town.

Monday, the 11*th.*—At the table d'hôte yesterday we made the acquaintance of the Commandant of the fortress. We had with him a great deal of very interesting conversation. According to his promise, he called early this morning, and conducted us through much of the Papal Palace not usually shown to strangers. We saw the Council Chamber, where Joan I. of Naples pleaded her cause before Clement VI.; and the apartment in which the victims of the Inquisition when condemned to death, heard mass. Here we traced some expressions scratched on the walls: "obitus;" "pietas;" dates and names. The whole of this structure is in course of transformation into a barrack, and was filled with soldiers. We returned to the hotel to breakfast, which we had ordered according to the English fashion. We invited to breakfast the Colonel, who had paid us so much very kind attention. He thanked us! but remarked that it was too early *pour déjeûner.* Our luncheon, in fact, is their breakfast. After thanking him for his politeness

and courtesy, and for his goodness in showing us what we could not otherwise have seen, we took leave of him and of Avignon, and proceeded, by way of Tarrascon, to Nismes.

At Tarrascon we changed carriages, and left the railway in an omnibus. We inspected the beautiful ruins of the Palace of King René, and waited at the station for the next train.

From the beautiful Tarrascon we proceeded to Nismes, where we arrived about One o'clock, P.M. Finding that we should have time to visit the Pont du Garde before nightfall, we ordered luncheon to be provided for us, and set off for that wondrous spectacle. Some delay took place in consequence of the carriage being so intolerable as to springs, jolting, and general uncomfortableness, that, in spite of the good temper with which we had resolved to meet all minor vexations, we were compelled to desire the postboy to return to the hotel for another voiture. While we were waiting for it I worked a miracle, very different from those which I had sometimes wrought in England. There I have observed many a poor man, or woman, walking along cheerfully, firmly, and steadily, who, the moment they caught sight of me, instantly became lame, feeble, tottering, and miserable. Here the beggars at the door of the hotel—and such beggars!

—blind, lame, decrepid, and wo-begone, whined, whooped, groaned, and sighed, as if their hearts would break. They stood as if rivetted to the earth. What could I do? I took out some small money, and held it up. The blind saw it! the lame jumped at it! the dumb clamoured for it! "Voilà!" I said, and threw the money into the road, about five yards behind the carriage. Away they scampered, screaming, bounding, exulting, in all the exuberant hilarity of blithe and jocund health. They did not stop to thank me, nor I to bless them.

We drove through the fields and vineyards of Nismes—ten miles or more—to the village where we saw, passed over, and gazed at, breathless with wonder, that stupendous monument of ancient masonry—the Pont du Garde. I could not have believed that such a structure could have been raised by human hands; it seemed to be the work of giants. The evening was superb. The reflection of the sun-beams upon the water, seen through the three tiers of arches; the hills distinctly discernible in all their minutest details, through the transparent atmosphere; the huntsman, with his rifle, by the hill-side; the ascent, through the sides of the highest tier; the huge masses of stone, raised one cannot conjecture how; that same

highest tier, the aqueduct on the top of that third tier, over which, or by which, we walked from one side of the river to the other, overwhelmed me, and overawed me. The sight was worth the whole journey from London. After we had inspected this most amazing work, we waited at the hotel of the place till our horses were rested. Near the door of the hotel we fell into conversation with an intelligent, gentlemanly man, the physician of the village, who had been educated in England. We expressed to him our admiration of the natural scenery, the aqueduct and the masonry of the Pont du Garde, when he invited us to walk with him to see the tunnel cut by the Romans through the solid rock, for the passage of the water to the aqueduct. We accepted the offer, and had an interesting walk of an hour and a half, or two hours, over scenery in which the pencil of Salvator Rosa would have luxuriated, and from which I almost expected to see banditti, or men in armour, start forth, as they are depicted by the genius of that painter in its wildest moods. The geological construction of the surface was rock, like unmelted ice, clear deep blue. The woods, ascents, deep glens and ravines, were as enchanting as they were novel. Our guide gave us a most graphical description of the Roman remains of the neigh-

bourhood. The tunnel hewn through the solid rock, through which the water passed to the aqueduct, was covered over with masonry, which seemed like the sea-serpent, struck by Medusa's head, and turned with all its windings, into stone. It was dark when we arrived there. Our friend struck a light, and pointed out to us where the rock had fallen in, and how the Romans had perforated the solid stone, to make a path through the rock by the side of the aqueduct. I have seldom met with a more sensible, agreeable man than our guide. He was born in the village, and hoped, he said, to die there. We exchanged cards, courtesies, and kindnesses, and parted with him at the door of the hotel with unaffected regret. We returned to Nismes by Eight o'clock, exhausted by the excitement and fatigue of the day.

Tuesday, the 12*th.*—Devoted the morning to the amphitheatre of Nismes. Taking with us a guide, we were shown the places where the Emperor, vestals, senators, &c., sat. We climbed to the top, and walked round the whole site. I was lost in admiration and astonishment. We then walked to the gardens, and fountains, and temple of Diana, the high tower, and the old ruins, whence we had the most commanding view of the

country. The day was glorious, and the scenery perfect.

Returning to our hotel, we immediately set off for Arles, in the neighbourhood of Nismes. I was earnestly desirous of seeing the place where Augustine was consecrated the first Archbishop of Canterbury. About thirteen years before Augustine came to England, Theonas and Thadiocus, the two last remaining British Bishops of York and London, deserted their sees, instead of dying at their posts, and made their escape into Wales. They left the road open to Augustine. Their desertion was the real cause of all the controversies which have torn and rent the Church of England even to the present hour. No Papist can value more than I do the Apostolical succession, as an historical fact, which demonstrates the utter impossibility of the novel origin of Christianity, and the impossibility that it could have had its rise at any other time than that which is recorded in Revelation: though the assertion that any particular Church has received the promise of perfect freedom from error, because of the Apostolical succession of its Episcopate, is contradicted by all history, unwarranted by the Holy Scriptures, unsanctioned by the Primitive Church, and by the ancient Fathers who adorned it. The British

Bishops did not claim this exemption. Augustine and his brethren did not claim it. Still the historical succession of rulers and teachers, from the Apostolical times to our own age, is a useful, valuable fact. I made my way to the church of St. Trophimus. Trophimus, whom St. Paul "left at Miletum sick [8]," is said to have been the first preacher of the Gospel in the province of Arles, and the founder of this Church [9]. Though the city of Arles is rapidly sinking into the condition of a neglected, dull, unfragrant, declining country town or village, and though the church of St. Trophimus, in spite of its beautifully adorned porch, is dark, poor, and neglected, I could not but enter that church with awe, when I remembered the long succession, in their unbroken order, from Augustine to Sumner. I thought of Lanfranc, and

[8] 2 Tim. iv. 20.

[9] The opinion of Mabillon (Analect. iii. p. 432), founded upon the testimony of some ancient documents belonging to the Church of Arles, that S. Dionysius was probably the first Bishop of that see, is disproved by tradition, handed down from the earliest times. Zosimus, and others, are of opinion that Trophimus, the fellow-labourer of St. Paul, was the first who preached the Gospel at Arles, and was its first Bishop. Ado, Archbishop of Vienne, in Gaul, says in his Chronicle, "Paul is supposed to have visited Spain, and to have left his disciple Trophimus at Arles, Crescens at Vienne, to preach the Gospel." Arles, the most ancient city of Gallia Narbonensis, was a Roman colony, and was called Sextanorum, because the sixth Legion was for some time quartered there.

Becket, and Cranmer, and Laud, and Sancroft, and Sumner; and I silently prayed to the invisible Head of the Church in Heaven, that England might be ever the Israel of the latter days; that it might have the learning of Lanfranc and Cranmer; that it might never be again tormented by the collision which afflicted it, when Becket resisted the Crown; or when Laud endeavoured to enforce by authority, instead of persuasion, enactments of doubtful utility; that it might never be deemed necessary by an Archbishop of Canterbury to follow the example of Sancroft, and refuse the oath of allegiance to the Crown. I prayed that my venerable friend, the present Archbishop of Canterbury, might be enabled, by God's grace, to reconcile the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the hearts of the children to the fathers; so that the educated mind of England, from the noble to the peasant, might love the Church of England. I prayed that we might still, ever know the happiness of possessing the open Bible, the spiritual prayer, the unlimited toleration, the Scriptural government, and the well-evidenced and established Truth. I prayed that we might never loathe the manna round our tents, as "the light food" with which the souls of the pious and devout were not satisfied, though it fell from heaven. Never can I forget

the deep feelings of love for my Church and nation with which I contemplated the dark and impoverished Cathedral of Arles. Here the Great Council was held, under Constantine, at which three British Bishops attended, before the Council of Nice. Here were held thirteen other Councils; and few monuments of ecclesiastical antiquity are more entitled to our veneration.

From the church we proceeded to the ruins of the forum, and the remains of the amphitheatre, once more magnificent than that of Nismes; and, after walking in and round the city, we pursued our journey late to Marseilles, where we arrived the same evening.

Thursday, the 14*th.*—Owing to some unexpected alteration in the times that had hitherto been appointed for the departure of the steam-packets from Marseilles to Genoa, we were compelled to stay at the former place for four days.

The week that elapsed between Thursday, the 14th, and Wednesday, the 20th of February, when we arrived safely in the evening at Civita Vecchia, was passed at Marseilles, Genoa, Pisa, Leghorn, and on board the steam-boats from port to port. At Marseilles we were astonished by the phenomenon of the Mestrail. It was clearly distinguished by its yellow mistiness. It appeared like a con-

densed portion of a London fog, hanging over, or stalking along, the streets of Marseilles. It produced cough, affected the eyes, and depressed the spirits. It had a cold and chilly influence. Its origin and nature, I am assured, are not known; and it is peculiar to this district. At Genoa we admired the paintings, (especially the wonderful portraits in the Brignoli palace), the harbour, the gardens, and the magnificence which has given to the city the name of La Superba. At Pisa we visited the Baptistery, the Campo Santo, the Leaning Tower, and the Cathedral. At Leghorn we inspected the burying-ground of the English, and the environs of the town. We reached Civita Vecchia on the morning of the 20th; and, after breakfasting at the hotel, ordered horses on, immediately to Rome.

The chief event which marked these few days was the frequency with which many Italians, both in our walks on shore, and on board the steam-vessels, came and conversed with me on the late convulsions, and the present condition of Italy. "Are you not English?" was generally the commencement of these conversations. "I am." "Ah, happy England!" was the answer; "your civil wars are over, and you have good government and a peaceful people."—"Happy England!" said another,

"you have liberty, united with law."—"I do not wish the Protestant religion," said another; "for I do not fully understand what it is; but we want something better than we have; and I do feel it to be a hardship that I do not possess the Bible, and that I am suspected of political disaffection, if I ask permission to read it."—Very many expressions of this kind were uttered, sometimes in broken English, sometimes in French, sometimes, as interpreted to me by Mrs. Townsend, in Italian. The speakers were, I learned, frequently exiles. Though some spoke of the governments of Italy and Austria with bitter rancour, the greater part utter their opinions with calm sorrow only. Their exclamations led to much conversation on the late convulsions in Italy, and on the past history of England, with the facts of which they appeared to be well informed; while they seemed to be utterly unable to comprehend the causes of the more important political movements of our countrymen. They could not understand, for instance, the origin of the civil war between Charles I. and his Parliament, or the rejection of James II. They seemed to think that whatever the people desired, the people ought to possess, whether they were right or wrong: all that the monarch proposed was to be resisted, as it was an undeniable evidence of mere despotism. Few of them ap-

peared to understand the nature of constitutional governments, which bind both the people and the sovereign by one system of laws. Few appeared to comprehend the value of the continued deliberations in Councils, or in Parliaments which limited or enlarged the powers of the sovereign, and the privileges of the people, as the general interests of the whole community required. With them, consequently, the liberty of the people became either mere license or caprice, exciting the jealousy of government; and monarchy became mere absolutism, exciting the jealousy of the people. They envied the state of England, in which this mutual jealousy, by God's blessing upon both the sovereign and the people, has nearly ceased: but years of sad experience will still be required before they can be taught that until they resolve and insist upon the free use of the Bible, and the possession of the purer Christianity which results from its possession, they will be for ever oscillating between the terrors of anarchy and the deadness of absolutism. Liberty is the next blessing to Religion; and though the Christian who is a slave may be happy in his slavery, yet political and civil liberty is best secured to a nation by the religion which instructs in their mutual duties both the people and the prince.

Wednesday, the 20*th.*—Leave Civita Vecchia

for Rome. The French government had ordered some battalions of its forces at Rome to return to France. Though it was only the 20th of February, the day was exceedingly hot. At Civita Vecchia we had bought some oranges, of which, till we had no more left, we gave to some fatigued, pale, weary, sick, young officers, who were unable to keep up with their men, but were evidently exerting themselves to the utmost to avoid being left far behind. I shall never forget the expressive gratitude of their looks and gestures when they received the refreshing fruit. "One touch of kindness makes the whole world kin." I mention the circumstance, because of the manner in which the countenances of two or three of these French soldiers are indelibly impressed on my memory; and may God's Providence hasten the time when war shall be no more, but men love as brethren! At present the very thought of this better state of things is deemed mawkish, or hypocritical, or absurd.

The sun was setting when we arrived at Rome.

None of the schoolboy exclamations of curiosity, delight, surprise, and joy, given by so many writers, seem to me to be exaggerated when I first saw St. Peter's. After the usual delay at the

barriers, occasioned by passports, bribery, officers, and a long list of et cætera, sufficient to extinguish the most romantic feelings, and make Horace himself splenetic and angry, we drove through the streets of Rome to the chief resort of the English visitors, the Hôtel Czerni, in the Piazza di Spagna.

Thursday, the 21*st.*—The Hôtel Czerni is near the foot of the Pincian Hill. Impatient to see the city, we went, at the earliest dawn, to the top of the Pincian. The deep dark mist rolled over the towers and the steeples of Rome, and sometimes obscured even the dome of St. Peter's on the opposite horizon. I gazed with solemn feelings over the prospect. The tops of the churches sometimes seemed to break through the sea of mist, like islands at a distance. Much of the Classical, Christian, Mediæval, and modern history of the wonderful city occurred to me; and I prayed again to God for His blessing upon England, and for repentance to Rome,—that He would hasten the day when His saving health might so be known among them, that the faith which was once spoken of throughout the whole world, the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, might again bind them together in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life.

On my return to the hotel I inquired whether Monsignore S——, to whom the Duke of Devonshire had been so good as to give me a letter of introduction, was at Rome. He had incurred, I was informed, during the late convulsions, the displeasure of the government, and was in exile; but in a different part of Italy from that to which the Pope had repaired, who was at Naples. Cardinal Mezzofanti, to whom Lord Brougham had given me a letter, was dead: and I felt, for a moment, at a loss how to proceed. We were finishing our breakfast when our accomplished friend, Mr. ——, a barrister of the Northern Circuit, who was attending an ailing sister to Italy, on account of her health, came in. We were rejoiced to see him. His knowledge of Rome, where he had been for some time, was very useful to us during our sojourn there; and he gave us also his aid in securing good apartments in the Via del Babuino, which we kept till the Pope returned to Rome. Mr. —— informed us, that our learned friend, Sir Gardner Wilkinson, the Egyptian traveller, who has rendered so much valuable assistance to the elucidation of the Scriptures, and in whose conversation, both in my own house at Durham and elsewhere, I had so often delighted, was at Rome, and in apartments in the Corso. I lost no

time in calling upon him, and consulting him on the best mode of proceeding with reference to my object in visiting Rome. The question was, Shall I wait at Rome for the Pope's return, or go on to Naples with the Archbishop of Paris' letter? We decided on the former course.

The first church we visited at Rome was that of Santa Maria del Popolo, at the end of the Corso. The variety of its beautiful busts, statues, and pictures; the life-like representation, in marble, of a priest standing in a pulpit, as if addressing a congregation; the stone skeleton in the grated den; the side chapels, with their numerous medallions, pictures, painted ceilings, and monuments, often attracted me to this church on my way to the English Chapel, immediately beyond it. In the gallery, or corridor, connecting the adjacent monastery with the church, was a Greek epitaph on some dignitary. Whether it was the mistake of the sculptor, or of the friend of the deceased, I know not. The import of the inscription was, that the future state, not the present, was the portion of existence which alone could be truly called our life. The sentiment was good; but the Greek was ungrammatical.

Friday, the 22*nd.*—Called on the English Consul. I related to him, in the course of our con-

versation on the Jesuits, and on the laws, government, and condition of Rome, my conviction that a better state of happiness and union among nations and Churches must proceed from the repentance, or change, which the Almighty alone could effect, of the Church of Rome; and that I sought an interview with the Pope, as a Christian, to request the summoning of a General Council. He advised me to communicate my plan, or desire, to none at Rome; as obstacles would certainly, in that case, be thrown in my way; but to go at once to Naples, and endeavour to see the Pontiff there.

As the duration of our stay at Rome was uncertain, we resolved to make the best use of our time, and to see, at once, as much as possible. "When does the Pope return?" was our question, to the driver of the carriage, whom we called to take us to St. Peter's. "Che lo sa?" was the answer; "Who knows?" And through the whole nine weeks that elapsed from this time till Pio Nono came back to Rome, the same kind of uncertainty prevailed. "He will certainly be back to the ceremonies of the Holy Week," said one; "he will return in a week;" "in fifteen days;" "in a month," said others; "he will not return till after Easter;" "he will wait till the French

troops have withdrawn, and the Austrians have occupied their place;" were the various other discordant reports circulated through the city. In the meanwhile three Cardinals governed Rome, conjointly with the French General. Whether it was true or false, I had no means of knowing; but I heard, that though the public peace was preserved, and insurrectionary movement prevented, yet the people complained of the abuse of the Confessional to political purposes, of arbitrary arrests on suspicion of Republicanism, and of the jealous espionage, which destroyed both friendly intercourse and domestic confidence. Such conversations generally ended in the expression of some fervent wishes that Rome and Italy might eventually possess the Bible, the better state of government, and the general liberty, which, as they heard and read, prevailed in England.

We have visited the wonderful St. Peter's. Many English travellers declare themselves to have been disappointed on their first survey of this vast pile. Disappointment is usually proportioned to our previous expectations. If, to be so breathless with astonishment that I could not utter a word to express even my surprise;—if to pause at the threshold, unable to advance;—if to point with the finger in silence to the Confessional of St.

Peter, and the high altar; to the dome, the pillars, the side aisles, the breathing busts, and gigantic piers, and if to continue the same silence as we slowly walked from the one end of the church to the other;—if all this was the effect intended to be produced by the architect, then that effect was produced in us; and to us there was no disappointment. The wonders of St. Peter's have been so often enumerated and described, that it cannot be necessary to repeat them here. During our stay at Rome we frequently returned to visit and inspect it, and to meditate within its walls. On this the first time of seeing it, we merely passed on, cursorily glancing at the statues of Popes and Saints, from the monuments of Paul III. and Urban VIII. on the north, and thence past the altars and monuments of other saints, till we arrived at the statue of Pius VII. at the south side of the church. We paused for a minute before this statue. This Pope is represented holding a book in his hand, on which is inscribed, in large capitals, VERBUM DEI, "The Word of God." I was reminded by this of the passage in the Book of Revelation[1]. If by "the Word," I thought, is here meant the volume of the Holy Scriptures;—then all the laws of the Church of Rome, and all the efforts of the Popes of Rome,

[1] Rev. xix. 13.

and all the labours of the Priests of Rome, shall not prevent the free and universal diffusion of that inalienable birthright of mankind among the Churches which constitute the Church Universal; if that Word itself be true. And if the expression relates to Him Who is described in the Book of the Apocalypse as the Being Who descended from Heaven, wearing the vesture that was dipped in the blood of the Atonement, one of whose titles is, "The Word of God," and another of whose titles is, "King of kings, and Lord of lords;"—then shall that "Word of God" prevail as the one Mediator between God and man; and no other mediator shall share the throne, whether it be the Blessed Virgin, or the so-called Saints and Mediators, whose gorgeous images are before me. The bewilderment of the senses is not the religion of the heart: "and God grant," I said, as I continued my walk to the monument of the Stuarts, at the south-west end of the church, "that England may ever continue to reject the Saints' mediatorship, and those other additions to the Apostolic faith, which now constitute the religion of the Church of Rome, as England has rejected, I trust for ever, the principle of arbitrary power, the divine right of kings, and the government of the Stuarts."

"Tell the coachman," I said, "to drive us to the

church under which is the Mamertine prison." From the throne and altar of St. Peter we will now proceed, I thought, to visit the scene of his more real glory. I fully agree with the poetess[2], that the triumph of St. Peter in the dungeons behind the Capitol, was more glorious than the triumphs of the warlike conquerors on its heights.

If that man is "little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona; if to abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible were it endeavoured, and would be foolish were it possible[3]," then the religious feelings of the Christian, who loves Truth, and hates error, must be excited among the scenes, the crypts, the churches, and the basilicas of Rome. How much more, too, must such feelings be deepened, if the conjecture of Cave[4] be well founded, not only that St. Peter was for nine

[2] Tarpeiis ubi tecta latent excisa cavernis,
Et nigro squalent carceris antra situ,
Huc orbis rapitur Princeps, quem ferrea nectunt
Vincla, sed his orbem vincere Petre potes.
Spernite victores Capitolia: clarior iste
Sub Capitolina rupe triumphus erit.

MARTHA MARCHINA, In Roma Subterranea Novissima, a Paulo Aringho, vol. i. p. 200, § 32. Romæ, 1651.

[3] The reader will forgive me for clothing my thoughts in the language of Johnson, in his Tour to the Western Islands.

[4] Cave, p. 36.

months immured in the Mamertine prison, but that he there wrote his Second Epistle, in the anticipation of his death, to the strangers dispersed throughout Asia! Very remarkable is the warning which St. Peter must be supposed to give at Rome to the Church of Rome itself, as well as to these strangers, that they do not wrest the Scriptures, or put them on the rack to torture their meaning, to the support of doctrines which they do not sanction[5]; and no less remarkable is it, that in these last words of St. Peter, as in his former Epistle, not one word is to be found to uphold the peculiar additions to the common Faith that are appended by Pius IV. to the ancient creed of the Church. Though the time of St. Peter's death is uncertain[6], and though we have not sufficient evidence to assure us that he came to Rome before the Council of Jerusalem, A.D. 51; yet Pearson, Cave, and Baratier have collected satisfactory probabilities, that he was at Rome after that event, whether in the year 67 or 68. We must believe too, that, wherever the Apostles appeared they ruled as well as preached; and

[5] *ἃ οἱ ἀμαθεῖς καὶ ἀστήρικτοι στρεβλοῦσιν, ὡς καὶ τὰς λοιπὰς γραφὰς, πρὸς τὴν ἰδίαν αὐτῶν ἀπώλειαν*, 2 Pet. iii. 16.

[6] The twenty-ninth of June, according to many—such as Bucherius' Roman Calendar, Pagi, Eusebius, Epiphanius, &c. cf Butler's Lives of the Saints, June 29, where see his note: but Feb. 22nd, according to Pearson.

therefore that St. Peter ruled the Christians at Rome. As St. Paul was also certainly at Rome, and the early Church was composed of the converted Jews and the converted Gentiles; we may believe with Burton[7], that St. Peter was the ruler, or chief Apostle, of the one, while St. Paul was deemed the ruler and Apostle of the other. We may believe, with Baronius, that Linus and Cletus were selected by St. Peter to be his coadjutors[8]; that he was committed to the Mamertine prison; that he there converted Processus and Martinian[9], the imperial keepers of the prison; and that he was by them persuaded to escape; but that he returned to the prison, on imagining he saw our Lord in a vision, rebuking him for his supposed weakness; and even that, when he was condemned to be crucified, he requested the punishment to be inflicted upon him with his head downwards,—all this is possible, and not quite improbable. That he left the impression of his head, however, on the white marble slab, which is secured beneath an iron grating on the wall, as you descend the gloomy steps into the dark prison, is improbable in itself:

[7] Burton's Ecclesiastical History, &c.

[8] Baron. An. 69, sect. xliii.

[9] The acts of these Martyrs are commemorated in the Martyrology of Baronius, in March 14: but assigned by Butler, Lives of the Saints, to July 2.

it is useless as a miracle ; it is unsupported by contemporary, or sufficient evidence. And that Christ actually returned from Heaven, met St. Peter as he was escaping from the Mamertine, and was addressed by His Apostle with the words, *Domine, quo vadis*[1]*?* to which Christ said, "I come hither to be again crucified;" upon which St. Peter returned to his prison—and that Christ left the impression of His feet upon the stone on which He stood, when He thus reproved the Apostle,—is incredible[2].—But so it has always been with the Church of Rome. To the possible, the probable, and the true, it adds the impossible, the improbable, and the false. The time has come, when the human mind will not be governed by authority and tradition alone. While the pious and humble believer will uniformly regard with reverence the authority both of the Church and of tradition ; he will require the evidence upon which that authority dictates, and that tradition commands. He will "hear the Church;" but he will first "hear what the Spirit saith unto the Churches." Compliance with this wise and holy demand will be the strength of the Churches of Rome, of England, and of all others which compose the Universal Church ; and it will be that

[1] Baronius gives the words, Domine, quo venis? An. 69. § vi.

[2] Aringhus, Roma Subterranea, lib. iii. cap. xxi. sect. 15.

bond of Union which cannot be anticipated from the authority which claims for itself the right to rule, while it denies to others the right to inquire and examine the evidence upon which alone all authority is founded. Faith must be established upon conviction; of which authority, while it is the principal, is not the sole foundation.

Near the Mamertine prison are the Colosseum, the Arch of Titus, the Capitol, the Cœlian, Palatine, and Aventine Hills. What a city! What associations!

Saturday, the 23rd.—Apartments taken in the Via Babuino. Introduced to A—— and B——. Various opinions on the best mode of proceeding in my mission.

Sunday, the 24th.—The English Chapel is on the outside of the walls of Rome, near the Church of S. Maria del Popolo. A guard keeps the door. It is by some declared, that he is appointed to protect the English; by others, to prevent the Italians from attending the English Service.—We know no necessity, in England, either to prevent or protect the attendance on any church.

Heard a sermon at the English Chapel on Intercessory Prayer. In the afternoon we walked to the Colosseum, to hear a Capuchin Friar. He preached, I was told, on the tendency of continued sin to harden the heart. The preacher, with a

train of attendants in long white cloth dresses, with hoods or cowls on their heads, and holes for the eyes, chanting a psalm, took his stand on an open pulpit, or platform. The report of his sermon reminded me of Milton's lines:—

> . . . . where lavish act of sin
> Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
> The soul grows clotted by contagion,
> Imbrutes, embodies, and defiles itself,
> Till it quite lose &c.

Truth and Christian teaching are always uniform.

We were invited, instead of going to the English Service, to attend the very imposing, impressive ceremony of the Consecration of Dr. Cullen to the Primacy of Ireland. I refused to sanction the insult to my Church and country. While I am studiedly courteous and kind to all, I will never sympathize with Popery in its presumptuous claim to send its Priests to rule our Churches.

Monday, the 25th.—To the Basilica of the Maria Maggiore, the largest of the churches dedicated to the Virgin Mary.

Twice in every year we bring before the people, in our Services, some events in the life of the Virgin Mary. We commemorate the Purification, when Christ was presented in the Temple; and we pray that, as the only begotten Son of God was presented in the Temple, we may be

presented with pure and clean hearts: and we commemorate the Annunciation of the Virgin; with the prayer, that, as we have known the Incarnation by the message of an Angel, so, by the cross and passion of Christ, we may be brought unto the glory of His Resurrection. We make these parts of Scripture respecting the Virgin the occasion of our prayers not to her, but to the Lord God Almighty of the Christian Church. And this is one of the instances in which the Church of Rome might learn from the Church of England. I could not but admire the beautiful statues and pictures relative to the Virgin Mary which adorn the churches of Rome! But how blasphemous is the homage they pay to the chosen bringer-forth of the Incarnate Son into the world! In Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, millions of Christians praise and worship the Son of God, because they believe Him to be omnipresent among them, and because they believe Him to be omnipotent to help them. Is the Catholic Church, or one church, or fifty churches of the Catholic Church, permitted to give to the Virgin the attributes of Deity, and to ask from her any one spiritual blessing whatever—much more to ask of her the impartation of the highest gifts which man can ask, or God bestow? Has the Church

the power to wrest from the Deity His attributes, and to make any being but the Creator the object of the worship of man? The Father is the Creator, the Son as the Word of God is the Creator, the Holy Spirit is the Creator. Omnipresence and Omnipotence are theirs; and in every part at once of the round world they are rightly and justly entreated to bestow the blessings of Heaven upon man. We do not, and we will not, and we cannot, offer our prayers in any form, however defined, or modified, or palliated, as the latria, the dulia, or the hyperdulia, to the beings whom God has created. We, as the true Catholic Church, worship the Creator alone. Neither the Virgin nor the Saints are declared by Revelation to be possessed of the attributes of God; and where, whence, does any Church, or do any men in the Churches, in Councils or out of Councils, possess the power to clothe the Virgin with the attributes of Deity? Antiquity[3], reason, Scripture, alike oppose the doctrine and custom of prayer to the Virgin: and England sets the example to Rome of the manner in which the Virgin is to be truly honoured, by the remembrance of her name—as the occasion of our own

[3] The quotations of the popish writers from Athanasius, Ephrem, and Gregory Nazianzen, are mostly forgeries on this subject.

prayers, not to herself, but to the Lord whom her own soul magnified, and to the Saviour in whom her spirit rejoiced[4].

Beautiful images and pictures, such as I see now before me, adorn other of the numerous churches in Rome. I shall take no lengthened notice of any of them; but only add here, that I acknowledge our utter inability to understand the nature of the Intermediate State. If the theory of Dr. Watts, however, be true, that the spirits of the departed may possibly occupy the invisible world in such manner that they even now exist around us, and may be present in some one part of God's universe, though not in many parts; then it is possible, that the spirit of the Virgin may be now, even now, in the room where I am writing: and if so, then I would, if it were permitted me to do so, apostrophize her as "the mother of my Lord;" and bid her exult not so much that Jesus Christ was her Son, as that He is her Redeemer; and that He is the Redeemer of all faithful people, in whose hearts "He is formed[5]," and who, like her, "magnify the Lord, and rejoice in God their Saviour." But never, never, will I be guilty of offering to the Virgin Mary the gross and bitter insult, of blasphemously elevating her to the Mediatorship between God and man—an insult which,

[4] Magnificat. [5] Gal. iv. 19.

if souls in bliss can suffer pain, must occasion her a keener pang than even that "sword which pierced through her own soul," in the days of her earthly pilgrimage.

Yet again I gaze upon the expressive, fair, and noble features.—What are the thoughts which present themselves? Here, in one church, is a picture of an Italian peasant, there of a Spanish madonna; here is a Flemish frau, there is the black, or the tawny antique. One portrait resembles Miss A—, and another resembles Mrs. B—. There is the likeness of Lady C—. There are the features of the Countess of D—, or the Duchess of E—. All pass before me, as the faces, the forms, the lineaments of the Virgin Mary. All bewilder and perplex me, with their varieties of beauty, grace, and impressiveness;—but all, all are the delusions of art, the decorations of the great error, the fascination of the senses, the alienations of the heart from the true worship of the one only God. I admire all: I will bow to none. My soul, in life and in death, shall magnify the Lord alone. My spirit, on earth, and in heaven, with the Virgin herself, shall rejoice in God my Saviour, and her Saviour; and when I do so, I will call the Virgin, not Divine, but Blessed.

We proceed to the wonderful catacombs. Sir

Gardner Wilkinson draws some of the figures. Bones, fragments of bones, roughly drawn figures, a sort of central chapel under ground, and a chair of stone, in which a primitive Bishop might have sat, marked the catacomb, I think, of St. Agnes, which we visited. I could almost have imagined that some of the early Christians would be surprised by us at their prayers[6]. I seemed, if I may use a metaphor so bold, to be disinterring the grain, or seed of the wide-spreading plant of Christianity—and seeing, beneath the earth, the root of the tree of life, whose very leaves shall be for the healing of the nations.

Tuesday, the 26*th.*—Great excitement at Rome. An Italian has been shot by the French soldiery for stabbing a Frenchman.

To the Vatican with Sir Gardner Wilkinson, whose explanations and remarks made the relics and monuments doubly interesting. Sir George Head, and other tourists, have exhausted the subject of the Vatican. The detail of its contents, though seemingly exhaustless, would be dull and tedious.

To the Pantheon. "The gods that have not made the heavens and the earth shall perish[7]." All objects of spiritual worship, not being the cre-

[6] See the very interesting picture in Aringhi Roma Subterranea, lib. iii. cap. xii. opposite p. 464.

[7] Jerem. x. 11.

ators of heaven and earth, shall perish. The heathen gods have vanished before the Providence which spake and fulfilled the decree, and the Saints of Rome shall follow them.

Wednesday, the 27*th.*—The Pope!

"The cry is still—He comes!"

but all is uncertain.

Visit and admire the Temple of Vesta, the Bridge of Horatius Cocles, two or three of the chief Basilicæ, and the house of Rienzi. The crowned skulls of the martyrs did not please me. The painting, sculptures, &c., in the church, please and dazzle the senses, but they neither raise the affections, nor assist that true devotion which steals over the heart when the humble Christian repeats, in the spirit of the prayer, the endearing words, "Our Father." The human being is composed of body, soul, and spirit. If I may interpret, with the best philosophers, the soul to denote that part of man which is delighted with the intellectual, as contradistinguished from the spiritual, I would say that the pictures and other works of art please the senses, but do not touch the heart. They make the mind sentimental, not devotional. They soften the intellect, but do not pacify the conscience. They refine the taste, but do not lessen sin. They excite admiration, but they do not increase holiness. They fetter most the

immortal spirit to the earth, at the very time they seem more to elevate it above its influence. It may seem to be the opinion of an ignorant barbarian,—but I believe that the spirit of the second commandment extends to the Church of Christ; and that it is inexpedient and unwise to endeavour to assist the Christian religionist, in his aspirations towards heaven, by the picture, the statue, and the crucifix. Religion is the flight of the invisible spirit of man, to the invisible spirit of God. Poetry may give it wings; but sculpture and painting are splendid hindrances, and beautiful impediments to its flight.

Thursday, the 28*th.*—My friend the barrister, whom I have before mentioned, had become, by some means, acquainted with a Maronite Jesuit from Mount Lebanon. Signor Francesco Mesaheb, a member of the Jesuit College, had translated the Bible into Arabic, written on the Councils, and was now employed by the College of the Propaganda in translating the Canons of a Maronite Council into Latin. I was this morning introduced to Mesaheb by my friend. I found him to be a most enthusiastic admirer and venerator of the Church of Rome, of its creeds, principles, discipline, friends, and writers. The Church of Rome, in his eyes, was without spot. He deemed all its opponents to be in error, and every argument insi-

nuated against its perfection and infallibility to be utterly unworthy of notice. What the declarations of the Scripture are to us, the decisions of the Church were with him;—an authority to which there was to be no reply, and against which there was no appeal. He regarded every thought of the reunion of Christians to be identified with submission to Rome,—the common or universal impediment which I ever found to the reception of this Truth, that the Church of Rome was not identical with the Catholic Church of Christ. Notwithstanding this opinion, or this article of his faith, Mesaheb was amiable and courteous, as he was learned and dexterous in argument. He was acquainted with many of the Cardinals, and said that he believed he could materially, by their means, facilitate my desired interview with the Pope. This I did not find to be necessary; but I was pleased with his polite manners, and agreeable conversation, invited him frequently, and enjoyed his friendship till I left Rome. If it be possible, I shall certainly one day accept his invitation to his convent at Mount Lebanon.

Immediately on our introduction to each other, we began a long and, to me, most interesting conversation on the usual topics—the Church and the Pope, the authority of Councils, and of the Bible. We discussed the temporal and spiritual power of

the Pope—the one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism; the presidency of Hosius at the Council of Nice, and the influence of the Pope at that Council, where he was unable to attend personally. We did not agree on any one topic, but we discussed every point with the cheerful forbearance which permits differences, without intruding upon temper or courtesy; and our conversation was but the commencement of repeated discussions on the chief controversies between the two Churches. We conversed in Latin and in English. I could not make him agree with me, that, as the Head of all the secular or civil States of Earth was in Heaven, governing all nations by His Providence; so the Head of all ecclesiastical States, or Churches, was in Heaven, governing them also by His Providence; and that, as no visible Head was required on earth for all nations, no visible Head on earth was required for all Churches. The Papal Supremacy excites more zeal than the Christian religion itself; or rather Christianity is identified with that Supremacy; and this Aaron's rod swallows up all the rest.

Visit the Vatican and St. Peter's. Inscription on a column in the Vatican, in which every Christian will agree:—"Christus vincit, regnat, imperat, et omni malo populum suum defendit."

Introduced to Mr. —— and family, who have

lately seceded from the Church of England to Popery. The reason which decided the father, and the son, and the rest of the family after them, was, the necessity of a visible Head to the Church. The Head of the Church is, in the unseen state, invisible, infallible, ever-living, guiding, though mysteriously, all His people.

A priest, a gentlemanly-looking man, meets us in the street, and offers us snuff. We took some to please him. He then proffered his small money-box, with the usual beggar's petition, "Date, mi qualche cosa."

Friday, March the 1st.—After visiting the Vatican, and the wonderful frescoes and pictures of Raffaelle, including the Transfiguration, the galleries, the Pope's private apartments and chapel, we go to the Church of St. John Lateran, and the Basilica of St. Clement. This is said to have been built on the site of the house of Clement, the third Bishop of Rome after St. Peter. I approached it with much interest, and contrasted the Christianity of Clement with that of Pius IV. When St. Clement ruled, the twelve articles of the creed of Pius IV. were not imagined, nor invented, much less were they decreed and established. Nearly opposite the steps of the Church of St. John Lateran, we saw the devout, or penance-performing worshippers, ascending the

Santa Scala on their knees. This is a flight of stone steps, said to have been taken from the palace of Pontius Pilate at Jerusalem, twenty-eight in number. The strange spectacle of young and old, rich and poor, fat and lean, cheerful and sorrowful, slow and rapid, clumsy and agile, moving on their knees up those steps, must be seen to be understood. The contortions, the jostling, the groaning, the praying, the kissing the steps, the serious gravity of some, the anxious faces of others, the irresistible tumbling, and, consequently, ludicrous collisions occasioned by the sudden stoppages of others, render the scene mournful, or ridiculous, according to the state of mind of the observer. I gazed on the scene with smiles of sadness. I was astonished, and grieved, that there could be found so many Christians who imagined that the Deity could be propitiated by observances so utterly absurd. I am one of those who believe that the atoning work of Christ was designed to prevent all self-tormentings of this nature,—and that God is propitiated by the merit and death of His Son, whom we are required gratefully to love, and joyfully to obey. I believe our duty to be our privilege—and that we are to serve our Father as children who love Him, not as slaves who dread Him. This is our happiness. If we are ever to please God and to win

Heaven by painful penances, and useless climbing up flights of stairs on our knees, we could not deserve an immortality of happiness. If we were to scourge ourselves to death, or to climb the Santa Scala till our bones came through the flesh, and marked the stairs with our blood, we could not purchase that Heaven, that infinite Heaven, that infinite good, which was purchased only by Christ's infinite atonement. It is freely granted to the worst and vilest sinner who believes, repents, and loves, and prays, and rejoices to obey; and if it be not secured by these means, no penances can purchase it, no torments deserve it. Faith, without any such wretched works as these, saves the soul; while that faith always works by love, and by love is made perfect. O happy Christian, who welcomes this faith! O wretched, wretched Romanist, who makes his soul miserable by its rejection!

Saturday, the 2nd. — Call on the Maronite Jesuit. He has obtained permission to take us over the Propaganda. We conversed on the Semitic languages, Jerome, Hebrew, and on the usual topic, the authority of the Church. My friend told him that the people of England will no more tolerate the papal supremacy of Rome, than the people of America would now tolerate the political supremacy of England. Churches, as well as nations, may be independent of each other, and still remain at

peace, whatever may have been their former unions and subsequent alienations. My friend could not, however, reconcile this opinion with Mesaheb's notions of universal submission to the Pope. It is not necessary to repeat our contending arguments. We visited the Capuchin Church, and admired the fine paintings, the mocking of Christ, and Ananias laying his hands on Saul. We saw the chapel of the convent, and the sepulchres where skeletons are dressed in the Capuchin garment, and the tombs decorated with human bones. This mode of setting forth the triumphs of death seems to me not to be in accordance with the spirit of the faith which regards the last enemy as a vanquished foe. The believer in the Conqueror of death should let the grave keep its own, till death is swallowed up in the final victory. Some of the inscriptions are very beautiful. Sir George Head has described the fearful spectacle of the skeletons in the Capuchin dresses in language which renders all further account unnecessary.

From the Capuchin Church we proceeded to visit a collection of beautiful cameos; and we were exceedingly gratified by an explanation of the process of forming them, and of the mode of varying their hues.

By some mistake we entered a monastery, or convent, of Spanish Dominicans. They acquainted us

with their rule,—never to admit women within the precincts of their establishment. Mrs. Townsend, and a young lady, her friend, were with me. I smilingly congratulated the monks on the excellence of their rule, and bade them to be careful to purify the place with incense, as two females, though by mistake, had presumptuously passed their threshold! The good monks seemed to be much amused at this mode of receiving their refusal to permit us to inspect the premises. We conversed in Latin. One of them gave me a most interesting account of some scenes in Spain. I was told that I might come and inspect the convent at any other time; but that Mrs. T must not accompany me.

I have often heard and read that persons of rank and fortune will sometimes, by way of penance, assume the garb and deportment of beggars, and sit at the convent gates to solicit alms of the passers by. Struck by the countenance of a person of remarkably dignified appearance, I bowed to him. He extended his hand for an alms. I never beheld a face in which dignity, suavity, and serenity, were so strikingly blended.

Sunday, the 3rd.—To St. Peter's. Nearly sixty years ago I remembered my dear mother taught me to recite Dr. Watts's hymn:—

> "This is the day the Lord hath made;
> He calls the hours His own," &c.

and I am going to St. Peter's, at Rome! Can I keep the Sabbath, or Lord's day, holy, by going there? Yes. I wish to see how the common Lord of the Sabbath is honoured by those who assume to be more peculiarly His servants. In the vast area of this colossal temple I was struck with the paucity of worshippers. We heard, however, in one of the side chapels, a good sermon on the love of God in the forgiveness of sins. The preacher was animated and impassioned. He personated, by changes of gesture and tone, the three characters in the parable of the Prodigal Son. He quoted Chrysostom; and his discourse was, upon the whole, unobjectionable. It treated, as it was explained to me, of the leading topics of Christianity, and gave prominence to those doctrines which are held in common by all professing Christians. He paused in his sermon: this seemed to be a signal for the recurrence of that revolting practice of spitting, which is so offensive to those who are habituated to the decencies of English worship. After the sermon was the celebration of Mass. I could not kneel at the elevation of the Host. The "Sanctus" was of the same tune as at Durham; but our singing is certainly superior to theirs. An Italian gentleman in the chapel obliged me with his prayer-book, in which I recognized many of our own beautiful prayers, and the collect

beginning, "O God, from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed," &c. The priests, I grieve to say, sometimes laughed and smiled at each other when they turned and bowed, and gave to each other the *osculum pacis.* Other services followed; we sate out the whole. At another side chapel, at which mass was being celebrated, the grouping of the worshippers kneeling near St. Peter's tomb struck me as being eminently picturesque.

After the morning service, I went, at Two o'clock, to the Propaganda, with Francesco Mesaheb, the Maronite Jesuit. The director conducted us through the library, which contains a very valuable collection of historical and other books. Among them I observed the works of Baronius, Wadding, Sanders, Ugolino, (Thesaurus Antiq. Sacr.), Calasio, Corn. à Lapide, De Lyra, Aquinas, and his commentators. The worthy director, and a gentleman from Nova Scotia, expressed much surprise at my manifesting an acquaintance with the popish authors, and at my relating to them the particulars of the deaths of Aquinas, Baronius, and Sanders. The conversation was in Latin. I was treated with the utmost attention and courtesy, and was invited to visit the institution as often as I felt inclined. After seeing the refectory, paintings, &c., I took leave, much gratified with my visit.

Monday, the 4th.—The Maronite accompanies me to the Vatican and to the Capitol—the *Capitol* of Rome! What a throng of varied recollections crowd the mind at that magic word! What glorious objects, whose stories are familiar to the memory, are presented in these halls to the dazzled, bewildered gaze! The busts of the Cæsars, the sculptures, the unequalled statue of the dying gladiator! Pagan Rome enshrined in the midst of Rome Christian! From thence we visited the Church of Sta. Maria d'Aracœli; here a monk showed us the far-famed *Bambino*, a swathed and dressed olive-wood image of the infant Saviour, encrusted with jewels, which they take, if requested, to the titled and opulent sick. A carriage, two hours after, was seen to receive it, and return it. The women in the streets kneel as it is borne past them. I ascended the old pulpit, and viewed a singularly antiquated tomb, richly decorated; a portrait of St. Anthony of Padua; and some beautiful pictures of the Virgin Mary. The monk who showed us the Bambino put on his stole, and prayed. Here I found, to my surprise, that Latin was not understood. Though I was thus precluded from the satisfaction of conversing with the monks, I was treated by them with the utmost civility and courtesy. This ancient church, which was originally distinguished by the title of

S. Maria di Capitolio, is said to be built upon the site of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. The Maronite called again in the evening. We had much conversation on the subject of a General Council.

Tuesday, the 5th.—Introduced to many of the English at Rome.

Visited the church of St. Paul, four miles from Rome. This church was formerly supported by the English Saxon kings. It was burnt down a few years ago; and the Sovereigns of Europe, we were told, had contributed towards its re-erection. The pillars are of great size and magnificence in the sheds, round the building. Though the place is rendered unhealthy by the malaria, the restoration proceeds without interruption. Sir George Head has described this church, also, in a manner which leaves little more to be desired.

On our return to Rome we visited the English cemetery, and lingered by the tombs of my kind friend Lord Barrington, the nephew of my friend and patron the good Bishop Barrington; of the author of the "Pursuits of Literature," Mr. Matthias; Keats; Shelley; Augustus Hare; and of my former learned Antagonist Sir William Drummond, the author of the "Œdipus Judaicus." I fear the report is true, that the Papal Government will not permit allusions to the hope of a joyful resurrection to be engraven on the monuments of the Pro-

testant or heretical English. I certainly observed no such allusion among any of the inscriptions which arrested my attention.

The same veneration which had induced me to go out of the road to visit Arles, where Augustine was consecrated to the Bishopric of Canterbury, led me from the English cemetery, and the tomb of the relative of my patron, to the monastery of St. Andrew, from whence Augustine first went forth as the missionary to England. I read, over an archway, the inscription which commemorated this event: "Pause, reader," it said; "and consider the place whence the Apostle of England proceeded from Rome, on his sacred mission." I did pause, and, revolving the whole history of the past, I remembered, that the British Bishops rejected the Papal supremacy which Augustine preached to them, though they declared their willingness to be united with him on the foundation of the truth of God's holy Word. I remembered, that my own beloved Church, in my own day, sanctioned the decision of the Bishops of Britain, and not the decision of Augustine. I remembered, that the twelve additions to the Creed of the Ancient Churches were not then ordained to be Articles of Faith essential to the communion of Saints upon earth, nor to the forgiveness of sins with God. And I again prayed to that Holy Spirit, which

alone can change the wills and affections of men, to change the modern Church of Rome. This was one of the best places, too, I thought, for such a prayer, when I trod the pavement which Augustine trod at Rome; and remembered my native country, which his preaching, however tainted with the incipient corruptions of Christianity, certainly improved and blessed. Every thing here concurred to impress me more strongly than almost any other of the deeply interesting monuments of Rome. For very often, when I was a child, had I walked over the ground, near Ramsgate, in Kent, the place of my birth, and talked with my lamented father on the first preaching of Christianity in the world, on the mission of Augustine, the union which then prevailed, and the wretched divisions which the Church of Rome had caused, by its additions to the faith, not of St. Paul only, but of Gregory the Great and his disciple. Augustine is said to have landed at Ebbesfleet, and preached at Richborough, both which places are between Ramsgate and Sandwich, and both which, therefore, formed the topics of conversation in our walks: and the question has, unavoidably, therefore, from my earliest years, been presented to me, Why should Christians hate each other? Why should not Rome, by God's mercy, be changed, to become as it once had been? The reported

address of Augustine to Ethelbert, as it is given in the Bollandists, May 26th, might even now be pronounced with propriety and advantage by any missionary to any New Zealand or other heathen chieftain. We admired the picture in the monastery of the setting out of Augustine; though we could not believe the tradition, commemorated in another picture, of an angel taking his place among the pilgrims who received the bounty of Gregory. We were no less pleased with the picture which represented it; nor with the table, at which it was affirmed that the miracle was wrought. The statue of Gregory, in his Pontifical robes, with the white marble dove whispering in his ear, the same as it is represented in the Bullarium Magnum, with the cell of Gregory, which set forth his retirement and humility, as the other set forth his pomp and greatness, were equally worthy of our attention. There has been no Pope more worthy of admiration than Gregory the Great, and no Pope has been more permanently influential on the Churches of the West. Of noble birth, of vast wealth, the son of a senator, the founder of six monasteries, of high rank as Prætor of Rome, of sincere piety, exemplary demeanour, and austere, and rigid life, according to the maxims of the day in which he lived; the Emperor, the senate, and the people, united to admire and

venerate him. Whether as a monk in the convent, a student in the cell, an abbot, a magistrate, a nuncio, a secretary to the Pope, and, eventually, as Pope, all ranks and all classes united to esteem and honour him. The humility and virtue of the earlier Bishops of Rome were the foundations of the secular greatness and earthly honour of the later Popes. The title of "Servant of servants," assumed by Gregory in opposition to that of "Universal Pope" which the Bishop of Alexandria would have conceded to him, was apparently taken in the humble spirit which it implies. His works are collected in four volumes folio, and are worthy the perusal, though not always of the approbation, of the student. The English worship of the God of all, feels his influence, and tacitly acknowledges his devotedness to the good of the Church. The Gregorian chant still retains its place; and it is possible that the very tunes which Augustine and his friends chanted before Ethelbert may be still retained in the Church music of our own day. His faults were,—hostility to classical learning, too much unsparingness of courteous and complimentary language to the great, and an absurd aversion to the monuments of heathen antiquity. Whatever were his faults, he will ever be ranked among the great and the good. And happy would it be for the modern Church of Rome,

if it would reform itself, so as to become, if not what it was in the days of St. Paul, at least that which it was in the days of the first Gregory, the sender of the missionary Augustine to the shores of England!

The interest of the hour was deepened by the recollection that the Church of Gregory, or of St. Andrew, was built upon the property of Pudens the senator, who sent his salutations to Timothy[8] by St. Paul; and that it was repaired by Cardinal Baronius, the learned, though too partial, and therefore to be suspected historian, whose volumes I am consulting constantly, in conjunction with those of other authors whose authority is to be equally, or more entirely regarded.

Wednesday, the 6th.— Call on Francesco Mesaheb. Another long and interesting conversation on the usual topics.

One great argument for the inspiration of the New Testament has ever been, that its writers have been preserved from sanctioning one error, which, during the time they wrote, was common both to the Heathen and the Jew; and which, on account of its unselfishness, its deep affectionateness, and its adaptation to the feelings and wants of our nature, seems at first sight to be the pious and holy expression which Revelation would ap-

[8] 2 Tim. iv. 21.

prove or ordain—I mean, the practice of praying for the dead. Not one word, however, is found in the Holy Scriptures to command or decree this observance. It seems to me, that the God of Christianity, foreseeing the deplorable abuses of this natural and seemingly sacred feeling, withheld His favour from the custom. This reflection occurred to me when I left my Maronite friend, to visit the Church of St. Pudentiana. This church is said to be the most ancient now known in the whole world. The traditions of the Church affirm, that the edifice was built on the site of the house of Pudens; that St. Peter inhabited it, as the guest of that senator; and that he then converted the two sons of his host, Novatus and Timotheus, and his two daughters also, Praxides and Pudentiana. The remains of the ancient baths in the church are reported to be those of Novatus, and the ancient columns of marble in the church to have belonged to the house of Pudens. A Latin inscription in the church assures us, that St. Paul, as well as St. Peter, lodged in the house of Pudens. These traditions make the church most interesting. Among other circumstances, too, which increase that interest, but which I pass by, is an inscription in the chapel at the northern extremity of the nave, affirming that St. Peter, when he lived in the house

of Pudens, offered at the altar in that chapel the body and blood of the Lord for the living and for the dead [9].

In going from my friend Mesaheb's house to this church, and before I arrived at the open space immediately in front of the door of the church, I met a procession of monks, habited in white, going from the Jesuits' College to this Church of St. Pudentiana. They were singing, and were accompanied by a bishop, with the crucifix and the host. I was told afterwards that the bishop was to "bless the Sacrament" (whatever that means); and that prayers were to be offered for the dead. We went into the church. It was broad and open day. The church was illuminated with long slender candles; all day-light was excluded. The singing was most soft and exquisite, suited to the occasion, and plaintive as if a sigh from the grave responded to the feelings of the mourners, who lamented the departure of their friends. So deeply was I moved, that, if my faith in God's word had not restrained me, I could have poured forth my affections in prayer for the soul of a beloved son, and for the souls of many dear, faithful, affectionate friends. —Such a prayer was natural, but it was not scrip-

[9] Pro vivis et defunctis, in hoc altare, Sanctus Petrus, ad augendam fidelium multitudinem, corpus et sanguinem Domini offerebat.

tural; and the Scripture was written to discipline the best and holiest feelings of a believing Christian. Prayers for the dead, as ordained by the gradually corrupted Church, have led to the establishment of the doctrines of purgatory, indulgences, purchaseable masses, and the opening of the kingdom of Heaven to the remorse or hopes of the rich, rather than to the repentance of the poor. So numerous have been the abuses, so intolerable the usurpations over the consciences and the souls of men, by the establishment of this one doctrine,—that the dead are benefited by the prayers of the pious, that I am convinced it ought never to be sanctioned in the indulgence of the sorrows of the heart by the most devoted mourner; nor accepted as an article of faith by the Christian who is guided and directed by the written revelation of God.

Thursday, the 7th.—In the library of the college of Durham we possess a magnificent folio, edited by Cardinal Mai, and printed at Milan in 1819, containing very ancient fragments of the Iliad, with nearly sixty engraved pictorial illustrations; together with Scholia on the Odyssey; and the Measures of length, according to Didymus of Alexandria. This noble specimen of scholarship, typography, and engraving, exhibits an accurate copy of a finely illuminated volume

in the Ambrosian library at Milan, which Cardinal Mai, at that time librarian, believes to be nearly fifteen hundred years old. It is imperfect, and deplorably mutilated; and the editor has conferred a signal favour upon the learned world by this beautiful copy of a relic which time is rapidly destroying. It was originally in the possession of the celebrated Gianvincenzo Pinelli of Padua, whose noble library, after his death, in 1601, met with a fate which has ever rendered it a subject of interest to scholars. The senate of Venice, with its constitutional jealousy, set its seal upon his MSS., and took away all that related to the affairs of the republic, amounting to 200. There were, besides, fourteen chests of MSS., and among them was this volume of Homeric fragments. These, with 116 chests of printed books, were stowed in three vessels to be conveyed to Naples, where Pinelli's heirs resided. One of those vessels fell into the hands of corsairs, who, considering the cargo as lumber, threw the whole, consisting of thirty-three chests, overboard. They were carried by the current to the coast of Fermo, and twenty-two of them were recovered, and sent to Naples, where they were placed along with the rest of the library. In this state the library was purchased by Cardinal Frederic Borromeo, at the price of 3400 gold crowns, and transported to

the Ambrosian library at Milan. The Homeric fragments are contained in large square volumes, and are written in uncial characters upon parchment; the pictorial illustrations are glued to the back of the parchment which bear the lines from the Iliad to which they respectively refer. The designs are admirably conceived, the drawing is correct and spirited, and the colouring, though faded in many parts, indicates great artistic skill.

The nature of this book, together with the character and attainments of Cardinal Mai, made me earnestly wish for the honour of being introduced to his Eminence. As the Pope, too, was still absent from Rome, and his return continued to be uncertain, I became anxious to become acquainted with some of the Cardinals, as the next persons in authority, to converse with them on the subject of a General Synod. I could not, of course, do this without an introduction; though, in the name of the God of the Church, I felt I could have been at that hour willing and bold to have addressed the whole Cardinalic synod. In the course of my conversations with my Jesuit Maronite, I found that he was acquainted both with Cardinal Mai, the learned author, editor, and critic, and with Cardinal Franzoni, the head of the Jesuits. He promised to introduce me to them; and this morning we went with my friend to the Altieri Palace, the residence of

Cardinal Mai. We were received with the courtesy and kindness which might have been anticipated, in his spacious, well-filled library. After the usual introductory expressions, which the customs of society sanction, and my admiration of the books around me, we began a conversation in Latin. We had interchanged our first sentences in English. The Cardinal, however, observed, that as he spoke English but imperfectly, I should, perhaps, have no objection to converse in French? To say the truth, I was sensible of my own imperfect knowledge of that language, and replied, that I should prefer Latin, though our pronunciations so materially varied. "These gentlemen," I added, "if there should be any difficulty, will interpret for me in Italian." He bowed, and then permitted me to proceed, as I had done with the Archbishop of Paris, I fear at some length, to submit to him the object of my visit to Rome. I alluded to the primitive custom of bishops giving to Christians, about to travel, letters commendatory. I told his Eminence, that, through the intervention of the British Ambassador at Paris, I had obtained letters from the Archbishop of Paris to the Pope; and that I had come to Italy with an anxious desire to concert measures to check the Infidelity of the age, by endeavouring to reconcile Christians on the basis of those principles which in the early age of the

Church had held them united in mutual affection, and in a firm and effectual coalition against the common enemy. I expressed my persuasion that this might be brought about without the intermixture of subjects of modern controversy, which would, indeed, be altogether excluded, if we would resolve to return to the principles which were held by the Church of Christ when it was united as one society: for that the abandonment of the primitive principles was the chief source of disunion and of controversy; and that the Pontiff, as a temporal sovereign, might begin this movement, by requesting other temporal princes to sanction the convoking of a General Council.

The Cardinal.—"God grant that this could be done: but in the troubled state of Europe it seems to be impossible."

"Peace," I answered, "not only in Italy, but in and among all the rest of the nations, would be the result."

The Cardinal.—"A society to promote peace was formed at Paris; but it has accomplished nothing."

"It was not based," I said, "on religion, much less on the primitive principles of Christianity—the union of Scripture, Sacraments, worship, and discipline."

The Cardinal.—"True: nor on the Divinity of

Christ. This is essential: without such religion all efforts are vain."

"If a Council," I said, "were called to unite the Churches upon early principles, much might be hoped for."

The Cardinal.—"I am afraid that the time is not propitious for it. I fear that, at present, the summoning of a Council would be impossible. I love peace: it will by degrees arrive; but we must with patience wait for it."

"Your Eminence," I said, "as a man of deep learning, knows on what firm principles Christianity was settled at first."

The Cardinal.—"Yes; on these points I have taken much interest."

"All were once united," I added. "Russia, England, Rome, and all the rest of the Christian world, were one. The Greek Church was one with the Latin; and the Churches of the East and of the West were but as one society."

This conversation was in Latin, and, when it was necessary, Mesaheb interpreted. I do not remember the precise words which gave a turn to the conversation: but the allusion to the Greek Church caused the Cardinal to refer to the question respecting the controversy on the "filioque" of the Creed—the point on which the Oriental and Occidental Churches differ. He seemed to men-

tion it, as a proof of the difficulty, or impossibility, of attempting the reconciliation among Christians, to which I had referred. A very ancient manuscript of the Greek Testament lay on the table near us. From this manuscript the transcriber or some person who had tampered with it, had erased the words respecting the procession of the Holy Ghost. This was pointed out. I, of course, followed the direction of the conversation; and we conversed on the books and authors relating to this controversy. When this was over, the Cardinal, reverting to the object of my visit, promised me a letter to the Pope, and wished me success. I learned afterwards that he wrote to Monsignore Borromeo, the Maestro di Camera to the Pope, expressing, in the most courteous language, his satisfaction at our interview, and requesting the introduction to the Pope which I desired. We walked through his well-stored library. Among the books was a beautiful edition of Baronius; and I pointed out to the Cardinal, who did not remember the passage, the affecting and devotional conclusion of that splendid history. Some English books were shown me; and, in making some remarks upon them, I observed that it could not be expected that the nation which had produced such works could ever be again submissive to Rome. I shall never forget the expressive manner in which

the Cardinal paused, and pronounced the word *Paulatim*, "By degrees." He was evidently, I found from this, and from some other expressions uttered in the course of our remarks on the books before us, impressed with the conviction,—which seemed, indeed, to be general among his brethren, —that England was returning to the adoption of the Papal additions to the faith of Christ. I sighed at the mistake, and expressed again my conviction and my hope that this could never be: and he again said, with emphasis, *Paulatim*. As we were taking our leave, we passed through an ante-room, in which were the busts of Galileo and Columbus. Observing that I paused to admire them, "Ah!" said the Cardinal, in Italian, "The heavens remain where they were: but the English race possesses the better part of America." He attended us to the door. We parted with mutual courtesy; and I shall ever remember the urbanity, dignity, and kindness with which I was welcomed.

All this took place on the 7th. I requested the Cardinal, some days after, to honour me by accepting a work, lately published in Germany, on some difficult questions in the history of the Samaritans; and I wrote to him a letter, in the course of which I told him, that as we lived in days of political convulsions and revolutions, in which governments were endangered, and rulers

were driven from their stations, if it should so be that Cardinal Mai should be compelled to flee from Rome, "he should ever find, while I lived, a welcome to my home and table at Durham." For, much as I mourn over the additions to our common Christianity, which characterize Rome, I should have been glad and proud to afford an asylum to an amiable, learned, aged scholar, gentleman, and dignitary, such as Cardinal Mai. The letter was this:

"March 23, 1850.

"My dear Lord,

"The name of Angelo Mai has been known to me from my earliest youth as distinguished for sound scholarship, great benevolence, and uniform courtesy, not only to the English visitors of Rome, but to all other strangers.

"Emboldened by this character of Cardinal Mai, I requested my friend Francesco Mesaheb to procure for me the honour of an introduction. He did so; and I was received with all the kindness and urbanity I had anticipated. I deeply regret that my ignorance of the Italian language, and our different pronunciation of the Latin language, prevented that more familiar conversation which I had desired to have the honour of holding with your Eminence. And I regret this the more not merely because it prevented conversation on

more general subjects, but because it prevented conversation on that one subject which, above all others, is near and dear to my heart, namely, the possibility of inducing the Holy Father, the Bishop of Rome, as a temporal prince, to invite the temporal princes of the world, with the principal ecclesiastics, the subjects of those princes, to one more General Council, to consider the dissensions of Christians, the best mode of opposing the progress of Infidelity, and the possibility of the union of Christians on the foundations of the Council of Nice, and on the principles of the three or four first centuries of Christianity. As the Church of England cannot overthrow the Church of Rome, nor the Church of Rome overthrow the Church of England, is it not possible that the two Churches might be united, as in the age of Constantine the Great, on the fourfold bases of—the Sacraments, the Scriptures, public worship, and the primitive discipline?

"I am sure that your Eminence will pardon the presumption which solicits the performance of the kind promise, that I should not be disappointed in my hope that your Eminence would favour me with a commendatory letter to the Holy Father, to whom I might be permitted to utter the same earnest and holy desires.

"May it please the providence of God to grant to your Eminence many years of life, peace, and

prosperity! We live, however, in days when even kings are in exile, and the most eminent are subject to changes and revolution;—if it should so be that the prosperity of your Eminence be interrupted by any such changes, may I add, that I should be happy to offer to your Eminence an humble roof, and a frugal but hospitable table, at the College of Durham?

"Will your Eminence be pleased to accept a small tribute of my respect for your learning, talents, and kindness?

"I have the honour to be, with great respect,

"Your Eminence's &c. &c.

"GEORGE TOWNSEND."

"To his Eminence Cardinal Mai."

This was the letter; and I am sure that Cardinal Mai will not object to my giving the letter which he sent me in return[1]. While it expressed the unfortunate resolution which the Church of Rome has adopted,—never, never to re-consider its decrees and its decisions; it is full of the kindness which a Christian should ever entertain towards his brethren. The only stumbling-block between us is this steady, invincible determination never to be reformed. I again and again say, that I mourn over the fallen Jerusalem, which must be destroyed, if it thus refuse to re-consider the past.

Alas! alas! there is no hope, if these unprov-

[1] See Appendix, Note 9.

able assertions are made; and these incredible facts, which rest on no possible receivable evidence, are to be welcomed as miracles wrought by the Almighty in demonstration of the favour of God towards the Church of Rome.

From the Altieri Palace we proceeded to the Collegium Romanum, and the church near it. Exquisite and beautiful, as might be supposed, were the pictures and the statues. One picture attracted our more especial notice. It related the story of the Virgin Mary, appearing to a Jew. Light, in well-depicted rays, streamed from her hands. The Jew was prostrate upon the ground; and the eyes of the Virgin were directed towards him, with a mournful appealing look, as if reproaching him for his rejection of her worship. The event, it is said, occurred but lately; and it is commemorated by the picture before us. Where these inventions are reported and believed, the fetters which bind the soul are made heavier, not lighter. There is no hope, if such τέρατα ψεύδους are to be received.

Friday, the 8th.—Call on A—, B—, C—, friends I had either made, or met with, at Rome. Very interesting conversation with G. R—, a barrister, descended from one of the principal martyrs in the reign of Mary, on the subject which engaged all my attention,—the utter impossibility of sacrificing the reasoning intellect, and the civil freedom, of England, to the additions which the Church of

Rome has made to revelation ; and to the claims of Rome to our unlimited submission, as the first step to the re-union of the worshippers of Christ.

Introduced by Sir Gardner Wilkinson to the architect Canini: much delighted with his eloquent enthusiasm on the subject of his art.

We visit the tomb of Cecilia Metella, of whom Byron says :—

> "The wealthiest Roman's wife,
> Behold his love, or pride!"

We thence proceeded to the chapel by the side of the Appian way—"Domine, quo vadis?" Of this I have already spoken. But I have not mentioned the fact, that in this chapel is shown a square marble slab under an iron grating, surrounded with money-boxes. On this stone are the sculptured representations of two feet, of different sizes, as it seemed to me, which are said to be the impressions of the footsteps of our glorified Saviour. The consequences of believing this affirmation, and of so acting upon this belief, that it kindles in him the requisite devotion, is, that he who prays in this chapel is permitted to release one soul out of purgatory. "And this," I said, "this is a specimen of the allegations which are taught without rebuke from authority? This is a specimen of that Scriptural religion, for which gentlemen and Christians educated at Oxford have deserted the Church of Eng-

land, because of some disputes which might be easily settled by a rubric! Can they be in earnest? Can they be sincere? Which must I believe, the miracle of the impression of the feet of Christ, flanked by money-boxes, or the sincerity of the conversion of an Oxford Theologist?

The meek and candid persecutor, Cardinal Pole, who killed and took possession when Cranmer was holocausted, built the chapel, and became the voucher for the truth of the absurd legend.

We visited the reputed grotto of the nymph Egeria. The young men who were there smoking their cigars were less grave than Numa. I drank of the water of the chief spring. This was the only monument of ancient date on which I could not discover the sign of the Cross. It has generally been placed on every remnant of antiquity; and I rejoice to see the symbol of the triumph of the Son of God over the heathen usurpers of His Monarchy.

On the top of the hill, at whose foot is the reputed grotto of Egeria, is a church formed out of an old temple of Bacchus. It has beautiful Corinthian capitals, which had been bricked into the wall. The guide pointed out to us the entrance to the catacombs, now bricked up, which communicated, he said, with Rome, Albano, and the grotto of Egeria. Rome must, at a very early period, have been traversed in all directions

by subterranean galleries and passages. We returned home by the Appian Way, and passed the Colosseum, the Arch of Titus, the Corso, and the Via del Croce, &c.

Saturday, the 9th.—Visit the Doria Gallery, and the Borghese Palace.

The contrast between the beauty and the grandeur of ancient, mediæval, and modern art, with the seeming misery of the people, the filth of the streets, and the abjectness of the superstition, resembles fetters of gold on the corpse of a noble criminal. The fine arts are said to improve the taste, and to elevate the sentiments, of those who habitually contemplate them. They may do so—but in Rome the marvels of the pencil and of the chisel stand side by side with abject mental debasement, and hopeless poverty. Civil Freedom droops, Religion languishes, and Industry is palsied. Every person with whom I converse has something to relate of arbitrary arrests, jealous espionage, and mutual suspicion. The fruit of the cockatrice tyranny, and priestcraft, is the fiery flying serpent of hatred and revolution.

Sunday, the 10th.—Service at the Chapel. Sermon on self-examination. Sir Gardner Wilkinson, and the Maronite, visit us. The latter, I observe, will not, or does not, eat with us. It is the season of Lent; and he seems pale, weak, and emaciated. His appearance I believe to be the result of rigid fasting.

Monday, the 11*th.*—A long day's ramble among many interesting remains of antiquity, with Sir G. Wilkinson, with whom we visit the tomb at Cervetri, the ancient Ceræ. Sir Gardner amused himself with copying the decorations on the walls, and instructed me on the nature, antiquity, and ornaments of the tomb. Sir George Head, Mr. Dennis, and others, have rendered all additional descriptions of these remains of a former period uninviting. We had a narrow escape from being upset in the carriage, which stuck in the bed of a small river, through which we were obliged to drive in attempting to shorten the road. The snakes; the green lizards; the great civility of the Italian peasantry, guides, and porters; the scenery, and appearances of many other tombs; gave us a day of novelty, peace, and pleasant conversation.

One circumstance much amused me.

The postboy was one of the most decided Romanists I had hitherto met with, in his rank of life. His horses went wonderfully well the whole way to Cervetri and back; their paces and appearance, strength and muscle, were excellent. They had been blessed, he said, when I expressed my admiration, by the priest; and he showed us the certificate given on the occasion of the blessing—a picture of St. Anthony of Padua; and a small toy, in the shape of a spear, or goad, to quicken

the pace of his horses, as I understood. On passing the prison of the Inquisition, as we were leaving Rome, turning to one of our company, he said, "There is the place where they put the blasphemers!" My reflections may be easily imagined. I need not mention the thoughts and the prayers, which occupied me, when I remembered the holy, the learned, the wise, and the good men, whom Rome had stigmatised as blasphemers, and doubly cursed by associating with them all that was vile, abominable, and atrocious. I trust that God will so protect His Church, that the civil and secular powers shall ever for the future prevent the religious and ecclesiastical powers, from possessing the political government of mankind, in the name of Christ, and of the Virgin, and of the Church.

Tuesday, the 12*th.*—Called early on Sir Gardner Wilkinson and others. No news of the Pope. Attended the function at the centenary jubilee of a church in the Corso. A Bishop officiated. The object of the frequent changing of the mitres, jewelled and simple, puzzled me. The music and the singing were good; but the conduct of the people was irreverent. The decoration of the church was beautiful, but inappropriate; it was too sprightly and luxuriant, and did not suit the solemnity either of the place or the occasion. The lighted candles at mid-day, and the altar decked

like an opera-box, jarred painfully upon the feelings of such as came for higher purposes than the gratification of the eye.

Call on Mr. H——, the Roman Catholic correspondent of "The Times." He derided the very thought of the possibility of the re-union of Christians; and if the Prophecies of Revelation had not, as I read them, affirmed it, and if the God who gave that Revelation was not omnipotent to accomplish His own word, the arguments of Mr. H—— would have been, to me, unanswerable. I hope against hope. I endure, as seeing Him who is invisible. I walk by faith, not by sight, in this matter.

Wednesday, the 13*th.*—Attended at the celebration of Pontifical high mass at a church of which I forget the name. Oh! the putting on and off, and interchanging, of mitres, the bowings, the excluded light of the cheerful day, the lighted candles, the irreverence of the priests and of the few attendant worshippers! Visit other churches, and admire Michael Angelo's statue of Christ leaning on the cross.

Thursday, the 14*th.*—A Capuchin monk calls for alms for his convent. He did not understand either English or Latin. We gave him a trifle, which was, however, more than he had expected. He came afterwards every week, as if "his appe-

tite did grow by what it fed upon"—and we always gave him something. He laughed very loudly and heartily, when he was told by the servant that Mrs. T. was the wife of the "padre;" and added, with a look of undissembled sorrow, that we were so gracious and so generous, that it was a most sad calamity that we were Protestants!

We then visited St. Peter's, and its subterranean wonders, and beautiful sculptures, paintings, tombs of St. Peter, and St. Paul, the Vatican, and the Hall of the Councils. Next we inspected the church of St. Andrea della Valle, with the beautiful frescoes of the four Evangelists, by Domenichino, and the church of St. Maria in Trastevere, said to be the first place established for public worship in Rome by the Christians. We went to two or three other churches, and returned home bewildered with sight-seeing. Dined and passed the evening with Mr. ——, M.P. for ——.

Friday, the 15*th.*—To the Quirinal, the Pope's palace, and the place where, on the demise of a pontiff, the conclave of Cardinals elect and proclaim his successor. Here is a picture of the late Begum of Sirdanach, and her son, Mr. Dyce Sombre, together with some architectural drawings relating to a Roman Catholic church lately erected, at her expense, in the Presidency of Bengal. Here, too, is a picture, in reduced size, of Raffaelle's cele-

brated painting of the Transfiguration, in which the figure of the possessed child seemed to me far finer than that in the large picture.

We next visited the church of S. Pietro in Montorio, where we saw the spot where the cross of Peter was placed in the ground. Here are several beautifully sculptured marble tablets of the events of St. Peter's life. Read the sad and melancholy inscriptions on the tombs of the O'Neils and O'Donnells, who died in exile from Ireland, in the reign of James I. On one tomb were the arms of Ulster; on the other, the name of Dungannon. I trust that Ireland and England will know no more of the causes which rendered these men exiles from Ireland, to die as beggars at Rome: but the same causes will always produce the same effects; and if Ireland again sows the wind, it must again reap the whirlwind.

The monk who showed us the church pointed out the place where a cannon shot, having entered the wall, killed four men, and wounded three, who died soon after. They had been engaged in mutilating the sculptured monuments in the side chapel. Their death was imputed to the interference of the Virgin Mary. I could not deny that it seemed like a judgment from God. We admired the beautiful view of Rome from the Janiculum. Visited three or four other churches,

in one of which we noticed the rapt attention of the hearers, whose arrested looks, while the preacher addressed them, reminded me of the congregation at the Presbyterian church in Perth. It was one of the Fridays in Lent; and the services of the Church are more attentively observed, as Easter approaches.

Saturday, the 16*th.*—Walk about Rome. I took the road leading to the Baths of Diocletian, and passed the large prison. Oh! the mournful looks of the poor, vice-marked, squalid convicts, assembled at the large, heavy iron window-gratings! Having placed some money in the bag which they had let down, suddenly the loud clamour ceased, and it was succeeded by mute indications of surprise and thankfulness! What blessings we possess, little prized, but of countless value, in breathing in freedom and security the balmy air, and enjoying the glorious light of day,—emblems of that Spirit of life, and of that Truth, which whoso possesseth is "free indeed!" Visit the Baptistery of Constantine, otherwise called the Church of S. Giovanni in Fonte. Here are frescoes in which are depicted the events of that Emperor's life. I opened the large Missal in the Sacristy, and read, at the passage for Good Friday, the words in our own service for that day—"the blood of Christ, and not the blood of bulls and goats, cleanseth from all sin;"

and I prayed for the conversion of Rome. There is an inscription on the Lateran Church, importing that it is "omnium urbis et orbis ecclesiarum mater et caput." It might have been the first of those Churches that Constantine established, and the Church conferred by him on the then Bishop of Rome, Silvester, as his episcopal cathedral; but the ὑπερῷα and the ἐκκλησία in Nymphas's house, and the general assemblies, as in the case of Paul of Samosata, &c., had certainly preceded it. In the Lateran[1] Church is shown a table, on which, it is said, our Lord instituted the last Supper. The practice of collecting relics, and the powerful hold which they have upon the human imagination, is a subject which well deserves the attention of those who are fond of tracing and analyzing the passions of mankind.

As I was walking up by the side of the Santa Scala, which is freely permitted, a monk, and a gentleman, whose carriage waited below, were ascending upon their knees. I observed a notice, setting forth, that whoever thus went up released a soul from Purgatory.

The celebrated and beautiful Corsini Chapel, built by Clement XII., in honour of his ancestor,

[1] So called, because it is said to be built on the site of the house of Plautius Lateranus, who was beheaded in the reign of Nero, on suspicion of having been an accomplice in Piso's conspiracy.

Andrea Corsini, after the designs of Alessandro Gallilei, was shown to us by the sexton, whose remorseless spittings upon the fine Mosaic pavement excited a disgust which the sight of the surrounding magnificence could scarcely overcome. Here are fine statues emblematical of the four Cardinal Virtues; and here, as if celestial intelligences must needs be in the mode, is an angel with moustaches! At the Church del Gesu I found a large and attentive congregation listening to a preacher, who addressed them from a stage, or long table.

Sunday, the 17*th.*—Sermon at the Chapel, on John xvi. 33. Call upon Sir G. Wilkinson, who is ill. Conversation, in the evening, with a family residing in the same house with us, on the station and influence of the priesthood, and on the liturgical services of the Churches of England and Rome.

Monday, the 18*th.*—To the studio of Mr. Gibson, the sculptor, where we saw statues of the Queen and Bishop Van Mildert. Visited several churches, decorated, as usual, with fine sculptures and pictures, lights, &c., but no Bible on the desk; no Prayer Book, in their own language, for the people. "The light is darkness" here; and "great is that darkness!"

Tuesday, the 19*th.*—A review of the French

troops. A festa day. Beautiful equipages of the Roman nobles; all this implies rank, wealth, leisure, power of reading and speaking freely, and, therefore, of self-legislation. Yet they assembled, and the populace assembled in myriads, unabashed at their degradation, in the presence of a foreign army performing its evolutions on their own soil! The Roman nobles who attended were magnificent-looking personages; but I was told that they had displayed great deficiency of personal courage in the course of the late convulsions which had driven their sovereign into exile. Their beards were so superb, and their complexions so fair, that I could not but apply to them the words of Macbeth to the Witches—

> "You should be women; but your beards
> Forbid me to interpret that ye are so."

Wednesday, the 20*th.*—Snow: weather cold and cheerless. At home: read the Greek Testament. Very interesting conversation with the Maronite Francesco on the Councils, and on the future prospects of the Universal Church.

Thursday, the 21*st.*—Went early to the Church of St. Cecilia: disappointed with the music. On our way we saw a detachment of the Papal guards at the palace of the Austrian embassy, assisting at the replacement of the arms of Austria, which had been torn down by the insurgents. The band

was playing the Emperor's hymn. Some French soldiers were laughing, and deriding the Papal soldiers, who behaved very well. The French troops, we were told, had been, with a few exceptions, confined to their barracks. We next went to the Corsini Palace, and Gallery. What speaking portraits! What masterly paintings! especially the children's heads round a Madonna, by Carlo Moratti! —— told me he did not care for old churches. He had come to Rome to see the Colosseum only!

Friday, the 22*nd.*—The Capuchin friar called again for alms. "Pray for me," I said: "I will pray for you. If our prayers could be fused together, so as to make one accepted petition, we should be better Christians." A cold, wet, dreary day kept me at home: I read Mrs. Jameson's "Legendary Art." The Martyrs of the Church of England are as acceptable as the Martyrs of the Church of Rome: her Saints are more numerous, though not canonized.

Had a long and animated conversation with my friend —— on the value of the Scriptures as the goal from whence the most venturous mind may start into the regions of Infinity, Eternity, and the all-unfathomableness of Deity, but to which it must return as the only satisfactory remover of all doubts and difficulties.

Heard that —— had embraced Popery, because her husband was a Romanist. This step was defended on the ground of the misery of a husband and wife not being able otherwise to pray together. It must, indeed, be great domestic misery, that, in the hour of the anticipated separation of husband and wife by death, they cannot pray together: but it must be a greater misery at such an hour, for the mind to have its misgivings as to whether the prayer to the Virgin, and to Joseph, and to the Saints, instead of to God alone, will be accepted. No prayer is more common than that to the Virgin, to comfort the soul which is commended to her charge in the hour of death. "He that loveth father or mother more than Me, is not worthy of Me."

Saturday, the 23rd.—Walk and ride about Rome, and visit many churches.

The frescoes of St. Stefano represent, with most horrid and fearful fidelity of detail, the deaths of several of the ancient martyrs. The most painful representation is given of eyes plucked out, breasts cut off, limbs mutilated and chopped to pieces. My friend reminded me of John Foxe. The martyrs against the papal additions to Christianity are not only as worthy of admiration as the primitive martyrs before those additions were known, but their actions are more certainly authenticated, their

dying testimony is more precisely and truly reported, and their last words are more unsuspiciously recorded. We can enter, with all the freshness of proximity of time, and accordance of belief, into their feelings. We know the character of their persecutors more intimately than we know the modes of thought and sentiment of those who persecuted the primitive Christians. The earlier martyrs, for the most part, met their sufferings, too, at the hands of Pagans, who knew not Christ; our martyrs were persecuted to the death by those who called themselves by that blessed Name, and thought they were doing their Master service. The cruel mockings of our brethren are more intolerable than the reproaches of strangers; and the kindred, the friends, and the neighbours of the martyrs of the Reformation embittered their last moments with severe and unfeeling insult. I claim for our own martyrs of the Reformation, therefore, a brighter crown of sorrow for the truth's sake, than that which the pristine martyrs wore. Their palms are as green, their robes are as white, their victory is as splendid and as pure. As the blood of the earlier martyrs of the Church of Christ, and of the Church of Rome, became the basis of the establishment of that primitive Truth, which was once spoken of throughout the whole world, but which has become corrupted; so let us hope that the blood of the martyrs for the antipapal

Truth may become the basis of the re-establishment of the same early, primitive truth, and of the removal of the corruptions which have dimmed its glory, and impaired its influence.

Visit other Churches. I pass by the wonders of their magnificence, their paintings, their sculptures, and their various curiosities; for they are to be found in the guide-books, the hand-books, and the tours.

Meet the first poor pilgrim, and relieve him. Passed the evening at the house of our friends. The remark was made by ——, in the course of an animated conversation, that the people were not fit for the Bible. "Then," was my answer, "Popery has done its work of degradation more effectually than Heathenism itself." Oh! the Truth must not be despised. If the Papal Church will not change, it must be destroyed. Whether by judgments or miracles, or by merciless Revolutions, or by some cruel unsparing Cromwell, or a Henry VIII., or by the more merciful influence of the preachers of God's Truth, the distributors of God's word; or by the gradual amelioration of mankind, in the extension of a better religion and the more perfect civilization—we know not. But as Nineveh was destroyed after a prophet's appeal, or as Jerusalem fell after the Apostle's appeal, so will Rome perish, though a remnant will be saved. The haters of the

Bible "shall be found liars" before God. I would that my voice could be heard, as the speaker of love and peace to the souls of men; and of hatred and of war only against the darkness and the ignorance which destroys them.

Sunday, the 24th.—Went to St. Peter's, to witness the ceremony of blessing the palms. I was disappointed, and deserved my disappointment. The ceremony was most unimpressive. The very priests behaved with irreverence.

Monday, the 25th.—Visit the Church of St. Andrea, the baths of Titus, and the house of Nero.

My friend the Maronite, this morning, according to his promise, introduced me at the College of the Propaganda, to Cardinal Franzoni, the head, as I believe, of the Jesuit Society of Rome. Whether he was the General or not, I do not remember. Though I now anticipated the same answer which I had so uniformly received,—that nothing could be done; for the Church had spoken; and therefore no change could be made; though I was prepared too, for the insinuation, that the heretic, or the Protestant, must submit to the Church; yet I had hitherto acted with no reserve towards any person with whom I had conversed; and I was desirous, courteously and respectfully, to bear my humble testimony to the Truth, before any dignitary to whom I might have

an opportunity of speaking. I went, therefore, to the Propaganda, with Mesaïeb. The Cardinal, an infirm, pale, but serene and dignified man, received me with the kindness and friendliness which characterizes, in general, the dignitaries of Rome. He was attended by an Italian Marchese, whose name I did not catch. After the usual salutations, I introduced the subject of my visit to Italy; and expressed my hope that the divisions of Christians might eventually be lessened by the decisions of a deliberative assembly, under the sanction of temporal princes. The usual answer was given. The Cardinal urged the objections to the possibility of the meeting of such a council, from the state of the continent, the expenses to be incurred, the decisions of the Church once made by the Council of Trent, with their consequent unchangeableness, and the difficulty of producing identity of opinion among the powers of Europe. He expressed his expectation of the early return of the Pope to Rome, and his assurance of my favourable reception by his Holiness. The conversation then turned to other subjects; and after a short time I left him, pleased and gratified by his reception of me, but more and more convinced by many remarks which he made in the course of that conversation, that there can be no sympathy between the English mind which believes upon evidence; and the Italian mind which

believes upon authority, and implicitly defers to it. I again found in this visit, that, with the Italian, Union means, or at least involves, submission. The events of this day have depressed me; the case seems hopeless; but I must persevere. The Italian Marchese observed to the Cardinal—"that England was coming over." The Cardinal assented to the remark; and I perceived that all allusion to temporal princes summoning their ecclesiastics to a General Council only conveyed to their minds the idea of prospective unreasoning submission to the See of Rome.

Tuesday, the 26th.—More sight-seeing. Picture Galleries, and the statue of Pompey, said to have been sprinkled with the blood of Cæsar, who fell at its base.

Wednesday, the 27th.—To the Miserere in St. Peter's. The effect of the harmony was destroyed, and the music sometimes rendered even ludicrous, by the frequent and loud beating of the stand on which the books were laid. The chanting was certainly very beautiful, soft, and plaintive; but I have heard as good, though not so prolonged singing, in our own Cathedral.

Thursday, the 28th.—St. Peter's, and walks about Rome.

Good Friday, the 29th—To the English Service.

Never did I repeat with greater fervency the Prayer which seemed to justify all the exertions I was making, however absurd or useless they might appear to many. "Almighty God," says the beautiful prayer of the Church, "we beseech Thee graciously to behold this Thy family, for which our Lord Jesus Christ was contented to be betrayed;"—"by Thy Spirit the whole body of the Church is governed and sanctified;"—"Thou hast made all men, and hatest nothing that Thou hast made—have mercy upon all," &c.; concluding with the petition that there may be "one fold and one Shepherd!" The Church of Rome offers the same prayer. Shall the holy aspirations of the thoughtful, who believe such prayers to be more than mere forms, perish for ever? Must the wretched experience of centuries past, uniformly remain the experience of an unchangeable future, in spite of Christ's dying prayer, before He went out to be betrayed, and be given up to the hands of wicked men? I will not, and I cannot, believe it. Against hope I will still hope, especially on this sacred day.

Saturday, the 30*th.*—To St. Peter's and other churches, in thoughtful prayers for the Universal Church of Christ.

Sunday, the 31*st.*—Easter-day. Preach in the English Chapel, on the words of the triumphal

song of Miriam; "Who is like unto Thee, O Lord, among the gods? who is like Thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders[1]?" The Lessons and the subject of the season direct our thoughts to the manner in which the Great Head of the Universal Church was glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing the wonders both of the deliverance of Israel from Egypt at the Red Sea, and the deliverance of the Christian from the power of death, evidenced by the Resurrection of Christ from the dead. When such glorious truths are believed and welcomed, why must those who believe them revile and hate each other? Shall Rome never be changed?

The Lord's-day, I observed, is better kept in Rome than in Paris. This is a good sign. "Hallow my Sabbaths," the Prophet was taught to say to the people of Israel, "and they shall be a sign to thee." I trust that this observance of the Lord's-day is a token of good to Rome itself.

Monday, April the 1st.—The Church of Santa Maria in Via Lata is said to be built over the remains of the Centurion's house, inhabited by St. Paul. A small oratory, according to the traditions of the Church, was erected on the spot in the earlier ages. The jasper, the Ionic columns,

[1] Exod. xv. 11.

the gilded capitals, the rich paintings, and mouldings, and chapels, and pictures, and bronze angels, and Corinthian pillars of alabaster, on their pedestals of yellow Sienna marble, render the church one of the most attractive in Rome; but much more attractive and interesting was the humble crypt, fifteen feet beneath its pavement, which is affirmed to be the very room in which the Apostle was lodged with his keeper. As the pleasure derived from poetry, eloquence, and literature, is superior to the pleasures of the table and the sports of the field; so are the enjoyments derivable from the study and the contemplation of that Holy Word, which connects Time with Eternity, Earth with Heaven, and the soul with its God, superior to the delights of all other pursuits. And though every part of that Word abounds with the highest and the noblest sources of mental elevation, and spiritual enjoyment, there is no part in which the consolations, the intellectual enjoyments, and the magnificent anticipations of the continued existence of the soul in a state of perpetually increasing felicity, are so fully developed as in the Epistles of St. Paul to the Churches. Here, here, I thought, in this crypt, on this spot, it is possible, it is barely possible, — and the very thought gave a sacredness to the place

—here it is possible that the holy Apostle wrote his Epistles to Titus, to the scattered Hebrews his brethren, and to the Churches of Asia Minor, which he had planted by his preaching, and which he loved till his death. The remembrance of the possibility that this might have been, rendered the dark and lonely room more interesting than the gorgeous church above it, or that of St. Peter's beyond it. I recalled to mind the dying saying of Salmasius, that if "he had one year more to live, he would spend it in reading David's Psalms and Paul's Epistles." Most sincerely did I wish to myself and to others the happiness resulting from this study. I drank of the water of the well, at which it is said St. Paul, in this crypt, baptized his converts. Though I could not but doubt whether the Apostle had been certainly bound to the strong pillar which the guide pointed out to me, I was willing to imagine that it might have been so. I admired the altar, of which it is reported that it belonged to the oratory formerly built on the site of the Centurion's house. It resembled those found in the catacombs, though I could not fancy that the bas-relief group, in white marble, by Fancelli, above another altar, was the actual representation of the persons of St. Peter, St. Paul, St.

Luke, and the Centurion; but I left the crypt with deeper feelings of gratitude for the writings of St. Paul than had been kindled in my heart by any other of the most interesting relics of Rome.

Tuesday, the 2nd.—We visit the neighbourhood of Rome, Frascati, Tusculum, and Albano. All was novel, and attractive, and interesting; and the weather beautiful. We paused at the Cardinal of York's monument, in the church or cathedral. I pity the Stuarts; but I rejoice in the overthrow of their principles of government. We saw the Aldobrandini palace where Baronius wrote his Annals. We rode to Tusculum, admired the views, and examined the wonderful remains of Latium.

Wednesday, the 3rd.—We visit the Seminario, the tunnel through the solid rock, where the water of the Alban Lake flows through to another part of the district—the Castello Gondolfi, the summer palace of the Popes. How beautiful is the scenery of the Alban Lake and its neighbourhood —of Aricia, &c., &c.!

Thursday, the 4th.—From Albano to Tivoli, through Marino and its neighbourhood. On our way, we turned aside to visit the now dry Lake Regillus, and remembered the lines of Macaulay. We wandered about Tivoli, and admired its

beautiful scenery, and the site of the camp of Hannibal.

Friday, the 5th.—At Tivoli. Enchanting scenery! Our party consisted of six. We visited the Cascatella, the villas of Mecænas, Æmilius Varus, Horace, Catullus, and Adrian; and quoted to each other the poetry and anecdotes suggested to our memories by the associations of the scenes which delighted us.

The guide at Adrian's villa complained much of the conduct of an English Protestant zealot, who had smashed to pieces a picture of our Saviour. We were unanimous in condemning this mode of expressing our convictions that the use of images and pictures was erroneous and unadvisable. The poor man quite wept over the picture.

We were much annoyed, on returning from our gratifying tour in the neighbourhood of Rome, by the unfragrancy of the Solfaterra. I was strongly reminded by it of the opinion of many writers on the prophecies of the Book of Revelation. Dr. Cumming, in his work entitled "Apocalyptic Sketches," (p. 437,) and many other authors, have asserted, as their interpretation of some parts of the Apocalypse, that Rome will be destroyed by fire from Heaven, or swallowed up by earthquakes, or overwhelmed with destruc-

tion by volcanoes, as the visible punishment of the Almighty for its Popery and its crimes. I am unwilling, having read so many books on the interpretation of prophecy, to deduce any argument of this kind from the prophecies which are unfulfilled; but I beheld every where, in Rome, near Rome, and through the whole country of Italy from Rome to Naples, the most astounding proofs, not merely of the possibility, but of the exceeding probability, that the whole region of central Italy will, one day, suffer under such a catastrophe. The soil of Rome is tufa, of a volcanic origin; the smell of the sulphur, which we found to be so disagreeable, must be the result of volcanic subterranean action still going on. At Naples the boiling sulphur is seen bubbling near the surface of the earth. When I drew a stick along upon the ground, the sulphureous smoke followed the indentation; and it would never surprise me to hear of the utter destruction of the entire peninsula of Italy. If the Providence of God, which has hitherto restrained the power of the elements, should permit this desolation to take place, the Deist might reason, from the nature of the soil, that such destruction was to be called a natural event; the believer in this interpretation of the prophecies would call it the predicted interposition of the Almighty. It is possible,

that there would be some difficulty in proving such belief to be erroneous.

Arrived, by God's mercy, safely at our apartments in Rome.

Saturday, the 6th.—It is impossible to understand critically some portions of the New Testament without a knowledge of the original language. Two monks of the order of Passionists called upon us at our rooms this morning for alms, which we gave them. I then inquired, as they devoted themselves to the contemplation of the Passion of our Lord, whether they understood Greek? They replied that they did not; and I found, upon further conversation, that they had no notion whatever of the meaning of some phrases which have been the source of much discussion and controversy. We were much amused when they took leave, on observing that they declined to touch the hand of a lady present, who offered to shake hands with them on their quitting the room. I was informed, that to touch the hand of a woman is regarded as a breach of their vow. This is founded upon their view of the meaning of 1 Cor. vii. 1.

Sunday, the 7th.—Attended the service of the American clergyman on the floor above us.

Monday, the 8th.—I am this day informed that the Pope will be certainly at Rome in the course of a few days.

Visit the monastery of St. Onofrio, where Tasso was buried, and saw the room in which he died. The ladies were refused admittance. The monks were much amused at my informing them, as I looked out at the window, that the ladies waiting for me outside were my wife and her friends; and at my then telling the ladies, in Latin, "Hic locus sanctus est; fratres hujus monasterii non mulieres, fœminas, vel uxores, admittunt. Valete, valete!" One of the brethren gave me an interesting explanation of a picture representing the death of Tasso. The arm-chair, pens, and other relics of the poet, are preserved in the room. We visited in the church the grave of Cardinal Mezzofanti, to whom Lord Brougham had given me a letter of introduction.

Tuesday, the 9th.—Visit the Church of St. Victoria; its gorgeous decorations and fine paintings; and two or three Columbaria.

Wednesday, the 10th.—To the Rospigliosi Palace, to see the Aurora of Guido, and other fine paintings. To the studio of Chev. Chatellain the artist, of Mr. M'Donald the sculptor, and others.

Thursday, the 11th.—Inspected the preparations for the Pope's reception in the Church of St. John Lateran

Friday, the 12th.—I pass by, as irrelevant to the object I had in view, the names of the gentlemen

to whom I had the honour of being introduced by one to another, and all the interesting conversations held with them at various interviews, to mention two only whose advice and assistance I most highly value. One of these was Mr. George Forbes, of Edinburgh, an acquaintance and friend of Cardinal Mai, whom he had known when the Cardinal was the Ambrosian Librarian at Milan. The other was a gentleman who lately filled the distinguished office of Ambassador from Hanover to Rome, but who had retired from public life, and was now resident in one of the palaces of Rome. Mr. or rather Chevalier K——, of whose accomplishments, knowledge of the world, good sense, and sound judgment, I must not speak at greater length, had been the friend and political agent to four kings, to George III., George IV., William IV., and the King of Hanover. We had many conversations on the subjects which most concerned me —the Protestantism, Popery, and Infidelity of Europe; the lamentable estrangement, and mutual jealousy, that prevailed among professing Christians; the sole and effectual remedy for those evils, in a return of the Churches of Christendom to the primitive faith and discipline; and the possibility of effecting this in a General Council duly convened. Mr. K—— expressed himself

deeply interested in the mission which had brought me to Rome. The Pope was now daily expected; and I had purposed, in the interview I sought with him, to have conversed with him in the same manner as I had already conversed with the Cardinals Mai and Franzoni. I was advised, however, to draw up on paper, in the form of a memorial, a brief statement of the subject on which I would presume to seek an audience; and this advice, I am happy to say, I adopted.

Introduced to various gentlemen.

We drove to the Piazza of St. Peter's to see the preparations made by the peasantry to welcome the Pope on his return. He is to enter Rome to-day. The people had formed, on a ground-work of fine sand, in prettily grouped, varied, and beautiful flowers, the pontifical arms, and inscriptions adapted to the occasion. The Church, inside, was decorated with red and gold drapery. The streets were covered with fresh gravel. The populace lounged about in a state of apparent indifference. The priests, in their best costumes, seemed to wear an anxious look. From St Peter's we drove to the Basilica of St. John Lateran, near to which seats had been procured for us. The concourse of spectators was immense. The street was lined with troops. The equipages and liveries of the Cardinals and Municipality were sumptuous; the military display was

imposing; and the spectacle, altogether, was to us as exciting as it was novel. The Pope passed us at about Four o'clock. He looked, I thought, fatigued and anxious. The carriage was guarded by the Italian nobles, though the street was lined with French troops. As the carriage passed slowly on, the Pope bowed to the people from side to side, blessing them, by bending his head towards them, with two fingers raised, as the act of blessing the people by a Bishop is represented in ancient pictures and statues, and in the sitting statue in St. Peter's, which is said to be the image of St. Peter, and whose foot the Pope and the people kissed, when they passed it at the end of the procession. I could not but admire, as the Pope passed us, the benignity and mild expression of his countenance. There was much waving of handkerchiefs, cries of *Viva*, and other sounds of welcome from many. There was much subdued, but persevering hissing from others; yet, whether it was contrary to the Italian customs, or whether the populace were indifferent to the event, I know not, the more general silence that prevailed gave a gloom to the spectacle. Some of our party knelt as he passed. We all bowed. The troops knelt, but the populace did not join in the homage. After the long and slow train of carriages had gone by, we drove round by another way to St. Peter's, to see the

Pope's reception there. The whole space of the large and beautiful Circle was densely crowded with troops, and we made our way with difficulty. Some rain fell as the Pope alighted from his carriage; and this, I was informed, was deemed a bad omen. He was met by a long train of bishops, cross-bearers, and gentlemen in a costume that I remembered to have seen in some pictures of the mediæval ages. A profound silence prevailed; and the Pope passed on to the Church. We made our way by another door through the crowd, and heard the singing and chanting which accompanied the slow procession up the Church; and, though with difficulty, I saw the Pope kneel and pray, with much devotion, before the shrine of St. Peter. We did not see the kissing of the foot of the image. After thus kneeling for some time, the procession turned, and the pressure of the crowd prevented me from seeing more.

In the evening the city was illuminated; and the illuminations were continued through three successive evenings. We drove every evening to various parts of the city, to see them. They seemed to me to be very general; but I was assured that they were not to be compared with those which had been exhibited when the pope was popular; and that they could not be depended upon as the certain expression of the rejoicing of their exhibitors; as a Ro-

man noble on a former occasion had been imprisoned for neglecting to illuminate.

Saturday, the 13th. We drove to the Vatican, to find the Maestro di Camera, or Master of the Ceremonies, to learn from him whether it was possible to obtain an early audience. Mrs. Townsend, on this, and generally on all occasions, was my Italian interpreter. The astonishment of the guards of the Swiss soldiers, who wore the picturesque dress said to have been designed by Michael Angelo, and of the gentlemen in attendance, seemed to be great, as we were referred from servant to servant, till we found out the proper officer to whom to make our application. We at length found him, and made our request; and I informed him that I had a letter to the Pope from the Archbishop of Paris, which I desired to present in person. Monsignore Borromeo requested me to write a note to him, as a memorandum, which he might lay before the Pope; and after much courteous and agreeable conversation, we left him. I wrote the note immediately on my return to our apartments, and sent it to the Vatican. Having now waited in Rome nine weeks in expectation of seeing the Pope, and being anxious to see Naples before I returned to England, I ventured to mention this circumstance, and to solicit an early interview.

Sunday, the 14*th.*—Never having seen a Pontifical High Mass, I went to St. Peter's, to see that splendid ceremonial.—I was justly disappointed.

Monday, the 15*th.*—The whole morning was occupied in drawing up a Memorial, to be given in writing to the Pope, as Mr. K—— had advised.

Drive for two hours. Call on Colonel Caldwell, to thank him for his courtesy in procuring a place at St. Peter's for Mrs. Townsend, on Friday last; and on other friends.

Tuesday, the 16*th.*—The Pamfili Doria Gardens. The cell of St. Dominic, the celebrated self-denying, austere, and active preacher, whose name (whether rightly or wrongly, for Butler and others affirm that he was not the founder of the Inquisition) is rendered notorious as that of the foremost of those whose mistaken piety led them to believe they did God service when they tortured and slew their brethren.

The studios of M'Donald and Tenerani. The countenance, in marble, of the angel preparing to sound the last trumpet, is one of the most interesting in modern sculpture. The serene, composed, and awful upward look, as if the angel expected a voice from Heaven, commanding him to sound forth the judgment of the Most High, produces, in this instance only, the effect of sacred Poetry, or even of a solemn passage of Scripture, on the mind of the spectator.

Wednesday, the 17*th.*—Visit the picture of Beatrice Cenci; and the Church of St. Pietro in Montorio, on the other side of Rome, in which the unfortunate Beatrice is reported to have been buried. The Church is said to be built on the spot where St. Peter was crucified, with his head downwards. The place of his crucifixion is covered by a small circular temple, of beautiful workmanship.

Thursday, the 18*th.*—Visit again the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, to meditate and admire.

The Pope blessed the French troops, in the Piazza of St. Peter. A scaffolding had been raised for the purpose, in front of the Church. We were placed by a French officer, with whom we had become acquainted, between the ranks of a regiment. The Pope kept the people waiting. There were some hisses, both from the populace and the soldiers. The remarks "Le Pape est perdu," &c., were sometimes very amusing. The Pope came, attended by his cross-bearer, and some chief personages of his court. He intoned the blessing he pronounced, and raised his hand. After he had blessed the whole mass of the troops, the order was given that every regiment in their companies should pass him in order. This occasioned a movement of the soldiers, among whom we were placed, and we retired among the people. A vacancy in the circle which had been made by the

soldiers resulted from the movement, and a great rush towards the foot of the scaffolding ensued. I think that the momentary confusion resulting from this circumstance, and the noise attending it, made the Pope look pale, as if he anticipated some disturbance. All, however, passed off well. The people were quiet, and the French army passed with great military precision before the Pope. The officers lowered their swords, and bowed, and the Pope returned their salutes. The officers, I thought, did not resemble the early Christians. Neither was the office of the Pope very apostolical: he blessed the swords of foreigners, which cursed his own subjects.

Friday, the 19*th.*—Conversations with ——, who, with his family, have become converts to Rome. Called, with ——, on Count Zeloni, who has written a work on the appeal to the Councils and Fathers of the six first centuries, as confirming the doctrines and practice of the Romish Church. The Count presented me with his book. I called to mind Bishop Jewell's Apology, and his Answer to Hardynge; and I assured the Count that we earnestly desired this very appeal. He showed us his valuable museum, presents from the Emperor of Austria, portraits in cameo of all the Popes, antique gems, coins, medals, subterranean room, &c.

Saturday, the 20th.—Climb with —— to the top of St. Peter's; and inspect the relics from the catacombs, &c. In the museum of the Vatican I asked to see some Anglo-Saxon charters, which, I had been informed, were in the Vatican library, They were not produced. Neither was the rescript of Valentinian, which I also wished to inspect. The exhibitor did not seem to be aware of the really valuable contents of the library.

Sunday, the 21st.—After the Service, completed the analysis of the Apocalypse, and re-read the beautifully diversified seven reproofs and seven promises to the seven Churches of Asia, from the Saviour of His Church—the Prophet, Priest, and King.

Monday, the 22nd.—Reports are circulated that the seal of the Confessional had been violated, and many persons arrested; that the female friends of the accused had mentioned to the Priests conversations which had taken place by the firesides at home, and A—, B—, C—, had, in consequence, been thrown into prison; that their houses had been searched for Bibles, and great distress and consternation had been occasioned.

Tuesday, the 23rd.—Visit the Marchese Campagna's Museum of Etruscan Antiquities. The fillets of gold ornaments, the crown of victory, formed in oak leaves, in gold, round the skull of a

warrior, with the inscription, "Vixere fortes," &c., with many other curious works of ancient art, were deeply interesting.

An application was made to me to marry the Lutheran clergyman at Rome to a Lutheran lady. The English clergyman had declined to perform the ceremony, and there was no other Lutheran clergyman at Rome to do so. I inquired of the English consul, whether, by complying with the request thus made to me, I should violate any English, or other law. I was assured that I should not, and I consented to marry them.

Call on Mesaheb, the Maronite Jesuit, and converse with him on various important subjects.

Wednesday, the 24th.—The Barberini Palace, the Sciarra Palace and pictures, the Borghese Palace and pictures. Afterwards visited the Church of St. Paul, and the column at which it is said that St. Paul was beheaded. The interest of this very spot, however, was destroyed by the allegation, that three fountains of water proceeded, one from the spot where the head fell, and the two others from the two places at which the head rebounded. I tasted the water of the three fountains: they were of three very perceptibly different degrees of temperature—warm, tepid, cold. How this is done, I know not: but I must not ne-

cessarily believe a miracle where I cannot detect a trick.

In the evening I finished the reading of the Apocalypse. May God grant to His Universal Church the avoidance of its curses, and the possession of its blessings! May the Church of Rome cease to add to the Word of God, and the opposite extreme cease to take away from it—till the uncorrupted Holy Scripture be the rule to the Catholic Church!—Amen, and amen.

Thursday, the 25th.—Palaces and studios, pictures and friends. Visit Mr. K——'s fine collection of paintings. Met there the Lutherans who wish me to perform the marriage service. Mr. K—— pointed out to me, in his pictures, the gradual developement of the art of painting, from Cimabue and Giotto to Raffaelle, and thence onward to the recent schools. We admire the beautiful picture of Raffaelle by his father; and the astonishing expression of the ideal and the devotional in the comparative infancy of the mediæval art. On my return home I found a letter, of which the annexed is a copy, appointing to-morrow for the audience with the Pope.

DALL' ANTICAMERA PONTIFICIA.

Dal Vaticano li 25 Aprile 1850.

No. =

L'Udienza si tiene nella Galleria degli Arazzi alle ore 4 e mezza.

Si ascende per la Scala della Sagrestia della Cappella Sistina.

Si previene il Sigr. Townsend . . . che Sua Santità si degnerà ammetter lo all' Udienza nel giorno di Venerdi prossimo unitamente alla Consorte.

Il Maestro di Camera di S. S.

Ed Borromeo Arese.

Friday, the 26th.—An unavoidably previous engagement had deprived me of the valuable assistance of a friend whom I wished to accompany me to the audience at the Vatican. I had wished his aid, as a better interpreter between myself and the Pope, when his Holiness might have spoken to me in Italian, than Mrs. Townsend, who had requested the Maestro di Camera to place her name, with my own, before the Pontiff, as soliciting permission to accompany me to the in-

terview. Mrs. Townsend was, consequently, with much courtesy, included in the invitation. I found, however, that I could not have had a more excellent interpreter.

I had frequently consulted with several gentlemen on the subject of the memorial which I purposed to submit to the Pope. Mr. K— read it over again with me; and I employed the morning in carefully transcribing it. My kind and venerable friend took with him a copy of the memorial, and procured for me an Italian translation of it from a gentleman on whose scholarship, he assured me, he could implicitly rely. This translation was brought to me beautifully penned, and, I have no doubt, accurately written, by Three o'clock. Mr. K—— informed me, in a most friendly note, that he had compared it with the original, and was satisfied with the fidelity of the translator.

I was sorry that I had not with me my academical dress. My wearing the robes of an English clergyman would have been but the more proper observance of the courtesy which was due to the Pope as a temporal prince, and as the Bishop of the greatest of the Western Churches. I assumed the usual evening dress required by society in England.

When I was dressed, and the carriage had arrived at the door, I kept it waiting till I had

offered in my own room a solemn prayer to the Father of the spirits of all flesh, that, as Saul the persecutor was changed, by the outpouring of the Divine power from on high, into Paul the Apostle, and was enabled by the same power to forsake the traditions of the Pharisees, which obscured the truth of the God of his fathers; so it would please the same unchangeable God and Father of all mankind, to pardon the persecutions and the cruelties of the Church of Rome; to remove from all Christians the hatred, and intolerances which disgrace their holy profession; to remove all error from all Christian Churches, and to enable the Church of Rome to forsake the traditions, the errors, and the worship of the Virgin Mary, and of the Saints; with all other vain and strange doctrines which the Church of Rome had added to the Holy Faith, which had once been spoken of with joy and favour throughout the civilized world. I prayed, I fervently prayed to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, that all whom God created, all for whom Christ had died, all to whom the blessed Spirit of God imparted grace from heaven upon the means of grace, which God had given to the Churches, might be again united, as at the beginning by one, one Truth—one Sacred Creed—one holy bond of peace, hope, and love, for all Christian

people dispersed throughout the world. I prayed for the Church of England, for the Church of Rome, and for the sinful dust and ashes, that now was presuming to seek the presence of the chief Bishop of that Church which, in spite of all its errors, influenced so many millions of human souls: and then, with a calm and quiet mind, I proceeded to the interview with which I had so long, for many years, desired to be favoured.

We arrived at the Vatican some minutes before the time appointed; and with some difficulty found our way to the ante-room, in which we were first to wait till the Pope summoned us to his presence. Mrs. Townsend only was with me.

Sir George Head, in his account of the Vatican, observes, that "the result of the additions and alterations made by various Popes, is, that the apartments, and suites of apartments, were heaped together without uniform order or design[2]; and the staircases and passages are so numerous, that it is generally much easier to reach any given point required, than to know precisely how one gets there." The correctness of these observations was very apparent to us on our arrival at the Vatican at the time appointed. The Papal Palace is, in fact, a town of rooms, and we were quite bewildered by their extent and number. On producing

[2] Tour in Modern Rome, Vol. III. c. xviii. p. 206.

our letter of admission, we were conducted from room to room, along staircases, passages, halls, and corridors, seemingly innumerable and interminable, till we were brought to the Sistine Chapel; where, as six parties were waiting for an audience, we had ample leisure to admire the celebrated and wonderful painting of the Last Judgment, by Michael Angelo. I called to mind the observation of Mrs. Jameson, that the countenances of the condemned, who have been driven by the Supreme Judge from the abodes of the blessed, seem to increase in demoniacal repulsiveness, in proportion to their distance from the throne of the Almighty. "And so it is," I thought: "the further the soul of man recedes from God, the more sensual, demoniacal, and unfit for Heaven it becomes." The genius of the painter has expressed the most overpowering thought in theology,—that nearness to God, in holy communion and humble obedience, is the supreme felicity of man; and that man's misery increases as man's guilt is deepened. We were struck with admiration by all we saw. Among the parties who were waiting their summons to the Papal presence, were a Cuban gentleman and his wife. We conversed together in French; and I was grieved, but not surprised, to learn from him, that no diversities of opinion in matters of religion were permitted in the island

of Cuba. Anxious as I have ever been for the reunion of Christians, and the peace of the Church, I shuddered while I reflected that the religious tranquillity of Cuba was founded upon the banishment of the word of God from the island; and that the consequence of this was, that ignorance, or indifference to true religion, which is the uniform result of the interdicted perusal of its sacred pages.

We were summoned to our long expected interview at half-past Five o'clock. After traversing many more rooms, passages, and staircases, we arrived at the Chamber of Audience. No Quaker could have received us with more simplicity than Pio Nono,—no sovereign with more dignified courtesy,—no Presbyterian with more plainness. There were no lords in waiting, no tedious ceremony, no trains of state. The Pontiff was alone. The room in which he received us was about the size of a well-proportioned modern London drawing-room. The floor was brick, as is the custom in Italy. It was uncarpeted, except a small carpet on the dais on which the Pope was standing. It was unfurnished, except that two small ottomans were placed near an elevated seat, at which, close to a table resembling those in a merchant's counting-house, the Pope sate or stood. The dais was raised not more than a few inches above the rest

of the floor. A canopy, not a very splendid one, was over the Pope's head. He was dressed in the long white fine cloth Dominican robe, reaching from the throat to the feet; and he wore the Dominican cap upon his head. We approached him, as to a temporal prince, with the courtesies we should have paid to our own Queen, bowing three times. He seemed to be about sixty years of age, of a fresh complexion, and most benevolent expression of countenance. He gazed at us, as we might have expected, with intent curiosity as we approached him. It was the first time, perhaps, that a Protestant clergyman, accompanied by his wife, had ever ventured to enter the Vatican upon such an errand as that which had brought me from England. On approaching close to him, he gave us his hand to kiss, in the manner which is customary with sovereign princes; and he then motioned, with an inclination of his head, to Mrs. Townsend and myself to be seated on the ottomans near the dais.

The conversation began on the part of the Pope, in Italian, addressed to Mrs. Townsend, as to whether she had ever been in Italy or Rome before? whether she admired the country? what objects in Rome had interested her most? and so on. To all such questions she replied in the same language.

She had been my interpreter in French throughout France, and my interpreter in Italian through Italy; and she interpreted my expressions to the Pope on the present occasion, when the difference of the Italian and English mode of pronouncing Latin made it necessary to require her assistance. When the conversation upon these indifferent subjects was over, the Pope inquired in what language he should converse with me? Mrs. Townsend answered that I wished to address him in Latin. He bowed. I then presented to him the letter of the Archbishop of Paris, and explained to him the object for which I had presumed to solicit that letter; that I was grieved to see the prevalence of modern Infidelity resulting from the disunion of believers in the same Revelation; that I had presumed, in conformity with the customs of the Primitive Church, to request a letter from the Archbishop of Paris, that I might, through his intervention, obtain permission to speak with the Pope on the subject of reconsidering all the past controversies among Christians in a General Council. I related the correspondence to which I have already more than once alluded, between the Archbishop of Canterbury and Dupin, in the reign of Queen Anne, and told his Holiness the conclusion of the English Archbishop,—that in a General

Council of the West we would give the Pope the first place of order, though not of jurisdiction [3]. It was in his power, I added, to commence the movement towards the reunion of Christians, by summoning such Council with a view to the reconsideration of the past; and the princes of the Christian world would rejoice at the anticipation of peace among the nations on the basis of such reconsideration.

To all this, which was not, of course, said in a speech, but in reply to questions as a conversation, the Pope made the same reply which had been previously made to me by the Archbishop of Paris, the Cardinals Mai and Franzoni, and other ecclesiastics of the Church of Rome with whom I had conversed on the subject. He urged the difficulty of calling such a Council, from the expense, the difference between the opponents and the adherents of the Church, and the variety of opinions even on the subject of the Sacraments. The Church, he remarked, as I had expected he would do, had already decided on the chief points; but that the several provincial Councils which are now being summoned in various parts of the world

[3] "In Generali Concilio Occidentali," was my expression, "tibi concedemus, Sancte Pater, primam sedem ordinis, sed da mihi veniam, Sancte Pater, non jurisdictionis." I did not allude to the Eastern Councils. Iin them the Bishop of Antioch would claim precedence.

would possibly prepare the way for the more General Council which I desired.

This is the substance of the conversation which passed between us. It has been said, I know not why, that I alluded to the celibacy of the clergy, and the giving of the cup to the laity. I said nothing of the kind. When our noble-hearted ancestors desired the removal of grievances under Charles I., they did not commence their exertions by entering into the detail of those grievances; they demanded, or they solicited, only a free Parliament. They well knew, that if they once possessed a Parliament which should frequently meet, all real grievances would be gradually and constitutionally redressed. I acted upon this plan. I believe that if a General Council, under the sanction of the temporal princes of the Universal Church, among whom the Pope must now be reckoned, were once assembled as a permanent Congress or Synod, it would very soon, if not immediately, give back the imprisoned Bible to the longing world, and to the Holy Catholic Church; and that Truth, Peace, and Liberty would follow in its train. But to proceed.

The earnestness and energy with which I spoke —the nervous agitation of the moment—the importance and solemnity of the occasion which had brought me to the Vatican—and, may I add, the

inward prayer which I was offering that the God of Truth would change the policy of Rome, and give peace to the Church Universal, on the basis of the reconsideration of the past, which I was now soliciting, made my voice tremulous with emotion. I spoke from the heart; and I believe that my words went, therefore, to the heart of the Pontiff. I appealed to him as to the one chief person now on earth who had the power to commence the appeal to the nations. I so proceeded in that appeal that the tears came into his eyes, and he declared with much animation—and I believed him—that he prayed earnestly to the Omnipotent that he might be honoured as the healer of the wounds of the Church. I then placed in his hands the document which I had prepared; with the observation, that I had therein written the request which I had presumed to submit to him. "I am a Protestant," I said, "and I have always been an enemy to your Church; but there will not be found in this document any expression which will be personally offensive[4]." The Pope looked surprised at my declaration; and Mrs. Townsend, observing his silence, confirmed the truth of my assurance by an

[4] Protestans sum, Sancte Pater; semper inimicus tuæ Ecclesiæ fui; sed confidenter spero nullam expressionem in hocce documento Sanctitati tuæ offendere, &c.

exclamation [5]. The Pope took the memorial, and said he would read it with attention. I then informed him of the subject of the paper, telling him that it contained the expression of my persuasion that, as the Church of Rome could not conquer the Church of England, nor the Church of England conquer the Church of Rome, the time had arrived when the common enemy, Infidelity, must be met by an effort on the part of all Christians to reconsider the past; and that very many Christians in England would rejoice in the hope of the reunion of the Churches after this reconsideration of the past. "Yes," the Pope answered, "there are in England many persons of good will." "There are many good men there [6]," I answered, "who

[5] No—no. Mio marito è troppo buono &c.

[6] This may seem strange. But the Angelic Song (Luke ii. 14), *Δόξα ἐν ὑψίστοις Θεῷ, καὶ ἐπὶ γῆς εἰρήνη, ἐν ἀνθρώποις εὐδοκία*, is thus translated by the Vulgate, "Gloria in altissimis Deo, et in terrâ pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis:" "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will;" and the members of the Church of Rome are accustomed, by this interpretation of the words, to say, that the angel wishes peace only to the members of their Church, who are described as the "homines bonæ voluntatis." The Pope used this very expression, "Sunt in Angliâ multi *homines bonæ voluntatis*." I could not tell whether he meant really to say, "There are in England many of my Church;" and I could not, in courtesy, presume to inquire, nor to bandy criticisms; I therefore replied, "There are in England"—multi boni homines,—"many good men." This is the Scriptural expression; and the truth. I could not, even to the Pope himself sanction the erroneous and perverted translation.

would rejoice in peace, on the basis of that reconsideration." Here, after some more observations which I do not remember, the conversation may be said to have ended. He asked me whether I knew Dr. Wiseman? I told him that I lived in retirement, and knew the literary labours of Dr. Wiseman[7]; but that I was not personally known to him.—I rose to take my leave, and, after briefly repeating my assurance, that the Pope had the power to commence the repentant movement I solicited, we left his presence. The audience lasted for nearly forty minutes, though it is so briefly related here. We left his presence with the same observances which are paid to our own Queen, bowing towards the Pope till we reached the door of the room.

The Chamberlains, or Monsignores, or Lords in waiting, as we might call them in England, asked

[7] Dr. Wiseman is now a Cardinal. I wish he had never been guilty of uncanonically acting as a Bishop in the dioceses of Protestant England. But I sincerely thank him for his work—"Lectures on Science and Revealed Religion." He has there taken an able view of the manner in which the progress of inquiry overthrows the arguments of Infidelity. Why will he not act in the same spirit of liberty and truth in the great controversy between the two Churches, and seek for Catholicity, and not Papistry? Why has he insulted the Church, the Nation, the laws, and the Sovereign of England, by accepting the title of the Archbishop of Westminster? why will he violate the Canons and laws of the Universal and Primitive Church, to uphold the customs and usurpations of the Romish Church?

me in the ante-room, where they had been in attendance, after the interview, some question, which I do not now distinctly remember; and I expressed to them, with great truth, my satisfaction at the courteous demeanour, benevolence, and kindness of the Pontiff. The Cubans were called in, we observed, next to us. To our great astonishment they both knelt down, as to God, at the folding-doors of the audience chamber, and repeated the same homage in the middle of the room. We had not done so. We had rendered every respect to the Pope as to an earthly sovereign: we could not venerate him as our God.

An amusing, though affecting scene, followed our interview. On arriving at our apartments, later than our servants expected, (for we had been kept waiting during the audience of some of the parties of high rank who were received by the Pope before us,) we found them in tears. With the not unusual feelings towards the Church of Rome, they imagined that great cruelties and treacheries are still exercised on all who differ from that Church, and who may entrust themselves to its power. They believed that we were imprisoned, or assassinated; and were in tears for the supposed calamity of their master and mistress.

The following is a Copy of the Document, together with the Italian translation of it, which I presented to the Pope :—

"96, Via del Babuino, Rome,
April 26, 1850.

"To His Holiness Pius the Ninth, this humble Memorial of a stranger, an Englishman, is respectfully presented.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HOLINESS,

"Because there is no Ambassador from the Court of England to the Court of Rome, who might submit to your Holiness the opinion of England, on topics which might be deemed to be mutually interesting to the two Courts ; and because, also, it may not be expected that any of the subjects of your Holiness would presume to submit to your Holiness any reflections which your Holiness might consider novel, or of doubtful utility ; I have ventured, as a student of Scripture and antiquity, and as a Canon of the Cathedral Church of Durham, in England, (in accordance with the ancient custom of the Primitive Christians, who solicited letters commendatory from their influential Ecclesiastical brethren, when they desired to hold communication with any Sovereign, Bishop, or Christian, to whom they were strangers,) to request letters commendatory, which I have now the honour to

present, from the Archbishop of Paris to your Holiness; that I might courteously, respectfully, and deferentially submit to your Holiness the request with which the present Memorial shall be concluded.

"Deeming the Infidelity, which too much abounds in France, Germany, England, Italy, and in many other countries, to be continued and increased, by the angry divisions and bitter hatreds which prevail among the believers in the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, in the Divinity of Christ, and in the Resurrection of the Dead,—and being grieved at learning that many of the subjects of your Holiness have identified the Religion of my own free, great, and enlightened country, with this mournful Infidelity,—I would respectfully remind your Holiness, that England has expended more than four hundred millions of pounds during the first French revolutionary war, in restoring Monarchy and Christianity to the several countries in which this grievous infidelity prevailed; and that one effect of these great exertions has been, the restoration of the immediate predecessors of your Holiness to the halls of the Vatican and to the Church of St. Peter's,—that England has removed all the laws which excluded the members of the Church of Rome from seats in her Parliament,—that the only objection to its

Church urged against it by the predecessors of your Holiness has been, the disruption between the two Churches; and that for these and for many other reasons England cannot justly deserve the imputation of being infidel, or unchristian. The common infidelity, however, to which I have alluded, threatens with one destruction both the Christianity of England and the Christianity of Rome; and as the experience of the last three centuries has proved, that the Church of England cannot conquer the Church of Rome, nor the Church of Rome conquer the Church of England, —and the religion of both is thus threatened with one destruction, I presume to suggest to your Holiness, that the time has arrived when your Holiness, as a temporal prince and sovereign, with a spiritual authority, may justly appeal to all temporal princes, that they commit to their several representatives, whether Ambassadors or Bishops, secular or ecclesiastical, authority and power, in conjunction with your Holiness, to reconsider the whole circumstances of the past and present controversies and divisions among Christians,—that one more General Council be summoned to discuss the possibility and expediency of restoring to the Catholic Church the ancient discipline and the early primitive union, by which Infidelity may lose its chief defence, and by which Truth and

Love may unite in one Church all Christians who receive the Holy Scriptures, believe in the Divinity of Christ, and welcome the discipline of Bishop, Priest, and Deacon.

"The request, therefore, which I presume respectfully, courteously, and deferentially to submit to your Holiness is, that as the Parliaments of England, by constant discussion, constitute the strength of the British Monarchy, though they appear at first sight to be its weakness, so your Holiness would believe that the discussions of Councils would prove to be the strength of the Catholic Church. And that your Holiness would be pleased, in conjunction with other princes, to consider the expediency of summoning such Council, and thus to make one more effort to re-establish, on the basis of deliberation and truth, that peace which might gather together in one all the Churches, and all the Christians, who name the name of Christ, and pray to depart from iniquity.

"I now tender to your Holiness my apologies for thus presuming to solicit an interview. I beg your Holiness to be assured that I have ventured to do so, only because I believed that there was no other mode in which the subject might be brought before your Holiness, the world, and the Church. I pray deeply, frequently, and earnestly to the common Lord and Saviour of us all, the Great

Head of the Universal Church, that if there be any Act, Proposition, or Article of Faith, which might be proved to be objectionable in any existing Church, they may be calmly, gradually, and surely removed, till the desired Union of Truth and Peace bless the one Holy Catholic Church.

"In the name of the Father, the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, I entreat your Holiness to hear and receive my petition.

"I have the honour to be, may it please your Holiness,

"Your Holiness's faithful, &c. &c.

"GEORGE TOWNSEND, D.D."

"To his Holiness Pius the Ninth,
&c. &c. &c."

Traduzione.

A Sua Santità Pio IX. Quest' umile Memoriale uno straniero, un' Inglese, rispettosamente presenta.

SANTISSIMO PADRE,

Non avendo la corte Britannica nessun rappresentante presso la Santa Sede, il quale possa sottoporre alla Santità Vostra l'opinione dell' Inghilterra sopra materie che vengano giudicate di mutuo interesse per le due corti, e non essendo da supporsi che qualcuno de' sudditi di Vostra Santità ardisca di esporle alcune riflessioni,

le quali alla Santità Vostra potrebbero apparire nuove, o di una dubbiosa utilità; io, siccome studioso delle sacre Scritture e delle antichità, e di più canonico della cattedrale di Durham in Inghilterra, mi sono fatto lecito, (seguendo in ciò gli usi antichi de' primi Cristiani, i quali chiedevano da' loro fratelli ecclesiastici influenti, delle lettere di raccommandazione, qundo desideravano di avere communicazione con un Sovrano, Vescovo od altro Cristiano al quale erano sconosciuti,) di domandare all' arcivescovo di Parigi l'acclusa commendatizia, diretta alla Santità Vostra, onde io venga ammesso ad esporre rispettosamente e con tutta la dovuta venerazione, l'inchiesta alla quale il presente memoriale allude.

Giudicando che la incredulità che tanto abonda in Inghilterra, in Francia, in Germania, in Italia, ed in altre contrade, non può che venire continuata ed aumentata dalle acerbe divisioni e dagli odj amari che esistono fra quelli che pure vantano di credere nelle inspirazioni delle sante scritture, nella divinità di Gesù Christo, e nella resurrezione dalla morte, ed essendo profondamente afflitto nell' apprendere che molti fra i sudditi di Vostra Santità vanno confondendo la religione professata nella mia libera ed illuminata patria con tale tristissima incredulità, così ardisco di rammentare rispettosamente alla Santità Vostra che l' Inghil-

terra ha speso più di trecento millioni di Lire Sterline, durante la prima guerra della revoluzione francese, nello scopo solo di ristaurare la monarchia ed il cristianesimo nelle varie contrade, ove una lamentabile incredulità e mancanza di fede avevano prevalso; e che l' uno de' risultati di questi ingenti sforzi fù la restaurazione degli immediati predecessori della Santità Vostra nelle soglie Vaticane e nella chiesa di San Pietro;—che l' Inghilterra ha abolito tutte quelle leggi che escludevano i membri della chiesa romana dal diritto di sedere nel senato britannico;—che la sola objezione opposta alla chiesa d' Inghilterra dai predecessori di Vostra Santità fù la rottura fra le due chiese;—e che, non solo per queste, ma bensì per molte altre ragioni l' Inghilterra non può giustamente meritare l' imputazione di mancare di fede o di essere non cristiana. La mancanza però di fede alla quale ho fatto allusione, minaccià di distruggere insieme il christianesimo d' Inghilterra e quello di Roma: e siccome le esperienza degli ultimi tre secoli trascorsi ha già provato egualmente, che la chiesa d' Inghilterra non può conquistare la chiesa di Roma, nè la chiesa di Roma può conquistare quella d' Inghilterra, e che la religione di ambedue è così minacciata di una eguale rovina, io ardisco presso la Santità Vostra la suggestione che il momento é giunto, ove Vostra

Santità come principe e Sovrano temporale, con autorità spirituale, può giustamente invocare tutti i principi temporali onde commettano a' loro varj rappresentanti, siano ambasciatori o Vescovi, l' autorisazione ed i poteri tanto secolari che ecclesiastici, di considerare di nuovo, in unione con la Santità Vostra, tutte le circostanze delle passate e presenti controversie e divisioni fra Cristiani;—che un nuovo concilio generale venga convocato, onde discutere la possibilità ed i mezzi più efficaci per restituire alla chiesa cattolica le antiche discipline e quella antica e primitiva unione per la quale la miscredenza perderebbe la sua maggior difesa, e per la quale la verità e l' amore vengano ad unire in una sola chiesa tutti i Cristiani che credono nelle sacre scritture, nella divinità di Cristo, ed accettano le discipline de' Vescovi, preti, e diaconi.

La richiesta dunque, che io ardisco rispettosamente e con la più profonda venerazione di sottoporre alla Santità Vostra, è, che un nuovo concilio venga convocato,—che, nell' istesso modo in cui i parlamenti d' Inghilterra costituiscono con una costante discussione la forza della monarchia Britannica, mentre a primo apparire sembrano esserle cagione di debolezza, così la Santità Vostra voglia rimanere persuasa che le discussioni de' concilj proveranno la forza della chiesa cattolica;—e che, in

fine, piaccia alla Santità Vostra, in unione con i di Lei consiglieri, di prendere in considerazione la opportunità di convocare tale concilio, e così adoperare ogni mezzo onde stabilire sulle basi della deliberazione e della verità, quella pace che possa unire insieme in una sola, tutte le chiese e tutti i Cristiani che chiamano il nome di Cristo e pregano l' altissimo di liberargli dall' iniquità.

Non mi resta ora altro ad aggiungere alla mia grave richiesta, senon che la Santità Vostra voglia accogliere le mie umilissime scuse per la mia presunzione di sollecitare una di Lei udienza, e che voglia essere persuasa, che se ho ardito di agire così, fù soltanto perchè credo che non vi sia altra via per la quale quest' oggetto pervenga innanzi alla Santità Vostra, alla chiesa ed al mondo,—e che io ho pregato intimamente, frequentemente, e con sincero fervore il nostro commune Signore, salvatore di tutti noi, il gran capo della chiesa universale, che, se vi fosse qualsiasi atto, proposizione o articolo di fede che potesse essere meritevole di eccezione in qualsivoglia chiesa esistente, venga con calma, graduatamente e sicuramente allontanato, fin tanto che la bramata unione di verità e di pace, spanda le sue benedizioni sulla sola, santa e cattolica chiesa.

In nome del Padre, del Figlio, e dello Spirito

Santo, supplico umilmente la Santità Vostra di ascoltare e di accogliere questa mia petizione.

Col più profondo rispetto, ho l'onore di essere,

Santissimo Padre,

Di Vostra Santità,

GEORGE TOWNSEND, D.D.

Roma, 26 Aprile 1850.

So ended this, to me, most memorable day.—Whether, long after I am dead, there will be any movement among the Churches to second, or continue this effort, must be left to the future. I may as well, however, relate here the opinion of the Pope himself upon the topics which I introduced to him. Though he condescended to send me a message, on the following day, to thank me for the memorial which I presumed to place in his hands, his own conclusions on the subject underwent no alteration. This I may as well state here, instead of placing the following document at May 24th, when I received it. I am permitted, by the kindness of a gentleman who had an audience of the Pope some days after I had the interview, to mention a conversation which took place between himself, the friend who accompanied him, and the Pope, on the subject of my own conference, as I have now related it. My friend wrote down his memoranda, on his return from the Vatican.

I am permitted to give the memorandum as I have received it. I therefore do so. Though there are in it some expressions eulogistical of myself, it will still be interesting to those who are concerned about these subjects, as showing the opinions of the Pope, the estimate which has been formed respecting him, and the accuracy of the statement I have now given.

"Rome, May 24th.

"After some few remarks on different subjects, the Pope alluded to his having seen 'Il Canone de Durham;' and added, that he was an excellent and good man, and had come to him with an object regarding the Church. But, he continued, 'we conversed in Latin; and the pronunciation of Latin is so different in England and in Italy, that I did not well understand him. For instance, to show the great difference, here we say "Arma virumque cano," and in England they say, "Arma virumque cano,"' (repeating the words according to the English pronunciation, and appealing to me, if it were not so). He then claimed for the Italian pronunciation the superiority, as the Italians were on the spot where the Latin had been the vulgar tongue, and had received it down from the Romans. I remarked that the learned in England were of his opinion, that the Italian pronunciation was the more true one. The Pope then went on to speak of Dr.

Townsend in terms of warm praise, and said that his object showed a good heart in wishing to heal the divisions of the Christian world; but he did not think that the proposal of calling a General Council would lead to the desired effect.

"Mr. K—— asked if his Holiness considered there was no ground, such as the religion of earlier times, on which all parties might meet and form one Church. The Pope replied, that he thought it impossible to find any such ground; 'because,' he said, 'we have seven Sacraments, and the Anglican Church has but two—Baptism and the Supper. But the Supper you hold in a manner different from us: you consider, that there is no change in the substances of the bread and wine, and that though there is something more, they remain bread and wine.' I observed, that we considered the only change to be in the spirit of the person receiving the bread and wine. 'The difference between us, then,' he said, 'is five Sacraments, and something more.'

"Mr. K—— asked, if, in the event of the Anglican Church making any advance towards that of Rome, his Holiness thought the Catholics would give up any thing. The Pope replied, with a quick movement, 'Nothing. We would give up nothing. We find all our doctrines in the Bible, and therefore we cannot change any point. The

Church must maintain them all immutably, as founded on the Holy Scripture. We can never consent, also, to permit free-will in the judgment of the Scriptures. The Anglican Church permits free-will in judging of them: it permits every body to read and judge of them. But we hold that they require a fitting authority to judge of them, and to teach them: without this every body would form differing opinions, and the Church would fall to pieces from want of unity in the opinion of the Scriptures. The Church has maintained one opinion from the beginning; and it cannot alter what is founded on inspired Scripture.'

"Mr. —— observed, that the Catholic Church had done much good to the world in past times, in maintaining religion and learning; but, on the change of opinion now on many subjects, would it not be better to make some change in agreement with the present state of the world; not in the fundamental doctrines, of course, but in some others, and in discipline? The Pope replied, 'We cannot make any change. But in England a change is taking place; and now an opinion is growing there, that there is a slight something (Cè qualchè cosa—*qualchè* cosa) in Purgatory. The Anglican Church, however, is the only one in the world, except the Roman Catholic Church,

that has the force and power to do good to religion, and advance its cause; as in the Universities of England religion is studied profoundly, seriously, and with the heart.'

"Mr. —— asked, if his Holiness then considered that in that Church there was no salvation? The Pope replied, 'We hold that there is no salvation out of the Catholic Church: but the Anglican Church teaches that in any Church there is salvation—in the Lutheran, in the Anglican, in the Episcopalian, in the Presbyterian. We cannot allow this. But,' he added, lifting up his hands, 'we must all have charity for each other! Charity is a divine sentiment, and one that we should entertain for each other among all the troubles and dissensions of the religious world.'

"I observed, that we considered Charity to include Toleration. The Pope replied, 'There is a great difference between Charity and Toleration. Charity is, to love our neighbour as ourselves; to do him no harm; to assist him in word and deed; and to pray for him (lifting up his hands and eyes). But Toleration refers to tenets of religion; and these we must hold strictly, and guard them with all our care. We must oppose all those who dissent from them, and use every effort to maintain men in the right way; not with violence, but with reason and persuasion.' I observed, that if no

violence were used, reason and persuasion were a true toleration.

"After a pause, the Pope said, 'Authority is necessary in the Church; and no Church can exist without it. In the case of the Bishop of Exeter there appears a want of authority in the Anglican Church.' I observed, that in our Church there is authority, though not so severe as in the Roman Catholic Church.

"After a few more observations in reply to Mr. ——'s congratulations on his return to Rome, 'that Providence had so willed it, and he was content to be in the hands of Providence,' the Pope dismissed us with much affability of manner, pressing our hands with much cordiality and kindly warmth. His whole manner was expressive of a benevolent disposition, and a carelessness of formal ceremony; leaning easily against his desk, talking with great freedom and rapidity, and more than once making observations at considerable length; his countenance cheerful, and his bearing almost familiar, he made one forget almost the presence we were in."

Such is the memorandum. We may learn from it the same resolution which I have now gathered from the highest, as I before learnt it from the lower ecclesiastics, as well as from the books

of the Romanists,—that they will never, never change—never, never alter. Whether the world, the Church, and mankind, will always endure this determination, while it is united with the claim to universal dominion, must be now left to futurity. If the Providence of God did not govern the world, if the blessed power of God could not change the unruly wills and affections of men, the prospects of the Universal Church would indeed be hopeless. But "the Lord reigneth;" and God's Holy Spirit is omnipotent against their will, to bend and change it.

Saturday, the 29th. — On returning from an early walk about Rome, with two friends, in whose conversation I was much interested, we met two ecclesiastics coming down the stairs leading to our apartments in the Via del Babuino. I recognized in one a gentleman who was in attendance yesterday at the Vatican. A Roman Catholic lady, who had been calling on Mrs. Townsend, was coming down the stairs with them, and introduced the two gentlemen to me. They had left their cards for me on the table up stairs, and had been commissioned to bring me a message from the Pope. I begged them to return with me to my apartments. From their cards I found that one was Monsignore de Merode, Camerierc Segreto, Participante di Sua Santità; the other was Dr. Grant, the head of the English

College at Rome, who had been educated at Ushaw, near Durham. Dr. Grant acted as interpreter to Monsignore de Merode. They had been honoured, Dr. Grant informed me, with a command from the Pope, to tell me that his Holiness had read my Memorial, and desired to converse with me further on the subject of its contents; but they added that his Holiness was at this time much engaged. I of course replied,—for I deemed the request of the Pope, as a temporal prince, to be a command,—that I was ready to attend his Holiness, at the Vatican, whenever he pleased. In my note to the Maestro di Camera, of the week preceding, in which I requested the honour of an audience with the Pope, I had mentioned my intention of proceeding to Naples, and urged this intention as the reason of soliciting the additional honour of an early interview, if it were possible; and Monsignore de Merode expressed his opinion, that the Pope would be more disengaged after my return from Naples than he was at present. This, after some conversation, was decided upon. The two gentlemen continued with me for some time; and at the request of Dr. Grant, I related to Monsignore de Merode the nature and titles of my labours on the Old and New Testament, the objects of my several Dedications, and other topics relating to English Theo-

logy. We conversed in English, and Dr. Grant interpreted.

To the Capitol, with my friend Dr. Braun, to see again the pictures there. Thence to Mr. Overbeck's Gallery. These pictures relate to some of the chief events in the life of our Lord. One described the nailing of our Lord on the Cross. The idealism of the expression in the countenance of our Blessed Saviour, and the contemptuous, rejoicing, exulting look of the Pharisee, appeared to me to be one of the greatest triumphs of art, in composing and solemnizing the mind, which I had ever yet witnessed. The effect was wonderful, but it was momentary. My reason could not believe that the features of the picture were the resemblance of the divine original. Every artist, whether in painting or in sculpture, without exception, seems to me to have totally failed to express the sacred countenance. If they paint or carve the dignity of the imagined face, they fail in the expression of its humility; if they paint or carve the awful, they fail in tenderness. Mr. Overbeck is a good man. I am told that he has committed the mistake which some other well-meaning men have committed.—He has become a convert to Popery, from a better Faith. I could do the same, if I could permit the ideal to conquer the spiritual,

or the poetical, contrary to all evidence, to overcome the Scriptural.

In visiting one of the numerous churches, the sacristan requested permission to introduce to us a gentleman who understood English. It proved to be Father Hayes, an Irish priest, who, with his friend, accepted our invitations, and frequently called upon us. We passed the early part of this evening in pleasant and interesting conversation on national questions—the past sorrows of Ireland, the present opposition to England, and the future prospects of our empire.

This evening at a large party, at the Hon. Mrs. K——, in the Via Condotti, I met an Italian nobleman, who boasts of his descent from the Dictator Fabius Maximus. Noble pedigree is one of the unpurchasable graces of society, by which a man gives to the world a guarantee for the higher qualities of mind and heart. I could not, however, but prefer my own pedigree, as descended from one of the Bishops who were sent to the Tower for opposing the arbitrary power, and papal efforts of James the Second. I love the principles, the conduct, the moderation, the firmness, and the Faith of those confessors: and I would pray to be enabled to follow their good example, if any fatal necessity arose to require me to do so.

Sunday, the 28th.—In compliance with the wish of my Lutheran brother, I this morning attended the Lutheran worship at the chapel in the Capitol to perform for him the marriage ceremony when the Service was over. I did not, I grieve to say, understand one word of the noble language in which the prayers were offered and the sermon was preached; but I revolved in my mind the providential government of God, the mysteries of His dispensations in the permission of so much evil, and the certainty that every prophecy would be fulfilled, and the world and the Universal Church would eventually become the kingdom of the Crucified. I wept with joy to hear the beautiful singing and the eloquent intonation in the prayers and sermon of the language of Luther in the Capitol of Rome; and trusted that it was an earnest of the time in which the Papist, having been brought to repentance, might be one in Christ with the Lutheran and the Protestant of every name. The marriage, after the Service was over, was celebrated according to the forms of the Church of England. A large party of Prussian, German, and Russian gentlemen assembled at the luncheon which followed. Nearly all present, I was assured, understood English. The prosperity of England and my own health were proposed in the most affectionate terms. I begged to pro-

pose the expression of good-will to the bride and bridegroom, and alluded to the decoration of the Altar in the Chapel, to give the most appropriate turn to the conversation of the hour. One of the Princesses of Prussia had given a very beautiful velvet covering for the Altar, and adorned it, in the most elaborate gold embroidery, with a grouping of the Cross, an anchor, and flowers. I congratulated the company present on the occasion which assembled them together; and, alluding to the gold embroidery which adorned the centre of the Altar cloth, I reminded them that the flowers of life most abounded in beauty and in fragrance when they were blended with a good hope of the future, and entwined round the Cross, which ensured the best happiness both of earth and of Heaven. Much enthusiasm was kindled by a few observations of this nature, and the Lord's-day was not desecrated, though all was cheerfulness, and joyousness, and smiles.

After I had returned home, Mr. ——, one of the English converts from our own Church to the Church of Rome, called upon me. The conversation was soon directed to the usual subject,—the difference between the two Churches. He had deserted the Church of England for the additions to the Primitive Faith decreed by the Church of Rome, but was unable to produce any argument

for his desertion which was not founded upon opinions independent of reading and knowledge, and which uniformly began with "I think." I could not but remember the rude, but unanswerable reply of John Knox to his Queen, when her Majesty used the same expression, "I think." Discussion in conversation, when there is but little or no previous reading, becomes tedious. My friend seemed to have more zeal than knowledge; and less judgment than either.

A much more interesting conversation took place with ——, who came to dine with me. We talked over much of the principles, the providences, and the persons relating to the great controversy, between the two Churches. As Christ wept over Jerusalem, when He remembered its past fidelity, its present apostasy, and its coming destruction; so we thought the believers in the religion of Him who thus mourned for His people, might now justly weep over Rome, when they compared the faith which had been "spoken of through the whole world" with its present deterioration. If, too, some interpretations of the prophecies be true, they might weep over the volcanic destruction of the city. While we were mutually convinced that every effort to reform the present Church of Rome would be unavailing, as the tears of Christ over Jerusalem; yet the tears were shed, and a remnant was saved, and the

first and best Christians were those of the house of Israel; so we hoped that it might be again. We prayed that the Providence of God would raise up, in the midst of the Church of Rome, Apostles, Luthers, and Cranmers, who should protest against the additions to the Faith, and restore the majesty of the ancient simple Truth, and with it the ancient holy love to the Churches of Christ dispersed throughout the world, and to the Church of Rome among their number.

Monday, the 29th.—Though much fatigued with receiving and returning visits, and though we had intended to set off by vetturino the next morning at Four o'clock to Naples, I accepted an invitation to meet some gentlemen of the Scotch Free Church. The chief subjects of our conversation were, whether the stern and severe reproof of our Lord to the Pharisees, "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" was not the right and just language which ought still to be applied to the Church of Rome; and, what could be the possible benefits of a Council, if it could be summoned even by a competent authority? Having been always accustomed to speak of the Church of Rome in the most unsparing terms of censure, I found I was deemed most inconsistent when I argued that such language could not apply to the whole mass

of the corrupt Church; but to those only who knew the Truth, but upheld error, and deceived the people wilfully, for the gratification either of avarice or ambition. St. Paul himself, I argued, was a Pharisee, yet lived "in all good conscience." So it was with the Church of Rome. Popery, like Pharisaism, was utterly to be condemned, because it "made the word of God of none effect by its traditions:" and those who were betraying Christ against evidence and against conviction, justly deserved the condemnation pronounced: but it could not be therefore said, that every Pharisee was damned: neither can it be affirmed of every Papist. The battle, I urged, must be fought against the system, not against the persons of its upholders. Some there were who might be justly called "serpents, and a generation of vipers;" because, like the old serpent himself, they perverted God's truth willingly and wilfully: but this could not be said of all; and the prayer that God would soften the hard hearts, and melt the frozen affections, and change the stubborn will, and convince the blinded reason of the sincere members of the Church of Rome, seemed to me more charitable, and more desirable than my own former unsparing and bitter denunciations.

To the question, What would be the benefit of a Council? I urged the unanswerable truth, That

laws ought, if it were possible, to be rescinded by the power which enacted them, rather than by external violence; that a Council had taken away the Bible from the people; that a greater benefit would result to the world if a Council could restore it,—and that this restoration of the Bible, without restriction, might be expected as the first of the conciliar decrees.

The question of the extent of the hatred of Christian to Christian, and the singular manner in which those hatreds varied inversely according to the minuteness of their differences,—so that the Calvinist hated the Arminian, and the Arminian the Calvinist, more than either of them hated the Hindoos or the Mahometans, — was considered. The conversation was certainly interesting; but my brethren of the Scotch Free Church, by their manner of proposing, defending, and objecting, set my teeth on edge. I could not admire the style and manner in which the discussion was conducted; at the very time when I agreed in the opinions of my brethren, and in their aversion to the errors of Rome. They seemed to consider Christian serenity to be incompatible with Christian zeal, to regard courtesy as weakness, and to mistake anger for earnestness. It is good to be zealously affected against Popery; it is evil to exasperate even the most erroneous, lest we con-

firm them in the wrong, rather than guide them to the Truth.

Tuesday, the 30*th.*—Set off early this morning for Naples. Slept at Cisternæ ; disappointed that it was not St. Paul's "Three Taverns."

Wednesday, May the 1*st.*—Rose at Four o'clock. Slept at Cicero's villa of Formiæ. Walk on the shore, and enjoy the scene, and the associations connected with its history.

Thursday, the 2*nd.*—Dine at Capua, which must now be very different from the Capua whose attractions proved so fatal to Hannibal. Read in the carriage the "Natural History of Enthusiasm." Arrived at Naples at Seven, P.M.

Friday, the 3*rd.*—Call on some English friends; and the English Minister, Mr. Temple : walk in the gardens. Drive early, through the wonderful grotto of Pausilippo, to the grotto del Cane, the sulphur bath-house, and the bubbling hot springs in the lake, near the city. The entire country and district is volcanic. It is undermined, and redolent with subterranean materials for the utter destruction of the whole of the south of Italy, from Rome to the neighbourhood of Naples. It is saturated with beds of sulphur, and the substrata of destruction. It seems sa certainly prepared for the flame, as the wood and coal on a hearth are prepared for the taper, which shall kindle the fire to

consume them. I again read the remarks of Dr. Cumming: "Rome," he believes, "is to be overthrown by judgments, not to be converted by the agency of the Gospel, nor to be exhausted by political assaults. It is literally to be consumed by fire." Whether he is correct in regarding such an event as the fulfilment of the Prophecies, and the demonstration of the anger of the Creator, against the incorrigible assumptions of an erring and influential Church, I know not; but the Divine hand alone seems to me to hold the element of fire in check by a miracle as great as that which protected the cities of the Plain, till the righteous Lot had made his escape to the mountain.

> "Oh! for that warning voice, which he who saw
> The Apocalypse heard cry in Heaven,"

that I might be heard in my appeal to the Bishop of Rome, when I say—"Repent, repent; rescind your additions to the religion of Jesus Christ!" If the city of Rome be thus destroyed, enable the future historian, who shall record the event, to say—"Rome was destroyed, mysteriously destroyed, by the Providence which withdrew its restraining hand from the sulphur, the volcano, and the fire: but it was not destroyed by its errors or its sins; for it had removed its errors, and repented of its sins."

We returned from the proofs of the dangerous

nature of the soil of Italy to the city, and visited again the Bourbon Museum, the relics from Pompeii, and the unrolled papyri. The critical acumen and skill with which the editors of some of the manuscripts have filled up the blanks, seems to be among the most successful efforts of conjectural criticism.—But all these things have been well and often described.

Saturday, the 4th.—We pass the day at Pompeii. Oh! the city of the dead! If there were any Christians among the people there, how certainly must they have believed that the day of the Lord had come! The emblems of vice are still to be seen in the streets. The museum at Naples sets forth the luxury, the opulence, and the elegance of the people. The débris of the toilet, the rings, the paint, the ornaments, the broken mirrors, the household and kitchen furniture, bread, and baked meats, the statues, vases, busts, and pictures, prove the suddenness of the destruction; while the descriptions by Sir William Hamilton of the late eruptions, as well as the account by Pliny of the eruption which overwhelmed Pompeii, set forth the terrors and phenomena which must have attended it. Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer has omitted from his most interesting novel, "The Last Days of Pompeii," if I remember rightly, any allusion to the possibility that some Christians were at Pom-

peii when it was overwhelmed by the ashes from Vesuvius. What scenes of interest and warning might not his powerful pencil have drawn, if this thought had occurred to him!

The charm of the day and of the scene, when we traced the street of the tombs, the shops, the villas, the theatre, and houses of Diomedes and Pansa, was almost destroyed by the remorseless and insatiable beggars who beset us. We were, however, much amused by the nimbleness and dexterity of one Neapolitan who danced the Tarantella, by another who imitated on a stick the tuning of a guitar, and by three poor fellows who met us at the entrance of the city with a violin, and singing. I could only make out some rhymes about the "Inglesi;" when it came to that word they raised their voices, and smiled, and bowed. We paid them for their music, and I hope they were not disappointed.

Sunday, the 5th.—After our Service we went, as the only opportunity, to Capri. We wished to see the ruins of the palace of Tiberius, from whence he issued, according to tradition, his letter to the Senate of Rome, after the account which he had received respecting Christ from Pontius Pilate. The evidence that Pilate actually wrote to the Emperor respecting Christ is collected by Baronius

in his Annals, on the thirty-fourth year of Christ, and eighteenth of Tiberius. We were, however, disappointed in all.

Monday, the 6th.—We drove early to several of the churches of Naples, to see the monuments of the noble family of Merode, of Joan of Naples, and her father; the marble statue of Christ covered with a veil, and another statue in a net, of which the meshes are most exquisitely chiselled. We then drove to the Cathedral.

I had ever been most anxious to see the alleged miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius. I did not, however, hope to see it now; as I had been informed that it only took place on a Sunday, or at the times when the Cardinal Archbishop deemed it expedient. To my great joy I learnt that one of the days on which the blood is exhibited is the Sunday which falls next to the Calends of May. This was yesterday; but because it was necessary that one of the royal family should be present, and the king could not attend yesterday, one liquefaction had taken place this morning, when the king was present; and I am told that another liquefaction will take place tomorrow, when the king's brother, the P—— of S——, will attend upon the working of the miracle. It was the anniversary of the time when the

relics of the Saint had been removed from Puzzuoli, where he was martyred, to Naples. We walked over the church. The large silver images, the silver bust of the Saint, in which, it is said, his head was enclosed, the jewelled mitres, and other ornaments, covered with diamonds and precious stones, still remained on the altar. The Service was over, and the people had dispersed. I walked about the church, and admired its splendour, and inhaled the fragrance of the incense, which still perfumed the building. I have already mentioned my custom in nearly all the cathedrals or churches which I visited, when I saw one of the priests or dignitaries whose appearance pleased me, of commencing a conversation with him in Latin, by asking him, "Intelligis-ne Latinam, Domine?". The answer very generally was, "Imo, imo, Domine;" and then, as well as we could make out our meaning in spite of the difference of our pronunciation, we began to converse. I did this in the cathedral of St. Januarius. A very gentlemanly Canon, on being thus addressed, replied in Latin; and we conversed on the beauty of the church, the splendour of the decorations, and subjects of this kind. After walking with him over the cathedral, he kindly took us to the sacristy, where he showed us some of the gold and silver vessels, and rich presents of

jewels given by the members of the royal family, and especially by Queen Christina of Spain. He retained all, however, in his hands. When Mrs. Townsend wished to inspect them more closely, "Non è permisso, Signora," he said. Heretical hands, I concluded, were not permitted to handle the consecrated jewels. I was very obedient to the custos, and merely gazed at the anathemata, when Mrs. Townsend said, "Mio marito è Canonico." "Canonico! In verità?" "Si." "Prendere," said my brother Canon, holding the sacred vessels to me. I could not contradict her; neither could I at the moment explain to him that the Church of England had its canonries as well as the Church of Rome. I was courteously shown the contents of the sacristy, and permitted to inspect and handle the most sacred of the vessels, chalices, patens, ornaments, and decorations. We had a most agreeable conversation while this was going on; in the midst of which he requested me, to my great joy, to attend at the liquefaction which is to take place to-morrow. If I would be early at the church, he would introduce me to the P—— of S——, and procure us a place within the rails, close to the altar, where I could have ocular proof of the certainty of the miracle. He then went to the table in the vestry, or sacristy, and

wrote us a paper which we were to show to the virgers, or proper officers, in the morning; and he left us to attend to some duties in the church.

The Canon had told us, in general terms only, to be early. As we walked round the church, we inquired of one of the attendants at what time the miracle would take place? "Oh!" was the answer, "when it pleases the good God." This did not quite satisfy us; and we soon after repeated the question to another of the attendants. "Oh!" he said, with the utmost indifference, "Signora, the P—— goes to breakfast at Nine; it will take place about Nine. Yes, Signora; at Nine, Nine precisely." We made no reply, but bowed and thanked him, and returned soon after to the Hotel.

Tuesday, the 7th.—St. Januarius is said to have been a native of this city, Naples, and to have been Bishop of Beneventum. Three persons of influence in the Church having been arrested, and imprisoned in Puzzuoli, by order of the Governor of Campania, in the year 305, were visited in their prison by the Bishop of Beneventum. For this offence, St. Januarius, with his companions, after having been exposed to the wild beasts, which refused to touch them, was beheaded at Puzzuoli. His relics, his head, and some of his blood, were removed, about a century afterwards, to Naples. The

intercession of the Saint is reputed to have saved his native city from being destroyed by fire from Vesuvius.—I desire, in those instances where the anti-papal writers impute wilful falsehood to the protestant historians who relate the wonderful deeds of the Saints, to quote only, or chiefly, from the Papal authors themselves, that my impartiality and my freedom from prejudice may be known, and evident. The blood of St. Januarius is preserved in a rich chapel, called the Treasury. Mr. Butler, in his Lives of the Saints, imputes the preservation of Naples to the intercession of St. Januarius; and Baronius, the distinguished Papal historian, assures us, that when the blood approaches the head, though at some distance from it, as if impatient of the delay of the resurrection, and conscious that it is near the fount from whence it sprung, and to which it is desirous to return, it ceases to remain in a solid state, and dissolves and bubbles up, to the great admiration of the spectators.—Such is the testimony of Baronius, a Cardinal, though not a Saint, who is deemed by many to be deserving of every credit. Mr. Neumann, of Berlin, on the contrary, an eminent chemist, is said to have performed the miracle of the liquefaction of indurated blood, with all the circumstances of the Neapolitan experiment. I do not know whether this chemist was a member of the Church of Rome, or not. So it

was, however, that, whether the liquefaction was to be regarded as Cardinal Baronius or as Mr. Neumann viewed it, I was most anxious to see it. The carriage was ordered early, and we arrived at the Cathedral by Eight o'clock.

The good, kind Canon was waiting for us near the door. It was a festa day. It is the custom at Naples to pay more for a carriage on the festas, than on other days. My servant had paid the driver the usual fare, and given him the usual gratuity. He did not, however, know that it was a festa. The driver, therefore, followed us into the Cathedral, and demanded more money. The Canon assured me that, though it was a festa, the man had already received more than he was entitled to. The man still, however, persevered in his demand, and I ordered him to be satisfied. I thought the Canon would have embraced me, in his delight, when I said, "We must not mind the imposition now; we are in the church; and the church, you know, is not the place for controversy:" 'Ecclesia non locus est controversiæ.' I mention the anecdote, because I believe the circumstance procured for me the better place at the altar to see the miracle than I should have otherwise obtained, even with the intended kindness which had promised me admission within the rails.

The Canon then took us to the vestry, among

his brethren. The P—— of S—— came in shortly after. With many kind expressions, we were introduced to his Royal Highness. After a short conversation in Italian, in which Mrs. Townsend again acted as interpreter, the P—— commanded one of his Chamberlains to go with us to that part of the church within the rails where we could most easily observe the process of the liquefaction, and the people, and the whole scene.

The ceremony began with the Mass. The P—— was not at the altar during the Service. He keeps the key of the relics. It seemed to me to be a large golden key, richly adorned with emeralds and other jewels. The vessel in which was the hardened blood was placed on the altar; the jewelled bust of St. Januarius, adorned with a most valuable diamond cross, the gift, I was told, of Christina, Queen of Spain, was placed next it. We distinctly saw a hard, solid, round, dark red ball, as if of coagulated blood, move from side to side of the vessel which the Archbishop held up to the people. The hardness continued. The prayers continued. The blood did not melt. A Litany was begun, in which the names of Saints were repeated, and the people took up the chorus, "Ora pro nobis." The blood remained solid. The accounts given by so many writers I found to be correct. The people began to scream, to shout,

and to raise their voices angrily, louder and louder. A French lady, belonging to the P——'s party, was kneeling close to us, overpowered with emotion, and bathed in tears. She turned to Mrs. T., and said, "Tell me, tell me, is the good God angry with us still?" She trembled with agitation. She impatiently called to her husband, who was at a distance, to come nearer. "Venez ici, Henri; vous ne pouvez pas voir là." But he did not move. The people still vociferated. The blood did not yet dissolve. It was nearly Nine o'clock. The P—— took out his watch. He looked at the Archbishop. Whether I am right in my opinion or conviction, that he looked very significantly, and that the look was returned with equal significance, I cannot so positively say that I could affirm it upon my oath,—but the watch was taken out, and a look given; and by the most marvellous coincidence, which renders it uncertain whether the sympathy of the blood towards the head mentioned by Cardinal Baronius, or the chemical solution of Mr. Neumann, of Berlin, was the cause of the liquefaction, the red solid mass did at that moment begin to melt. I had up to this instant seen the hard substance move from side to side; and I now saw the same substance gradually become liquid, and flow from side to side. The lady near us was mute with solemn delight. The

screaming of the people ceased. The Archbishop passed the glass phial, in which was the dissolved substance, to the privileged persons who had been admitted within the rails of the altar. The lady near us, with many others, kissed it with enthusiasm. It was presented to Mrs. Townsend, who put it from her, saying, "No, no! Sono Protestante!" She could not believe as her neighbour evidently believed. The chemist Neumann would have been credited, more than the theologian Baronius. It was taken from before her, with a gesticulation which implied displeasure. It was placed before me: I could not kiss the phial; I looked at it stedfastly and earnestly. It was removed, I think, with another gesticulation, after a short pause, of surprise and anger. It was handed round to others; and I believe it was devoutly kissed by them all. When it was taken quite round the space within the rails, and to the people at the rails, we found, with the P—— of S——, that it was time to breakfast; and the same early performance of the miracle permitted us both to proceed to our meal. We left the church with feelings which I am sure are, and must be, common to many who declare themselves to be members of the Church of Rome. I will indulge in no exclamations on the impossibility of believing the act we had witnessed to be indeed miraculous; I pass by all the thoughts

that breathed my horror, and all the words that burned with indignation at the system which, taking away the Bible, and still claiming to be pure in its teaching and divine in its authority, affirms that the Almighty upholds, by useless, yet by ceaseless miracles, its unscriptural doctrines, and all its insupportable pretensions. I quote the words of the author of the Lives of the Saints, the zealous defender and admirer of the Church of Rome: "That these reputed miracles demand no other assent than that which is due to the evidence on which they rest." If the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius can be resolved into a chemical process, there can be no justification, as there is no necessity, for the miracle.

After breakfast we drive to Herculaneum, and to Vesuvius. We ascended the mountain as far only as to the Hermitage. The late eruption had ceased. Large bodies of white steam only crowned the mountain. The view was bright, and brilliant, and glorious. It was to me a novel and beautiful exhibition of the power and works of God. While the horses were being fed, we walked to the Observatory. We were grateful to the government of the country that some soldiers were stationed on the mountain for the protection of travellers. We were told that both robberies and murders

had been committed upon some unprotected adventurers to the summit. We saw some poor, downcast-looking persons, to whom we gave alms and refreshment, and some of the wine, the produce of the mountain. The peasant who sold the wine charged, however, half as much less for the wine we thus gave away, than he charged for that which had been used by our own party. The poor men seemed grateful; but some of them—such, I suppose, is the force of habit—could not avoid picking my pocket of my handkerchief.

Wednesday, the 8th.—Read early the Apocalypse, and prayed that the wonderful prophecy with which it concludes, ἰδοὺ, καινὰ πάντα ποιῶ (Rev. xxi. 5), "Behold, I make all things new," might be accomplished both in my own heart within me, and in the Church of Rome, and in the whole world around me. How mysterious is the permission of evil, however it may be overruled for good!

Call on the English Minister, Mr. Temple. Drive round the city and neighbourhood. Visit the English burial-ground, and a Neapolitan cemetery. The dead are buried here at night; though the coffins are taken to the cemetery in the day. The coffins which we saw were of very slovenly workmanship, made of rough elm, or deal board; so badly nailed together, that one of them burst open, when a

workman removed it from one niche in an anteroom to another. The coffin contained the newly dead body of a young child, about five years old. How calm, how still, how serene it lay, with its little thin hands crossed over the body, its dark locks touching its shoulders, its colourless cheek turned on one side as if asleep, in its long white garment ;—

"So pale, so fair,
It seem'd a form of wax was there!"

"I am the resurrection, and the life," occurred to me, with many other thoughts on the offence which occasioned death, on the decree which continues it, on the redemption which remedies it, on the Resurrection which will follow it, and on the Son of God who will conquer its power. Theological controversy itself is dumb in the presence of the dead. The fall of man, the recovery of man, the immortality of man, are the only thoughts that fill the mind, when the silent dead seem to say, "Thou art what I was ; I am what thou shalt be. May we live again, in one better world together!" I shall never forget the bursting open of the coffin of the poor little Neapolitan, nor the silent appeal its dumb lips seemed to make to me.—I still see it, I still hear it.

On our return from the cemetery we met a funeral. The gay dresses of the hired singing

boys, the gaudy carriage, and the appearance of the attendants, made me imagine that a bridal, rather than a funeral, was taking place.

Thursday, the 9th.—Visit the scenes so well known and so often described—the Church of St. Proculus at Puzzuoli (the ancient Puteoli) said to have been founded by St. Paul; Baiæ, and its beautiful scenery, ruins, and bay; the baths of Nero, the massy remains of the supposed bridge of Caligula, the temple of Serapis, and its most singular columns; the Lucrine lake, the supposed lake Avernus, the extinct volcano, and the grotto of the Sibyl.

Friday, the 10th.—Leave our cards and thanks with the P—— of S——. Write a note to the Canon of St. Januarius, to thank him for his attention. I thought it best to err on the side of courtesy, if I did err, than to be guilty of any neglect. I entitled myself "his brother Canon," and told him that I wrote in English, because I was sure he would find among his learned brothers some one to interpret my note, if he could not himself read it. "If you ever come to England," I told him, "I should be most happy to show you the Cathedral of Durham, and to pay you every attention in my power. Our stay is so short in Naples, and we are so incessantly occupied in visiting its beautiful neighbourhood, that I fear I

shall not be able to thank you in person; and I have therefore thus written, begging you to believe that I am, &c. &c. GEORGE TOWNSEND.

"Pray communicate the above to your brother Canon, who was also kind to us."

To this letter I received an answer, in which the kind-hearted, worthy Canon has fallen into a pleasant mistake. He believed that my letter was written in Irish! The cause of this error I think I can divine. I told him that I was a Canon of Durham—Canonicus Dunelmensis: this latter word he mistook for Dublinensis. He supposed I was a Canon of Christ Church, Dublin, and thence inferred that my native language was Irish! In the British Museum there is a vast MS. collection, entitled Monumenta Britannica, transcribed from the records in the Vatican. It contains papal rescripts relating to England, Scotland, and Ireland for five centuries; and in several places, through the ignorance or carelessness of the copyists, the words Dunelmensis, Dublinensis, and Dumblanensis, are frequently interchanged. I was not, therefore, surprised at my friend's mistake.

We drove out to the sulphur manufactory, heard and gazed upon the subterranean fire, and saw the sulphur smoke coming out of the ground, which sounded hollow when I stamped upon it.

I again remembered the interpretation which so many commentators have given to the nineteenth chapter of the Book of Revelation, and the great probability that the whole of this district will be destroyed by fire, as the predicted token of the wrath of God against the corrupt Faith of Rome.

From the sulphur manufactory we drove to Cumæ, and the scenery of the sixth Book of the Æneid—the reservoir of Lucullus, or the spot where his fleet assembled, near Cape Misenum; and the prisons of Nero. The peasants danced the Tarantella, and many other of their national dances, and sung to us many of the songs of the country. All was novelty. The day, the climate, the air, the scenery, were all perfect!

Saturday, the 11*th.*—After a most interesting morning among the pictures at Naples, we set off to Salerno, where we arrived late.

Sunday, the 12*th.*—After our own domestic Service (for there was no church or chapel at Salerno which we could attend), I hastened up to the splendid Cathedral. This Church was built by Robert of Apulia [8], in the Pontificate of Gregory VII., about the same year in which the present Cathedral of Durham was begun by Carilelpho. Rapidly passing through the noble building, and

[8] See Italia Christiana, Vol. vii. p. 387.

its subterranean crypt, in which were many worshippers, I paused at the spot which I had so often desired to visit,—the grave of Gregory VII. I had bestowed, in my humble labours embodied in the work, "Ecclesiastical and Civil History, philosophically considered with reference to the Re-union of Christians [9]," more industry in developing the character and actions of Gregory, than those of any other of the Bishops of Rome. I there endeavoured to prove the honesty of his ruinous zeal, the disinterestedness of his lofty ambition, the haughtiness of his mistaken piety; I attempted there to show, to the few who are concerned in such inquiries, that the sincerity of error, and the perseverance in that error, and not, as is commonly supposed, merely the hypocrisy of Rome, constitutes the chief source of danger to the Churches of Christ. To commit evil that service may be rendered to God, is the curse to the Church, and to the world, which the Saviour predicted. (John xvi.) The whole policy of Hildebrand, the foundation of the stern severity, the inexorable firmness, the disloyal vengeance towards his sovereign whom he anathematized in the name of God, and the foundation also of his exceeding contempt of the Bishops, the Princes, and people who opposed him, was the theory of the divine

[9] Book iii. chap. iv. Vol. ii. p. 176—312.

right of the Pope to rule all nations and all churches, as the representative of the only King of kings, and the only Lord of lords. The conscientiousness of mistaken piety alone, and not the pride of mere worldly ambition, then made, as it now makes, virtue vice, piety crime, and Christianity itself the religion of evil. The loftiness of the unsubdued, unbending energy of the mind of Gregory rendered him, however, the object of involuntary admiration; as the Satan of Milton, or the indignant silence of Prometheus on the rock, under the fetters of his tormentor, compels the admiration of the student, or the lover of poetry. The tomb of Gregory had been restored by Pius VII., the same Pope on whose monument in St. Peter's is engraven the expression "Verbum Dei,"—the Word of God; and I deemed the fact to be a foreshadowing of the time when the Word of God shall be eventually given unrestrictedly to the world, in spite of all present appearances, by the Bishops and Church of Rome themselves; and that they, even they —for God's Omnipotence can so far change them —will become the chief distributors of the Holy Volume, upon which alone all their own vain pretensions rest. Poor foolish man! One argument for the truth of the Word of God is its utter exhaustlessness. It has called forth all

the research, the learning, and the criticism of the universities, and of the scholars, the students, and the philosophers, of the civilized and religious world. It has filled our libraries, it is preached in our churches, it is pondered in our houses; but it is still ever remarkable for its utter exhaustlessness. As the studies of the universe are exhaustless, so that new discoveries are incessantly made in the firmament above us; or as the studies of earth are exhaustless, so that new discoveries are constantly made in Chemistry, Botany, Geology, and science; so the pages of revelation are always unfolding to the student who loves them, some new beauty, some new source of useful knowledge, some more bright anticipation of the happiness of the future state. As Gregory VII. would have confined the astronomers of all ages to the system of Ptolemy, or the physicians and botanists of all ages to the imperfect medical science of his own time; so would he have limited the theologians and the students of all ages, to the learning and divinity of his own day only. But neither Gregory VII., nor all the successors of his throne, nor all the adopters of his policy, nor all the admirers of his principles, shall be able to stop the progress of discovery, whether in science or in theology. Whatever knowledge can be elicited from the Heavens, from the Earth, or from the

Scriptures, must, it is certain, have been among them from their creation; but the finite mind of man is yet acquainted with but a very small portion of those discoveries which the Heavens, the Earth, and the Bible, will still pour forth, like ever fresh, ever new streams from these fountains of the exhaustless knowledge of the same God, who made, and gave them all. Why will Rome thus wage war with the improvement of man by its attempts to prevent the unlimitedly free use of the word of God? It fights against the Bible, and in so doing it commits that crime which the sacred Book declares to be "making war with the Lamb of God." But the Bible shall triumph; the Lamb shall overcome His adversaries.—It was the Lord's-day; and I prayed by the tomb of Hildebrand, Gregory VII., that Rome, and England, and the Universal Church, might all thirst more and more for the true knowledge, and might all be brought to quench that thirst by "drinking of the pure river of the water of life proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb[1]."

From the Cathedral we drove to Pæstum, and thence back to Salerno. Pæstum has been so often, so justly, so rapturously eulogized, that to describe

[1] Rev. xxii. 1.

its temples, ruins, and beauty, would be to paint the rose and adorn the lily.

Monday, the 13th.—In the work to which I have just alluded, "Civil and Ecclesiastical History, philosophically considered with reference to the Re-union of Christians," I was compelled, that I might more fully understand the origin of persecution in the Christian Church, to study the Theodosian Code. I have shown that the imperial decrees of the Christian Emperors, contained in this code, laid the foundation of the persecuting canon law of the Churches in the earlier ages, and in the mediæval ages. This code was embodied in the laws of Justinian; and it was at Amalfi that the Pandects of Justinian were said to have been found by the Pisans; there the mariner's compass was discovered; and there the first maritime laws were compiled. These circumstances, with the lovely scenery along the coast, and the reported magnificence of the Cathedral, induced me to go to Amalfi, from Salerno, by boat. The Neapolitan or Salernitan crew sang some of their most beautiful sea-songs, carried the boat into two or three of the singular grottoes under the cliffs, and brought us safely, enchanted with all we saw and heard, to Amalfi. The Cathedral delighted us, though it is much inferior, as a building, to most of the other Italian Cathedrals. We were

much gratified by the subterranean chapel and tombs. Being anxious to go back to Naples and Rome, we would not stop to see the neighbourhood, but proceeded in the boat to Scaracatore. We declined the offer of the chairs, on which many travellers are taken up the mountain on the shoulders of the peasantry, who are hired by the owners of the chairs; and we clomb up the high precipice. The beggars, in large groups, both at Salerno and Amalfi, exhibited the deformities which excited disgust rather than compassion. If we gave them money, they were dissatisfied that the amount was not larger: if we neglected to relieve them, they cursed us. The extortion of the boatman, or rather of the master of the boat, was most offensive. He took the money we gave for the men, after we had paid himself for the boat; and though we gave the boatmen some additional smaller gratuity, we were compelled to threaten them with the displeasure of the king if they did not cease to follow and upbraid us. We expected, indeed, to be robbed by violence instead of fraud; and we probably should have been robbed, if some strangers had not come in sight. There was no hotel on the top of the mountain: but a Sicilian gentleman, the owner of some of the neighbouring vineyards, invited us to his house, sheltered us from the rain, and took care of us.

As the evening drew on, we thanked and left him, with many mutual invitations to England and Sicily. We had sent our servants on from Salerno to Sorento by land, when we took the boat to Amalfi. We were much amused, as we walked from the house of our hospitable Sicilian, across the hill of Sorento, to meet an Italian with mules, which he declared our servants had requested him to harness and bring to us. We refused to accept them; and we found when our walk was over, on our arrival at Sorento, that he had not been sent; but, learning from the servants the way we were coming, he set out with the mules to meet us. Every device was invented, through the whole of our journey, to obtain money. "Doubtless the pleasure is as great," says Hudibras, "of being cheated, as to cheat." Though we would not lose our temper, we sometimes felt angry at the pretences by which money was extorted. But the fellows seemed so happy when they did cheat us, that it became almost an act of benevolence, instead of mere weakness, to submit to their impositions. Much fatigued, but much delighted with the novelty, beauty, and splendour of all we had seen, we arrived late at Sorento, at the hotel of the brothers Gorgiulo. We found the landlord attentive, the accommoda-

tion faultless, the provisions cheap and abundant, and the hotel more like an English one than an Italian.

Tuesday, the 14th.—Breakfast early at Sorento. Drive through Castellamare, after visiting the Villa Pisani, to Naples. Pictures, galleries, and drives.

Wednesday, the 15th.—St. Elmo. Walks about the city; conversation with —— on the conduct of the government,—the sudden arbitrary arrests, attempts to induce the people to consent to the withdrawal of the constitution, &c. If half the facts of which I heard had taken place in England, the whole country would have been convulsed, and the throne itself endangered. The people seem to have no idea of the liberty which is regulated by law; while the government seems to consider the art of ruling to be merely preserving the public peace, however they may provoke the people by galling tyranny and vexatious enactments. I judge only by reports. The prisons, I was told, were filled with unfortunate, but blameless men, whose only crime was, that they had expressed a desire for a better government. If we may judge of the prosperity or happiness of a people, however, by showy equipages, gaudy carriages, and by every external token of comfort, Naples—whatever be

its religion, superstitions, politics, or government—would appear, to a superficial observer, a flourishing and happy city.

Thursday, the 16*th.*—Rise early. The bay looked most beautiful from the window of the hotel, in the early dawn. It was the Hôtel d'Univers; and "God of the Universe!" I exclaimed, "Pity the benighted king—pity the unbibled people!"

We left the hotel early, and stopped to dine at St. Agatha. We were much amused at discovering, when we arrived at the inn, that they had nothing but sour bread,—no potatoes, nor the usual viands required for dinner. We had, however, our own bread; and something was soon provided. Sleep again at the Formian Villa.

Friday, the 17*th.*—One great charm of my journeying through Italy has arisen from visiting the places whose names are associated with the remembrance of the books I had read, the controversies I had shared in, or the persons I had admired. I have already alluded to the causes for which I was most anxious to visit Salerno and Amalfi. At Salerno I thought of our controversies; at Amalfi, of the codes of law which I had studied; and to-day I resolved to go out of the direct road to Rome to visit the cell of a writer of whom I had spoken much [2], and much of whose

[2] Vol. ii. p. 365, Civil and Ecclesiastical History, &c.

voluminous labours I had often read and admired. No author of the middle ages has received so much deserved, as well as undeserved, praise as Thomas, the son of Count d'Aquino, in the kingdom of Naples. He died in the monastery of Terra Fossa, in the year 1274. Pope Urban IV. always required Aquinas to attend his court, and to preach and teach in every town where he resided. Among other places, the Pope and Aquinas resided at Fondi. The cell of Aquinas was there; and I resolved to visit the Monastery, to hear from the monks any traditions respecting him, and to inspect the place where he lived and taught. After we had seen the Castle and the Cathedral, we inquired for the Monastery of Aquinas. It was shown to me. The kind, warm-hearted Canons seemed to be much pleased at my questions respecting him, and at my allusions to his reputation and labours. They pointed out with great veneration, the humble cell in which he studied; and showed me, in a recess or closet, under the altar, in the chapel, the remains of a tree which they told me had germinated after it had withered, when Aquinas replanted it in the earth, with its root in the air and the withered branches in the earth. They cut off a piece of the tree—an apple-tree, and gave it to me as a relic, which I still preserve. I am sure I would not, in common gratitude to them for their kindness, utter

one word in disparagement of their establishment; and I therefore hope I was mistaken when, on asking for their library, I was informed that they had none, not even any one other book but their Service books. I conclude they meant,—for our Latin was sadly slaughtered by our pronunciation,—that they had none of Aquinas' manuscripts; for they gave me one book, in Italian, 'Esercizj Spirituali, per celebrare i sette Mercoledi e la Novena di S. Tommaso di Aquino: Dedicati alla Regina delle Virgini, vera Madre di Dio, Maria Santissima. Napoli, 1732.' The great hall of the Monastery had been fitted up as an hospital. I saw a dying man in one of the beds; and I prayed for him. Mrs. T. told me, that, while I was conversing with the monk, she saw, in a side room, the body of a patient covered with a sheet. Fools that we are! We are all dying, and all controverting, στυγητοὶ καὶ μισοῦντες ἀλλήλους (Titus iii. 3); and Rome is the one great delinquent, which prevents the very possibility of peace. I thanked the monks very heartily for their kindness, and bowed when they blessed me. I prayed for their happiness, and wished them peace. They kissed my hand when I left them, and declined accepting an alms for their convent. We parted with expressions of mutual good will.

Dine at Terracina, and converse with the people.

Mrs. Townsend had gone to the end of the mole or pier to sketch the ruins of the old heathen temple on the top of the hill overhanging the town. I had walked to a strange looking castellated building adjacent to it, close to the sea. On arriving near it, the sentinel warned me off, and pointed his carbine at me. I was much obliged to him; though at the moment I was surprised, and turned away with some displeasure. I was afterwards informed that it was done in kindness, for the house was a Lazaretto; and if I had gone farther I must have been detained twenty-one days in quarantine.

We go on to Cisternæ again. Visit the churches there, the great granary, and the villa of the owner of the land and property about the town. Sleep there.

Saturday, the 18*th.*—We set off very early to Albano. The peasant women sing very prettily, in alternate chorus, a morning hymn to the Virgin. I could not believe that their song elevated the mind as much as if it had ascended to her, and their, Creator. We dine at Albano, and again visit the church there. Visit the church of Veletri, the marble staircase of the Lancellotti, the school for boys founded by the son of the Pretender, calling himself Henry IX. A young French officer obliges us by acting as our guide.

Arrive at Rome, and immediately send off notes

to various correspondents and friends, and one to Dr. Grant. There are at Rome two Dr. Grants, —one the head of the English College, the other the head of the Scotch College; my note was unfortunately taken to the latter instead of the former. Dr. Grant of the English College had called on me before I had left Rome for Naples, with the message from the Pope; and my note was intended for him. It was taken, through mistake, to his friend and namesake.

Sunday, the 19th.—Whit-Sunday! It is the holy, the sacred day when outward miraculous signs attended upon inward miraculous influences, sent forth by a Divine power, from the invisible world, upon the intellects, the energies, and the motives of the Apostolic founders of the Universal Church. I offered, I trust from my very soul, the Prayer of my own dear Church, that by the same Spirit I might have a right judgment in all the great controversies and heresies which were dividing the Universal Church; and that I might personally now and for ever rejoice in His holy comfort. The "Veni, Creator Spiritus," by Pope Innocent III.; the beautiful translation of the same by Dryden,

"Creator, Spirit, by whose aid," &c.;

the lines by Dr. Watts,

"Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove;"

and the lines to the same Holy Spirit in our Ordination Services,

"Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire;"

were all, all suggested to me as one and the same prayer, alike offered by Papist, Dissenter, and Churchman, intreating the influence of the Divine Spirit upon the affections and the intellect. And I could not but think that some one great crime alone prevented the answer to that prayer from producing the effect of regaining peace from the God of Peace. What was that crime? To me it seemed the ascription to the Virgin Mary not merely of the honour which is due to Christ as the one Mediator, but the ascription also to the Virgin Mary of the honours and of the attributes which belong to the Holy Spirit also. "The Blessed Virgin," says the encyclical letter of Gregory XVI.[3] to all the bishops of the churches in communion with Rome, "alone destroys heresies." Now, heresy being an intellectual crime, if it be not destroyed by the sword and the fire, which remove the bodies of the heretics, can only be destroyed by the influences which convince and persuade the understanding. These influences, according to the doctrine of this day, proceed from the Holy Spirit only. To impute

[3] August 17, 1832.

them to the Virgin Mary—to make the Virgin Mary the destroyer of heresy—is to assign to her the one prerogative for which the Holy Spirit is revealed—the power of an Omniscient and Omnipresent agent, proceeding from the invisible world to enlighten the understanding with knowledge, to convince the judgment of error, to persuade the will to embrace truth, to change the affections, to convert the soul. All this is implied in the frequent and common allegation, that, "the Blessed Virgin is the destroyer of heresies." That is the worst idolatry which thus gives the attributes of the God of Christianity, whether it be the omnipotence of the Father, the omnipresence of the Son, or the omniscience of the Holy Spirit, to a creature, to the Virgin Mary, to any being whatever who is not the Creator of heaven and earth. I speak in deep grief, and not with a desire to offend; but these are the doctrines invented and taught by men, which prevent the descent of the Holy Spirit on the Universal Church, to restore the ancient truth, and zeal, and union. In this matter the Churches of the East and the Churches of the West are alike immersed in idolatry and in error, and in the spiritual wickedness which insults the Virgin Mary, dishonours the Most High God, and pre-

vents the blessedness, commemorated on the Whit-Sunday, from still descending as the dew from heaven on the parched and withered Churches of Christ. Oh, my God! what hope remains, if this sin continues?

Monday, the 20th.—To the Vatican early, to announce my arrival at Rome to Monsignore de Merode. He was in attendance on the Pope; but he informed me, by one of the Chamberlains, that he would either write to me, or send a messenger. Much business, I was told, was transacted to-day at the Vatican. It was the day when the Pope made what is called an "Allocution" to the Cardinals. We met, indeed, between twenty and thirty Cardinals' carriages.

Called on Dr. Grant, the President of the English College, to converse with him on the note which I had sent to his friend and namesake, the Head of the Scotch College at Rome; and to learn from him the Pope's pleasure respecting the second audience, which both himself and Monsignore de Merode had announced to me before I left Rome for Naples, as the Pope had desired. As this second audience did not take place, I shall here relate the circumstances which seem to have prevented it.

On my arrival at Rome on Saturday, the 18th, the day before yesterday, I sent a note, as I have

already mentioned, to the Dr. Grant, the Head of the English College; but it was carried to his namesake. The note is as follows:—

"Via S. Bastianello, 16,
May 18, 1850.

"My dear Dr. Grant,

"I have this moment arrived in Rome from Naples; and I lose no time in writing to say, that I shall be happy to await the leisure of his Holiness, if his Holiness shall still be desirous of conferring on me the honour of another audience. I may not presume to allude to any time at which I might most conveniently attend at the Vatican, in the course of next week, as I shall consider every day at the disposal of his Holiness. But my duties begin to require my return to England; and as I remained two months in Rome, in daily expectation of the entry of his Holiness into his capital, I trust I may be permitted to solicit the honour of the anticipated audience by Saturday, or Monday the 27th." &c. &c. &c.

To this note an answer was returned by Dr Grant, of the Scotch College, the same evening:—

"Scoto College, Saturday,
May 18.

"My dear Sir,

"In requesting an audience, it would not

be *en règle* at this Court to fix any time for it. I know, on authority, that many applications are standing over on account of the great press of applicants. Under these circumstances I fear I cannot do much in the matter you write about, and the more so as we shall be engaged all next week in a spiritual retreat, during which time we shut ourselves out as much as possible from the world.

"I am, my dear Sir, yours faithfully,

"A GRANT."

Immediately on receiving this note, I sent a copy of my letter to Dr. Grant, of the English College, explaining the mistake; and I observed that his namesake appeared to imagine that I desired a second audience of the Pope for my own gratification; whereas I was now in Rome at the express desire of the Pope. I said that I should be much obliged to him, therefore, if he would direct me in what manner I should proceed. To this communication I received the following reply:—

"May 21, 1850.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,

"As soon as I received your card and message yesterday, I went to the Vatican for the

purpose of ascertaining whether you could be included in a presentation of English gentlemen which takes place this afternoon; I found that another card had been sent to Mons. de Merode. Subsequently I heard by accident that you had not returned to Rome; and I am now somewhat puzzled as to your wishes respecting the audience; and my difficulty and hesitation are increased by the circumstance that there are three or four hundred names on the Palace list for audiences, and I have some fear that it may not be possible to arrange an audience within the time which you specify,—between now and Tuesday. An English gentleman, who is to be presented to-day, has been waiting for several weeks.

"It is right that I should inform you that the object of his Holiness in sending Mons. de Merode to you, was in order to allow you to have an opportunity of expressing your meaning through an interpreter, if you had any thing to add to the Memorial presented to him. The reply of his Holiness to the memorial would, of course, be as before, that such a union of Christians, even by means of a council, is utterly hopeless and impracticable.

"Please to let me know what your wishes are respecting the presentation of a request for admission to his Holiness; and when I see him or Mons.

de Merode this afternoon I will lay your petition before the Holy Father.

"Yours very respectfully,

"THOMAS GRANT."

"The Rev. Dr. Townsend."

This note, though very kindly expressed, puzzled me. To have been presented together with many others would have been useless. The report that I had not returned to Rome must have originated from my not having returned to the same apartments. The statement that 300 or 400 gentlemen solicited audiences, and that I could not have another interview till after they had been to the Vatican, implied an indefinite prolongation of my time at Rome; and possibly so long delay, that an audience, as I must return to England before the Autumn, would be impossible. I had too, nothing to add to my memorial, and no petition to present. I was in Rome at the request or command of the Pope, conveyed to me by an officer of his own court, to receive from him a communication. I therefore wrote again to Dr. Grant.

"May 22, 1850.

"MY DEAR DR. GRANT,

"There must, I fear, be some mistake. I have come to Rome from Naples purposely to comply with the desire of his Holiness, which I con-

sidered as a command, that I would again appear at the Vatican, to receive the wishes of his Holiness on the subject of the memorial, which I had presumed to present at my first audience. I have not come to Rome to solicit another audience on my own part; I should deem such conduct to be inconsistent with the respect which is due to his Holiness as the Sovereign of the country. I understood the communication with which I was honoured, and which was brought to me by Mons. de Merode and yourself in this sense. Immediately, therefore, on my arrival in Rome, on Saturday evening last, I addressed a letter to you, which was unfortunately taken to Dr. Grant, of the Scotch College. I learn from his very kind reply that there is much difficulty at present in obtaining an interview at the Vatican. Unless, therefore, I am honoured by the express desire and command of his Holiness that I should again present myself at the Vatican, I cannot solicit the favour of another audience; and I shall hope to leave Rome, unless I am required to remain, on Monday the 26th. I hope to see you before I go; and I shall be happy to take any thing for you to London, or to execute any commission for you in our own country.

"I am, &c.,

"GEORGE TOWNSEND."

To this note I received this answer,

"May 22, 1850.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,

"In reply to your note just received, I beg to state that I saw Monsignore de Merode again yesterday afternoon, and spoke about your audience; and I collected from his observations that the number of applications pending was so great, that his Holiness would feel some reluctance in displacing other parties, unless you had any thing to add to your original memorial. I had an opportunity of learning that his Holiness had fully understood the nature of your application, and that he did not think any result would follow from a further consideration of it. Your very respectful behaviour at the first audience had led him to believe that you might wish for another opportunity of discussing the reasons why no union of the Churches could take place in the way proposed, with some clergyman versed in the English or other language, chosen by yourself; your departure, of course, prevents this.

"I am sorry that my share in this matter should have caused you any disappointment, especially as it has involved your stay here during this summer heat; and I am much obliged to you for your offer of taking charge of any commission for me to England.

"I shall have great pleasure in conveying any further message to Mons. de Merode; but I fear that in the state of the Palace list for audiences, I ought not to tempt you to prolong your stay beyond Monday.

"Yours very respectfully,

"THOMAS GRANT."

I deemed this answer to be conclusive, and therefore wrote a farewell reply to Dr. Grant.

"May 23.

"I am much obliged to you for your note. I now write to say, that, as I have no other wish than to comply with the desire or command of his Holiness, which you, with Monsignore de Merode, brought to me before I left Rome for Naples, namely, that I would attend again at the Vatican; and as I find that his Holiness does not now, in consequence of the numerous applications for other audiences, appoint any time for such proposed interview, I cannot presume, as I have said, to solicit another audience for my own part; and I shall therefore leave Rome for Florence on Monday next. I have nothing to add to my original memorial. I had only wished, if an opportunity had been thus afforded me, to have expressed the great advantages which might probably or possibly result to the Universal Church from a *permanent*

Council; that is, from uniting the principle of ecclesiastical deliberation, to the principle of ecclesiastical authority. I trust, on my return to England, if I live to return there, to be enabled to draw up another memorial, enforcing this point upon the Universal Church. It is indeed probable that a written document of this nature would be more useful than any verbal conference. May I request you, at a suitable opportunity, to submit the above, with every deference, to his Holiness? I am, &c."

Here the correspondence ended; and I hope in a short time to be able to fulfil my intentions, and to prove to those who will interest themselves in that question, the possibility and the usefulness of a permanent, deliberative, representative Synod, Assembly, or Council. I hope to consider the objections to its meeting, and the certainty of its eventually (after the first jealousies, and bickerings, and angers, and disputations shall have subsided) promoting a better union of Peace and Truth than now prevails, in the Universal Church of Christ.

Receive the visits of a whole levee of friends, Mesaheb, &c. Walk about Rome. Churches and pictures.

Tuesday, the 21*st.* ——— informed us that his

neighbour's house had been searched for a Bible; that the confidence of the Confessional had been betrayed by the disclosure of the answers given by some of the females of the family to the Priests; and that these had led to the searching for the Bible. He told us that the soldiers who had been sent, used the most indefensible and exasperating language; and that the indignation of the neighbourhood was deep, though unavailing. We hear, too, that the most arbitrary arrests continue. What should we say, in happy England, if one foreign army occupied Westminster and the south of England; and another foreign army occupied York and the north of England; while the government in London searched the houses of the inhabitants for missals and mass-books, and sent to prison, without trial, the owners of houses which possessed them? If it be said, that this search for proofs of attachment to Papistry took place in the reign of Elizabeth, the answer is, True: but why does not Rome follow the better example of England, and give up intolerance, and boldly throw itself upon the good will, good sense, and attachment of the people? The priests and the people are jealous of each other. My voice is too humble to be heard. If I could speak to them, I would tell them that the Priests are in certain danger of assassination whenever the external force is with-

drawn; but that all such fear would be removed if the government would give to the people the Word of God, unrestrictedly and universally. I tell them that the people do not wish to overthrow either their Church or State. They wish only for something better than they now possess. They wish for the Bible,—for the removal of suspicions, for the relaxation of the bonds of the Confessional, and for the marriage of the Priests. These points are universally demanded. But the people do not desire the overthrow of their Church, nor the destruction of their government. They desire a better religion, more liberty, and, therefore, more happiness; and the government of Rome is mad to deny all, ay all, and to do nothing, nothing whatever to conciliate and benefit their subjects.

After our morning visitors had left us, we dined at the house of the Lutheran minister, in the Capitol. The conversation was interesting and edifying. One custom much pleased me. In England the gentlemen sit after dinner in the dining-room for some time after the ladies have withdrawn. Here the lady of the house, after sitting at dinner with the party as long as may be deemed advisable, offers her arm to the gentleman who conducted her from the drawing-room. The other ladies follow her example, the whole party leave the room together, and the conversation of

the dining-room continues in the drawing-room. Why should it not be so in England? The conversation of well-educated women is as interesting, as useful, and as agreeable as that of well-educated men. There is no sex in souls.

After coffee we returned to our hotel, which was at the foot of the Pincian, in the Piazza di Spagna. As the evening was fine, I determined to walk on the Pincian, to the other side of the hill, to take leave of my friends, the two friars in the convent of Sta Maria del Popolo. I sat with them for some time, conversing in English with the Irish friar, who interpreted to his friend. The conversation was on the usual topic; and my friend was more than once obliged to remind me that he was forbidden to engage in controversy. We then talked cheerfully and agreeably on the facts of the past, and on some truths common to both Churches. When I was obliged to leave them, I said to Father Hayes, "Now I must part from you; and I never expect to have the pleasure of seeing you again. Let us say the Lord's Prayer together, at the altar in the Church;—there will surely be no objection to this." He returned me precisely the same answer which Mary, Queen of Scots, gave to Fletcher, Dean of Peterborough: "No; I cannot pray with one who is of another religion." I shook his hand in silence, and we parted. The

circumstance pained and grieved me. It reminded me of a similar event in my own family. My dear and venerable father, whom I loved as my own soul, whose last days, by means of his son, were made his happiest days, and who was bound to his son by the ties of gratitude as well as of affection, had attached himself in early life to the opinions and discipline of the Independent Dissenters. He became one of their most eminent and distinguished ministers. The consequence was, that (having been a student at Trinity College, Cambridge, at the age of nineteen,) we never broke the bread nor drank the wine together, to commemorate the Death and Passion of Christ, our common Lord. It pleased God to prolong my dear father's life till he was unable, through age and infirmity, to continue his public duty. As soon as I heard at Durham that he was confined to his own rooms, I went down to partake with him, in his own way, if perchance he would not adopt mine, of the Ordinance or Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. "Let us break the bread together," I said; "let us take the wine, in token that whatever be the differences of opinion between us, we are one in the common Truth and hope of the glorious Gospel of the blessed God." "No!" was the answer: "The Lord's Supper is a public ordinance, and must not be taken privately." And he

then proceeded to urge the usual arguments by which the Dissenters are accustomed to defend this opinion. He spake daggers, and every word stabbed. I did not love him less. But this has been my discipline from my youth—to have lived among kind friends, and dear kindred, with whose religious opinions I could not possibly agree. We prayed together; but we never took bread in the name of Christ together. Well may John Bunyan say, that "the robes of earth fell away from the pilgrims, as they passed over the river." And so I suppose it will be: the cowl of the Monk and the cloak of Calvin may enrobe the Christian; for I will never believe that the friar, whose conversation pleased me, nor my dear father, will be driven from the blessedness of Heaven, because of some mistaken opinions which do not take away the fear of God, and the love of God. True it is, that the salvation of their souls does not make Popery true, nor Calvinism true; and the Truth alone must be followed. But while I did not love my father less, and while I believe that if I am pardoned, and thought worthy, I shall meet him, through the mercy of our common Redeemer, in the future state; yet two reflections occurred to me, which shall form the apology for my alluding to the two facts I have mentioned.—One is, that there must

be some great mistake in the systems which thus alienate father from son, friend from friend, heart from heart, and Christian from Christian. All who believe in Christ as the one divine Saviour, the one conqueror of sin and death, ought, if possible, to unite at the same table to commemorate His sacrifice for man. The other is, that the Church of England, in its laws respecting this commemoration of the Lord's death, sets an example both to the Church of Rome and to the Dissenters. It does not insist on the partaking of the Sacrament by the dying, with the Church of Rome. It does not withhold the bread and wine, with the Dissenter. It encourages the believer to receive it; and then leaves the dying man to his conscience, and his God.

Wednesday, the 22*nd.*—The Vatican, St. Peter's, churches, pictures, and visitors. Dine with Colonel and Mrs. ——. A party in the evening, some of whom had been converted to Popery. The chief conversation—On the contrast between the usefulness of the unmarried woman, in the convent; and the usefulness of the mistress of a Christian home, the mother of a Christian family.

Thursday, the 23*rd.*—Return visits, and see more pictures and churches. Conversations with many of the friends I had made at Rome. Party at ——. Further accounts of the search for Bibles, and other arbitrary proceedings.

Friday, the 24th. — Introduced to-day to the Very Rev. Dr. Smith, O. T. B., the President of the Irish College at Rome. Both on this day and the two following days I received and returned the visits of this gentleman, and enjoyed with him, and Mesaheb and others who were present, but chiefly with Dr. Smith, one of the most varied, interesting, agreeable conversations I had yet had in Rome. Dr. Smith appears to be well versed in the knowledge of Councils, Fathers, Scripture, and History. He has promised to lay before the Pope any future Memorial I may wish to present, on the possibility of the summoning of a deliberative Synod to reconsider the controversies which divide us. Alas! the experience I have had, and the uniform answers which I have now received from the Pope, Cardinals, and Priests of the Church of Rome, from the Clergy of my own Church, from the opponents of my own Church, who are anti-episcopal as well as anti-papal, and from my own dearest and most intimate friends of all opinions, almost compel me to believe that all Union between the believers in Christ is hopeless. I should certainly believe it to be hopeless, if I was not convinced that the prayer of Christ will be answered, and the prophecies of God be fulfilled; and that Rome, therefore, will be brought to repentance. With Dr. Smith chiefly, though Me-

saheb and others joined in the conversation, I discussed:—

Whether Christ had given His Church power to decide erroneously?

Whether the authority of the Church of Rome was to be doubted,—if it was contrary to science, Scripture, antiquity, and every source of evidence, except its own seemingly unfounded decrees?

Whether the words to St. Peter, "On this rock I will build my Church," were not so fulfilled by His preaching to the Jews at Pentecost, and to the Gentiles at Joppa, that the theory of his supremacy is not essential to the right interpretation of that passage?

Whether the cessation of the Apostolical miracles did not imply that the Church was left to the ordinary influences of the Holy Spirit, and therefore to a greater possibility of mistake by the successors of the Apostles, than by the Apostles themselves?

Whether the belief that any erring Christian may be saved, justifies us in compelling the adoption of all his opinions?

Whether the separation of a kingdom from an empire, as in the case of America from England, does not imply that the Church of America is no longer to be subject to the Church of England? and, Whether that argument would not apply to

nations formerly subjected to the empire of Rome, and subsequently separated from it?

To what extent the Fathers, all of whose writings contain some questionable doctrines, can be regarded as guides to truth in controversies?

Whether Rome, by affirming its doctrines to be Scriptural, does not imply that the Scriptures ought to be freely studied, contrary to its practice in merely permitting its perusal!

What are the reasons that justify the disapprobation of the Council of Trent by those who receive without hesitation the Council of Nice?

Whether the distinction between the words "customs," τὰ ἔθη, "regulations," κανόνες, and "laws," νόμοι, does not prove, that whereas the two former prevailed in the primitive Churches, and the last in the later Churches, we may believe the gradual change to have been attended with some errors; and, therefore, that much of the discipline of Rome, as in the forbidding of marriage to the Clergy, &c., may be again changed from laws to recommendations?

Whether the decisions of Councils in one year ought not to be open to consideration in another year, as in the deliberations of the English Parliament?

Whether the power which enacts a law does not

possess in all cases an inherent authority to reconsider, revise, enforce, or repeal, that law?

To what extent any power has the privilege to decree its independence of any future discovery, criticism, or inquiry?

These and many other similar interesting topics were proposed and discussed without heat, or any loss of temper. With deep and sincere regret I parted from this most learned man. He is, I believe, a Jesuit. If the Jesuits knew their own strength, they would endeavour to win men by acting on the principle, that—"truth at all hazards," is a better source of influence than "authority at all hazards."

Saturday, the 25th.—Numerous friends call to take leave, as I had announced my intention to quit Rome on Monday. Dine at Mrs. L——'s. Meet Mr. P——, the P—— of T——, and a pleasant party.

Sunday, the 28th.—Trinity Sunday. Mr. B——, the Chaplain, preaches a good sermon on the subject of the day.

Take leave of St. Peter's. —— calls to present me with a large bronze medal, with my likeness from my cameo on one side, and, on the other, the old but ever valuable motto, "In necessariis Unitas, in dubiis Libertas, in omnibus Charitas."

I was overpowered and gratified by the attention, and by the feelings it implied.

My last conversation with the head of the Irish College was on the best English theological writers, —such as Hooker and Taylor,—on the power of the keys, the Councils, the union of authority and freedom, and the appeal of Christ to the seven Churches of Asia, of which there is no proof that they were governed by Rome. Talis cum sis, utinam noster esses!

Monday, the 27th.—A finer or more exhilarating morning never dawned upon the world, even in bright and sunny Italy, than that on which we at length bade adieu to the Great City. "Tell the vetturino," I said, "to drive very slowly." He did so. A— and B— and C— shook hands with us as we drove leisurely from the Piazza di Spagna, through the Via Babuino, or stopped in front of the Porta del Popolo, to take our last look at the walks and ascent of the Pincian, which terminates at that spot. After our passports had been inspected by the proper officers, we proceeded along the Via Flaminia, over the Ponte Molle, near the fields in which the musing Constantine, the evening before his last battle with the Pagan Mezentius, saw, or affirmed that he saw, after his prayer for the Divine assistance, in the sky, over the sun,

the shining cross with its speaking[4] inscription. Thence we drove slowly, and looked back, as the windings of the road for some miles permitted, on the domes, the turrets, the cupolas, the palaces, the Vatican, the glorious St. Peter's, and all the fair City, as the morning sun rendered it more magnificent and beautiful than I had ever before seen it. Farewell, farewell to Rome! What will convert thee? What means will the Divine Head of the Church adopt to work the great miracle of changing the unchangeable, healing the sick, waking the dead, and commanding the dry bones to live? Shall the Cross of Christ be seen in the Heavens, as at this very spot it was said to have been seen when the last blow to the dying Paganism subdued the enemy of the living God? Shall the Son of God be beheld again, as He was manifested at the conversion of St. Paul, with words from Heaven, to bid thee return to the ancient Faith which deserved and received the eulogy of an Apostle? Shall the preaching of the Gospel, the progress of civilization, and the saving knowledge of God's word, convert thee? or shall the judgments of God, as so many believe, destroy this Great City by the fire, the volcano,

[4] *γραφὴν λέγουσαν.* See Note 8, p. 224, Vol. i. Civil and Ecclesiastical History.

and the earthquake, as the outward, visible, and predicted sign of the Divine condemnation of the idolatrous apostasy from the purer, holier Faith? Willingly, most willingly, would I sacrifice my life to obtain repentance for the Church of Rome, and thus to lay the foundation of the better blessings which seem to be promised to the latter days, if the Holy page is interpreted rightly! How shall this great controversy be ended, if Rome will still hate to be reformed?—and then, while I thus pondered, rapidly as the lightning through the cloud, the whole history of the great controversy between Rome and the Catholic Church of God seemed to pass, at this interesting spot, through the mind; and confirmed every conclusion, and justified every opposition to Rome, which previous reflection and constant meditation on the collisions between the Church of Rome and the other Churches of Christ had induced me, through life, to adopt. "Yes!" I thought. "Reformation is still required of the Churches; but it must be the Reformation which takes us further from Rome, not that which brings us nearer to it."—The first six centuries of the past history of the Church presented the Faith which St. Paul praised, and the growth of the useful, honourable, ameliorating influence of Rome from his day to the day of the mission of Augustine to England; and the contrast between Rome

as it is, and Rome as it was, bade me, with more than mortal eloquence, persevere in my appeal to Rome itself to reconsider and repent.—The second six centuries showed me the incipient usurpations over Kings and Churches founded on the former intercourse of kindness, and respect, and Christian love, till Gregory blessed the banner of the Norman, and the Sovereigns of England trembled before the High Priest of Italy.—The retrospect of the next six centuries related the continued, ceaseless opposition to the ever increasing power, and the ever enlarging Creed of Rome. They reminded me of the stern obstinacy which never acknowledged an error, never retracted a decision; but which compelled with unrelenting severity, the reception of every dogma, every decree, till Luther became the mouth-piece of Europe, and spoke out the indignation of the Christian world. I remembered the deadly struggle of the Reformation, and its continuance till the Revolution; with the no less deadly hatred which attended it: and that portion also of the history of the past deepened the conviction, that the Reformation was essential to the happiness and the purity of the Church; that the Reformation was worth establishing, and therefore is worth defending. All the whole history of the past seemed to rise before me, and to vindicate and

sanction the policy, the expediency, and the justice of the self-imposed mission which had brought me to the Great City;—the urging upon Rome and its Ruler the reconsideration of its discipline, its laws, and its creed.

So spake the past; and the present re-echoed its instructions, and its conclusions.

Christ's religion alone, in some purer and better form, can heal the diseases of the nations. "Give us," the nations of the world seem to say, "a better Faith than Rome gives. Give us better governments than the absolutisms and despotisms, which have hitherto subdued and depressed us."

Religion and politics are the only two great topics, in which the common mass of mankind are interested. Sixty years have elapsed within my own experience since the nations of Europe have oscillated in religion, between the infidelity which denies Christianity, and the superstitious additions with which Rome has corrupted it. Sixty years have elapsed since they have oscillated in their politics, between the despotism which debased, and the anarchy which infuriated, and maddened them. Has not the time come, when, without either infidelity or anarchy, we may hope for a better faith, and better governments, than Rome would grant or sanction? Has not

the Church of Rome utterly and totally failed to give the continent of Europe that union of strength to governments, freedom to the people, mutual confidence, and national strength, which distinguishes and adorns anti-papal England? Is not something better than Popery demanded, both in religion and politics, by the nations of Europe? Ought not the lovers of the happiness of mankind to persevere in their efforts to emancipate the Continent from the faith of Rome?

The present came before me in another form.

Conscious of the greatness of its strength, and anxious to prove to all mankind its determination to remove from its government, its senate, and its people, the very possibility of the imputation of intolerance, England has repealed and rescinded every statute which the struggles and the hatreds of centuries had once seemed to render essential to the public safety. Resolved to conciliate, if it were possible, the Church and government of Rome, it has called the partisans of Rome to the senate; it has endowed its colleges of education; it has even established its errors in the colonies, and enabled its Clergy to uphold their hateful corruptions of Christianity. We have surrendered all, and have been willing to surrender all and every thing, but the Faith which St. Paul approved, the Church we love, the prayers with which we worship God, and the

Bible by which we know God. More could not have been done for the adherents of the Church which desires to destroy us, than has been done, if we still resolve to preserve the faith of Christ from the apostasy which corrupts it, So speaks the present: and what has been the return? Not one, no, not one decree has been rescinded; not one law altered; not one error resigned. The same towering ambition, the same restless, ceaseless, daring spirit of encroachment prevails. Every doctrine of faith, every assumption of power, every principle relating either to their ecclesiastical or civil domination, which our fathers resisted to the flame and the sword, is embodied in an unauthorized creed, as the motive to action, and the stimulus to incessant usurpation.

Can it be supposed, then, that I anticipate at present the least success in the efforts I am making? Oh! no. I can but hope to give this turn to the great controversy;—that, whereas Rome has hitherto called upon us, and our Church, and people, to repent, we should now call upon Rome to repent; for the end is not yet. The very principles of our splendid toleration will be made to fetter us, until we shall have suffered deeply, and more deeply. There is no remedy, none; none whatever from the insolence, the encroachments, and the assumptions of this

ambitious, intolerant, and intolerable power. Resistance to Rome, its falsehoods, its pretensions, and its dogged perseverance to destroy our Scriptural religion and our anti-papal faith, must and will be useless, till it has become, by means of our indifference, our divisions, and our negligence, more successful, and therefore more unendurable. If experience will not instruct nations, they must learn from suffering; and the resistance to Rome, which has been the solid foundation of our happiness, faith, and greatness, cannot now be successful till we have been still more grossly insulted, deceived, or enslaved. Rome must proceed in her odious progress, till she becomes more intolerable. Our zeal must be stigmatized as folly; our Christian love of truth must be esteemed as bigotry or enthusiasm, a little longer; till Rome is still more triumphant, and shall dare, in the intoxication of success, to outrage us, to rouse us, and to provoke us beyond endurance. This is now our only hope. All our present appeals are vain: but still we must appeal. All our present expostulations are useless: still we must expostulate, hoping against hope. Go on, Church of Rome! Go on in the renewal of the strength of thy mediæval claims to universal power! The divisions of England strengthen thee! The traitors of England love thee, and give thee power!

Go on in the presumption, and in the insolence, which our weakness upholds and encourages! In the name of the Church Catholic break the ancient canons, crush the longings of the nations for better governments and a purer religion. Fill up the measure of the ancient iniquity. Persevere to offend us. It is our only cure. Send out the unrequired Bishops to insult us, and the unrequired priests to mock us. Go on! The old zeal of England, which declared in the name of the living God "that Popery should neither wield the sceptre nor wear the mitre among us," is rapidly wasting away. Go on! The government is indifferent, the people are torpid, the Church is silent. Go on! The plague has begun, and is prevailing. The poison is spreading. The leprosy is in the pillars of the house of our God. The handwriting is on the walls. The blight is on the wheat. the curse is on the hearts of our people. The present, the present hour confirms the necessity of some voice to raise its cry in the wilderness, as the testimony to the future, with the certainty that such cry, at present, is useless. The present, the present hour, summons forth the resistance of the faithful who are left, to protest, however vainly, against the united craft and boldness of the Church of Rome. The present, as well as the past, sounds its warning voice, and commands

the Christian once more to be prepared to encounter the contempt, the scorn, and the reproach of all who disguise indifference to truth under the name of liberality ; or are willing to surrender the Truth itself, and the sacred fountains from which it proceeds, to the grasp of their common enemy, provided they are left to the enjoyment of their quiet and repose. We are betrayed ! But we must persevere against the domestic traitor, and against the foreign enemy.

From the past and present I turned to the anticipation of the future.—There alone the voice of Prophecy spoke forth the words of comfort, and commanded perseverance in the appeal to Rome, that it repent and put away the additions to the Faith of its fathers. It declared that the Atonement shall not have been made in vain, and that the family of man shall and must become the Universal Church of God. If this word be true, the time must come, when, the judgments of God upon Rome being ended, the Church of Rome itself shall be guided by the Spirit of God to the restoration of the Primitive Faith, and the revival of its purer obedience. But who shall live when God doeth this? Oh, my God, grant to the Church of Rome, for her own sake, for the sake of mankind, for the sake of the Universal Church, repentance to remove its errors, and grace to re-

turn to the Faith which thy Apostle praised and honoured! Heal the diseases of the Church of Rome. Make it the blessing, not the curse, to Thy Churches. Enable the Christians who believe in the Faith of the one only divine Saviour and Redeemer, to break down every wall of partition between them,—and to love Thee, and to love each other. Farewell to Rome. I am weary of conjecture.

The Road from Rome to Nepi is unattractive. We were amused at Nepi by one of the attendants, who was absent when we inspected the Cathedral. He came to us as the carriage was setting off, and requested money, for the singular reason, that when we walked through the Church he was not present! The country now began to be more beautiful and picturesque; but it has been described, and praised, and admired in the Guide Books, by Eustace, and by Lord Byron, and others, so much, that any further account of it would be needless. We arrived at Civita Castellana, and, after seeing the Cathedral, &c., sent our card to the French Commandant, and requested permission to go over the Citadel, a strong fortress and prison, now occupied by French soldiers and by prisoners from the suppressed Republican party. With the great courtesy which distinguishes this nation, he came himself, and walked with us

over the fortress. The prisoners were very numerous. I trust the mediæval system of punishment for political offences has gone by for ever. The object of punishment once seemed to be the infliction of useless torture, and not the prevention of crime. We saw one dungeon, where a poor young man had been imprisoned nine years, in which there was no room to lie down; it resembled a large cupboard, rather than a cell or room. The glowing, enthusiastic language in which the lovely scenery round this place is depictured by travellers in Italy all fail in power to describe it. The constant repetition, indeed, of the words "lovely!" "beautiful!" "splendid!" "delightful!" "magnificent!" and "superb!" seems to have no meaning, unless the eye gazes on the views they are intended to describe. Like the broken heaps of marle, to use the comedian's simile, "they encumber where they are intended to fertilize."

We requested our guide to return with us to the hotel to take coffee. His duties, he told us, prevented this; and we took leave of him, much gratified by his kindness.

Tuesday, the 28*th.*—To Terni, by Narni. The broken bridge; Mount Soracte; the junction of the Nar with the Tiber; the Cathedral at Narni; the drive to Terni; the view of the celebrated Falls; in spite of the numerous, indefatigable, remorse-

less beggars, who gathered in crowds at every turning, every end, and every beginning of a path; made the day as memorable as it was pleasant. Lord Byron compares, in his noble verses, the Iris formed by the waters of the Falls at Terni, to hope upon a death-bed, or to "*Love watching madness with unalterable mien.*" He might have compared it,—if he had known the feeling,—to the hope of a Christian, among the apostasies of falling Rome; or to love for the sons of men, watching the madness of Papal ambition, with the unalterable mien of calm and serene confidence in the accomplishment of the Prophecies, which declare, with the rainbow, at the subsiding of other waters, the removal of the curse, and the arrival of a better day.

At Terni they offered to show us some Milk of the Virgin, and some of the Blood of Christ. I turned away in silence; I could not encourage the wicked folly. I had no authority, I had no power, to suppress the unendurable falsehood. When such follies continue, how could I ever hope to hear that Italy could be restored to a better and purer Faith, if my conviction of the Truth of God's own prophecies were not as strong as death, and as the grave itself?

Wednesday, the 29th.—Spoleto, and its magnificently adorned Cathedral. I observed a monument in the Church, of which I could not understand

the inscription. It was to St. Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury, 1205. St. Edmund Rich, the introducer of the study of Aristotle to the University of Oxford, and subsequently Archbishop of Canterbury, died at Soissy, in Champagne, in 1242. There is some mistake, which I could not rectify.

Thursday the 30th.—Though the rain was descending in torrents, and the mist was so thick that we could not see more than a few yards before us, I ordered the vetturino to drive to the magnificent Assisi. Few names of pseudo-saints more influential in the history of the Church have been handed down to us, than that of St. Francis of Assisi. Zeal, austerity, the endurance of severe privation and excessive fatigue, the affirmation of wonderful visions, fervour in preaching, raptures in prayer, and all the other virtues usually ascribed to the ascetic devotees of the period, elevated him to the highest rank of popular saintship. The chief foundation, however, of the extraordinary veneration in which he was held was,—the belief that his body was miraculously impressed with the marks, or stigmata, which were inflicted by the spear and nails on the body of Christ. A seraph with six wings had appeared to him in the air, bearing between his wings the figure of a man fastened to a cross.

This figure gazed on him, it was said, with pensive, yet gracious sadness. It then vanished away; and the body of Francis began to receive the marks of nails, as if, like soft wax, it received the impression of a seal. His side received also a red wound, as if it had been pierced by a lance. Butler has collected the evidence of the reality of these wounds, the precautions taken to conceal them, and the effect of the conviction of their certain infliction upon the minds of the contemporaries of Francis. He was canonized by successive Popes. He was called a second Christ[5]: and I have in my possession the book of falsehoods which was seemingly written to confirm the other falsehoods, the Book of the Conformity of St. Francis to Christ, in which the parallel is drawn between the two in forty instances, to excite for St. Francis the same veneration which is granted by the anti-papal Christian to Christ the Lord alone! This book was first published by a Franciscan, of Pisa, in 1383, and printed at Milan in 1513. The interest I have taken in this book, and the remembrance that many Popes, tens of thousands of converts, and hundreds of thousands of disciples, have honoured the name of Francis, made me impatient, in spite of the weather, to see the majestic Church, which the

[5] Dean Waddington's History of the Church, Vol. iii. p. 34.

admiration of his followers had raised to their leader. Neither was I disappointed. The Church at Assisi is well worthy of the inspection of every traveller in Italy. It may be justly called three Churches in one. The subterranean Church retains portions of the solid rock from which it was excavated. Above this is the Church of the Convent; and over that is a third Church, extending in long halls, abounding with the pictures of Giotto and Cimabue, and wonders of painting, and frescoes, of which I do not speak more, because the Guide Books are both eloquent and accurate in their details. I was enchanted with the beauty and rarity of the attractive wonders of the city. The Cathedral, the cloisters of the Convent, the great hall into which some of the monks conducted me, though permission was refused to Mrs. Townsend to walk either in the corridors or hall, the ancient Temple of Minerva, and the splendid views of the surrounding country, (for the weather was now more clear,) amply repaid my curiosity. One circumstance, however, destroyed all my satisfaction.—Whether the monks commemorated the festa of the English saint Walstan, or the Spanish saint Ferdinand III., both of whose days fall on the 30th of May, I know not; but the open space before the Church was strewed with flowers, the Church was lighted up,

though it was open day; and many pilgrims, wearing their peculiar badges, were assembled in the piazza. Among these pilgrims were some gentlemanly-looking men, whom, from their appearance and demeanour, I believed to be English. I was grieved to see them in that garb. I study the books of the Papists; and from them, as well as from the volumes in which my own conclusions are defended, I deduce my opinions in these matters. From a love of truth, impartiality, and resolution to know all that can be said, I read on each side of the question; and I find it to be impossible to believe, either in the stigmata of St. Francis, the necessity of pilgrimage, or the system of papal additions to the ancient faith of the Primitive Church. I was grieved, deeply grieved, to see an English gentleman forsaking the better faith of his truth-loving countrymen, and identifying himself with the less enlightened and superstitious Italian.

From Assisi we proceed to Perugia. The rain came on again. We were much fatigued, and unable to visit, as it was late, the Cathedral and the tomb of the great Pope Innocent III. So much is to be seen at Perugia, that we hope, if we live, to be able to visit the city at some future time.

Friday, the 31*st.*—We rose very early, and

walked out to the ruins of the citadel on the hill on which Perugia is built, and gazed on one of the most wonderful phenomena of nature. The rain of the previous day occasioned a vast sea of white mist to fill the whole valley before us. It appeared like an extended sea of light, thin, curling waves; from which high buildings, church steeples, and church towers, emerged like islands. The difference between this early mist at Perugia and that at Rome, which I saw from the Pincian, consisted in the contrast between the dark floating waves of the one, with the light floating waves of the other. Very striking was the scenery beneath us and before us. It elicited the old, but ever new quotation, "These are Thy glorious works," &c.

Slowly driving past the serene, calm, silently slumbering Lake of Thrasimene, dining at Cortona, and revelling in the remembrances of its history, and the brief view of the ruins around the city, we arrive at Arezzo.

Saturday, June 1*st.*—Reading too intensely in the open carriage with my hat off, sudden and continued headache prevented the enjoyment of the scenery between Arezzo, which we hope to see another year, and Florence, which we reached safely: and we at once proceeded to apartments which had been taken for us by a friend.

Sunday, the 2nd.—Service in our own rooms.

Monday, the 3rd.—We remained at this most fascinating place three weeks, contrary to our intention of more immediately returning home. The whole of that time was passed in completing, if I may use the expression, the holiday of my life, which had begun in January. We found at Florence agreeable friends, literary conversation, pleasant parties, delightful excursions, ever new walks in the gardens of the Pitti Palace, and other places, and no less enchanting drives in the Boboli Gardens, to the Prattolini, to the grounds and terraces of Fæsoli, Dolci, and other places in the neighbourhood of Florence. The mornings were passed in the picture galleries of the Uffizi, the Pitti Palace, the Laurentian Library, the Duomo, the Baptistery, the Churches, or the Cathedrals; the evenings in the conversational parties, at the apartments or houses of the numerous friendly English whom we found in the city.

On Monday the 10th we made a party to the Convent, the hill, and the brooks of Vallombrosa. No ecstatic description by the numerous travellers who have visited the scene, and indulged in the most enthusiastic language respecting its varieties, extent, and attractions, has at all exaggerated its beauties. I pleased myself with the thought that it was possible that Milton himself might

have pored over the Hebrew and historical works in the library; for many of them had been published prior to the date of his two months' residence in Florence, in the year 1638. It is not probable that he resided at Florence during that time without visiting Vallombrosa, to which he has alluded in one of his most well-known passages. The allusion, indeed, of Milton to the

> "Autumnal leaves
> That strew the brooks of Vallombrosa,"

has made the romantic scenery of the conventual domains still more classical, and formed a powerful incentive to undergo the fatigue of climbing to the summit of the hill. I do not, however, see any further allusion to Vallombrosa in his Latin poems to Salsilli and Manso, which were written after his visit to Florence. The museum, the long galleries from the Pitti Palace, with the Uffizi, the Arno, the bridges, the sunsets, the houses on the bridge, reminding us of London in the olden time, no less attracted us in their turn. The absence of English newspapers, and the consequent avoidance for a time, of the exciting discussions respecting our political and religious controversies, added to the mental repose of the place. I do not mention the long list of the names of those who welcomed us, and rendered the three weeks we passed with them among the most pleasant of our reminiscences of

our journey, as I have not their permission to do so. Sir George Hamilton, one of the most accomplished, may be named. His friends, and myself among them, are lamenting his loss.

With thankful hearts to God for His goodness, and with grateful minds to our numerous friends for their attention and kindness, we left Florence at the end of our three weeks' sojourn, and arrived at Bologna on the evening of the 25th. That city, too, if we live, we hope to revisit at some future day. We were now only anxious to return to England.

Wednesday, the 26th.—Piacenza. This place also we hope to see on another occasion.

Thursday, the 27th.—Rise very early, and at Three in the afternoon arrive, exceedingly fatigued, at Milan. After reposing, we dine at the table-d'hôte. Our hotel was the Hôtel de la Ville de Milan.

Here one circumstance much pained me.—I was placed at the table-d'hôte near some American gentlemen, from whom I learned that they were travelling for their amusement. Their allusions to their mode of travelling, numbers of servants, and style of equipage, assured me that they were in that rank in America which implied station, wealth, leisure, and education. I have had the honour at Durham of welcoming some of the American Bishops, M'Ilvain, Meade, and Eastburn,

and many of the American Episcopal Clergy, Dr. Wightman and others; and I always found their conversation to be similar to that of the educated English gentleman: there was but little difference. Now and then an idiomatic phrase not generally used in England, or an archæological, classical, though disused English word, such as "to progress," constituted the only observable distinctions. With these gentlemen, however, there was a certain slangishness, a variation in the pronunciation of words, such as "inquiries" with the penult short, which surprised me. I was sorry for this. The two nations have the same Bible, the same Prayer Book, the same Milton and Shakspeare, and all the books which are implied in these four. They have the same religion, and the same literature; and they ought, if possible, to uphold the same standard of language. The Americans are our body, and flesh, and bones; the same nation, the same people. The parent and the child have not parted on friendly terms, and they have been angry with each other since their first separation; but I trust we shall ever be deemed one people, for the common benefit of mankind.

Three months would be required to see Milan. We could not give to it three whole days. After dinner we devote the evening to the Cathedral and city. I observe that the Milanese will not

go into the same cafés with the Austrian officers, who are very numerous.

Friday, the 28th.—Early to see the Cathedral, the Church of St. Ambrose, and the library. Very beautifully did the white marble pinnacles, finials, and crockets glitter against the deep blue sky, as we gazed on them from the window of our hotel; and well worthy of admiration, as we walked round the magnificent building, were the statues, the windows, and all the external decorations. We thought the inside more dark and gloomy than was required for the impression of solemnity. We inspected the often described relics, and admired the representation of the four great Doctors of the Church,—Jerome, Augustine, Gregory, and Ambrose.

All was very beautiful, and very attractive. On gazing at the resemblances of the four great Doctors of the Universal Church, I could not but remember the strikingly singular manner in which all the respective excellencies for which they were severally most esteemed and honoured were united in the Church of England. Jerome is chiefly esteemed for his labours on the Bible; Augustine, for his explications of the Faith; Gregory, for his ordinances on the Liturgical Services of the Church; and Ambrose, for his resistance to the Princes and Sovereigns of his age, when they imagined that

the authority of the Prince superseded the customs, the doctrines, or the observances of the Church. Though the Church of England is "built upon the foundations of the Apostles and the Prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner stone," the four Great Pillars which support the superstructure are, the knowledge of the Bible, elucidated by Jerome; the pure Faith, which the Church ever venerated in Augustine; the appropriate Prayers and Services, which were collected by Gregory; and the refusal to permit the Stuart race of Sovereigns to compel us to receive the unscriptural additions of Rome to the ancient Creeds of the four first Councils of the Primitive Church.—None of the four Doctors of the Church received the novel tenets embodied in the Creed of Pope Pius IV.

From the Cathedral at Milan we drove to the Basilica founded by Ambrose. Milan has been so often sacked and destroyed, that little of the original city remains. The site of the Basilica of Ambrose, however, has been always preserved. Parts of the doors of cypress wood, ornamented with Scripture histories and foliage, though of a later date than Ambrose, who died in 397, are still shown. The gold and silver ornaments of the altar, the Baldacchino over the altar, under which the bodies of Ambrose, and Gervasius, and

Protasius, are said to be buried, the pictures, mosaics, the portrait of Ambrose, and the legendary history of his life, the ancient throne of marble in which the Bishops of Milan sat, the curious stone pulpit upon eight arches, the representation of an ancient Agape, and the eagle supporting the book of the Gospels, amply repaid our curiosity. We saw the figure of the Brazen Serpent, which is affirmed by many to be regarded as the Serpent which Moses raised in the Wilderness. It was placed here by Archbishop Arnulph in 1002, and is said to have been a type of the Cross [6].

The sight of the remnant of the old doors of the church which Ambrose shut against a powerful Emperor unavoidably recalled to mind the exercise of episcopal authority, which was subsequently so much abused by the Church of Rome. The resistance of Ambrose to Theodosius, and other rulers of the day, must not, however, be considered in the same light with those infamous and indefensible acts of authority, the excommunications of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, for their right and holy rejection of an unjust, usurped, tyrannical supremacy. Five several instances are recorded of the exercise of this

[6] Gretzer de Cruce, l. i. c. 41, ap. Butler, Dec. 7th, Lives of the Saints.

great influence by Ambrose; and in every instance he was justified by the circumstances. He obtained from the Emperor Gratian the enactment of the decree, that thirty days should elapse between the sentence of death and the execution of the criminal; so that all haste, and passion, and injustice might be avoided. He prevented the murderer of Gratian, the usurper Maximus, from passing the Alps to destroy the remnant of the party of Gratian. He persuaded Valentinian to refuse to the eloquent Symmachus the replacement of the Altar of Victory in the Senate-house of Rome. The Emperor uttered, on that occasion, a sentiment which it may be wished that Newman, Spencer, Ward, Oakeley, and others, who have become the adherents of the Church of Rome, would remember, and apply to themselves: —That "he loved Rome; but he must obey God." Ambrose refused to permit the Empress Justina to give up the Basilica of Milan to the enemies of the Divinity of Christ: and he rejected Theodosius from the Communion of those who were admitted to the Holy Table, till he had first placed himself among the penitents who were temporarily refused the Communion for their offences. He required of the Emperor submission, not to himself, but to the usual discipline of the Church, in common with all other Christians. The Emperor had com-

manded the wholesale slaughter of seven thousand men in the circus of Thessalonica, in cold blood, after his solemn promise to Ambrose, that he would pardon the rash and tumultuous murder of a general, who had refused to give back a justly-imprisoned charioteer to the demands of the people. The crime was great and indefensible. The promise of pardon was unconditional. The punishment, whether with or without the promise, was disproportioned to the offence. Well would it have been for mankind if crime, cruelty, and murder could have been repressed or punished in all ages by the same exercise of episcopal authority! Every sect, every party, every society of every kind, exercises the power of rejecting the unworthy from its privileges; and the same power, however scandalously it may have been abused by Rome, is one of the duties, defences, and immunities, which the civil law ought to permit, as the prerogative which Christ and His Apostles have granted to every Church which is founded upon their Faith and discipline.

Saturday, the 29th.—To the Ambrosian Library. Inspected many of the manuscripts; but libraries are only tantalizing, unless you may take down the books, inspect them, and replace them at pleasure.

Re-visit the Cathedral; and set forward to the Lake of Como and Chiavenna.

Sunday, the 30th.—Rest at Chiavenna, and keep the day. Walk, after our own service, to a country church, in which were pictures of miracles, and the bearing away through the air of the Church of Loretto; and see also the strange collections of skulls, bones, and relics, in the two churches of Chiavenna.

Monday, July the 1st.—From Chiavenna very early in the morning, across the Splugen. "Replenish the earth, and subdue it," was the command. Here the mountain is tamed, and pierced, and subdued. How perfect is the road! how wonderful the excavated galleries! how beautiful the curves and windings of the otherwise precipitous descent! We passed through Richenau, the place where Louis Philippe became an assistant to a school.

Arrive at Coire in the evening.

Although many authors have affirmed the story of King Lucius to be most probably fictitious, yet I resolved, as the question had been discussed by Collier[7] and others, to inspect the relics of this real or supposed British king. Leaving my party, therefore, at the hotel, I went on at once to the Church and Convent where the relics were deposited. The Church was closed; and I wandered, till the keys were brought to me, near the spot,

[7] Eccles. Hist. i p. 14.

among the towers, walls, and steep rocks on which the higher part of the town is built. The idea that a British king had, as was said, resigned his throne, wandered over the Continent as a preacher of the primitive Truth, and lived and died as a hermit in or near this place, reminded me of the prophecy, that "the isles," the places near the sea, or the places surrounded by the sea, the description equally of Rome and Britain, should longingly wait for the law of Him "who should neither break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax [8]." I remembered the remarkable traditions, that the father of Caractacus possibly and probably became acquainted at Rome with St. Paul, when both were captives in that city; that he brought from Rome the knowledge of the true Faith;—that St. Paul, in his second imprisonment at Rome, mentions, when writing to Timothy, a Christian British lady, Claudia, implying thereby the certainty that Christianity was known and taught in Britain. These, and other reflections of the same nature, compelled me to believe, also, the possibility, or very great probability, that Lucius was the Llewer Mawr of Llandaff, in British antiquity; and that he was instructed, when a youth, in the Christian religion, by his mother, the daughter of Pudens and Claudia. The one

[8] Isaiah xlii. 1—4.

great object of Papal ambition, above all other objects, is to obtain the conquest, the repression, and the supreme spiritual dominion over my own dear Christian land. The traitor editor of the Lives of the Saints [9] exults, I remembered, in the fact, that Lucius sent to the Bishop of Rome of that day, Eleutherius, for instruction and direction. He infers from that message the supremacy and precedency of Rome. If the Popes of the three last centuries had given to the sovereigns of England, and to the Churches of Europe, the same answer which Eleutherius gave to Lucius, there might still have been union, without submission. The Pope told the king that he, the king, was Christ's vicar in his own land, over his own people; and that the Holy Scriptures were the best foundations of his national laws. The letter is quoted by Collier, Williams [1], Butler [2], and by nearly all who have written on the subject. Eleutherius claimed no supremacy, enacted no decrees, demanded no submission. One law, the written law of God, was the supreme director, commanded by the one and accepted by the other. There was union, on the basis of love and truth. There was no required and no yielded submission, on the basis of usurpation and falsehood.

[9] Newman. [1] Ancient Britain. [2] Lives of the Saints.

Such thoughts rapidly filled my mind, as I waited patiently for the sacristan, or virger, with the keys of the Church. I admired the porch, the statues, the ornaments, the architecture. The skulls of Lucius and his sister, adorned with gems and jewels, and surrounded over the foreheads with flowers, were brought forth from their boxes. The evening began to close in ; and as the duskiness of the hour increased, and I gazed still with attention and curiosity on the fleshless relics, a close, sepulchral, earthy smell seemed to pervade the place, and overcame me, and almost made me faint. The whole vision of Ezekiel in the valley of the dry bones seemed to present itself to me. While I still gazed on the fleshless relics, the sinews seemed to begin to cover the dry bones, and dull flesh to cover the sinews, and pale skin to spread over the flesh. The hollow cheeks filled out, the dry and eyeless sockets assumed sunken, sightless, fearful eyes. I imagined that a mysterious whisper came forth from the lips of the skull of the king, and bade me persevere to uphold the united dominions of the ruler of my country and the law of my God. It was a strange feeling of awe and solemnity. But this was not all: as I still stood by the sad relics before me, the Image of Death, as a skeleton, with the shadowy dart in his hand, as the King

of Terrors is represented in Martin's striking engraving in the Paradise Lost, seemed to emerge from the increasing darkness in the corner of the vestry. The bones of the skeleton seemed to whiten, and to glisten as I gazed. The noisome hand of one arm seemed to clutch the Bible in its long vile fingers, while the other hand waved its shadowy dart, to prevent the possibility of the escape of the sacred book. The vision lasted but a moment; but the word "Popery" seemed to beam in letters of fire on every bone of the fleshless skeleton, from its horrible foot to its flaming head. The vision was a phantom: but was it not a reality? The fatigue of the day, the one subject which always occupies my mind, the skulls, the darkness, and the smell of the sepulchre, raised up the vision. I turned from the skulls and the relics to the door of the room, and rejoiced to meet my party, who were now coming up from the hotel to visit the Church.

Tuesday, the 2nd.—Set off early to Zurich, through the canal of Wallenstadt, and through the beautiful scenery of the lake, to Zurich.

Wednesday, the 3rd.—Stopped the whole day at Zurich, to visit the Churches, and to inspect the Library, where was the Hebrew Bible, with some few marginal notes of the glorious Zuinglius, Letters of Lady Jane Grey, &c. &c.

Thursday, the 4th.—Leave Zurich; travel all night; arrive at Basle, and walk through the city. Set off to Strasburgh.

Friday, the 5th.—Leave Strasburgh, sending the servants on to Dusseldorf; go on to Manheim, and thence to Heidelberg, to pay my respects to Dr. Umbreit, whose Commentary on Job had been so useful to me in my work entitled "Scriptural Communion with God." I had an interesting conversation with him. Visit the Castle, Antiquities, and Curiosities of Heidelberg.

Saturday, the 6th.—Leave Heidelberg; go through Hesse Darmstadt, to Frankfort; take a carriage, and drive to the Church, the Hall of the Portraits of the Emperors, the curious Clock, &c. &c.; thence to Biberich; and so by the steamer to Dusseldorf.

Sunday, the 7th.—Service at Colonel Tyndale's house, by Mr. Glover. Stay with kind friends at Dusseldorf till the evening of Thursday, visiting Cologne in the interval.

Thursday, the 11th.—Leave Dusseldorf in the evening, by the steamer.

Friday, the 12th.—Steam down the varied, beautiful, often-described Rhine.

Saturday, the 13th.—Arrive and sleep at Rotterdam; expecting to be at Hull the next morning.

Sunday, the 14*th.*—The vessel being compelled, I know not why, to come round by the interior of Holland, and having also struck on one of the shallows in one of the canals, we pass the whole of Sunday on the sea. Very interesting conversations with some sailors, on their knowledge of the Scriptures; and their own, or their parents' attachment to the Church, or to some of our religious parties.

Monday, the 15*th.*—Safely arrived, by God's mercy, in England, after an absence of six months from home; and after a journey, of which the pleasures of novelty were undiminished by one day's sickness, or by any annoyance which was not made a source of smiles and amusement. Kindness and respect, attention and favour, health and cheerfulness, and, I trust also, thanksgiving and gratitude to the Giver of all good, attended us in every step of our way. I humbly hope that the life which has been made God's care, may be more devoted to God's service; and with this humble, but earnest petition, I now conclude my Journal.

APPENDIX.

Note 1, p. 6.

In the 4th Rule of the Index respecting prohibited books, the Fathers of the Council of Trent declare, that

"It is manifest by experience, that if the Holy Bibles in the vulgar language are circulated every where without discrimination, *more harm than good* arises on account of the rashness of men." They therefore direct, that no one shall presume to read or possess the Holy Scriptures, without a faculty in writing; under a penalty of not being capable of receiving absolution of their sins, unless they have first given up their Bibles to the Ordinary. And any bookseller who dares to sell Bibles indiscriminately shall forfeit his goods, and be punished according to the pleasure of the Bishop. This rule was acted upon so late as May, 1824, when Leo XII. issued an encyclical letter to his clergy, in which he says, "We, Venerable Brethren, in conformity with our Apostolic duty, exhort you to turn away your flock, by all means, from these *poisonous pastures* (the Scriptures translated into the vulgar tongue)." This Bull of the Pope was published in Ireland, with Pastoral Instructions from the Irish Roman Catholic bishops. These tell their flocks therein, that they fully agree with his Holiness in his declaration, that "the indiscriminate perusal of the Bible is attended with more harm than good, on account of the rashness of men." I omit numerous proofs of these facts.

Note 2, p. 8.

According to Thomas Aquinas (Secun. Secundæ, art. x.), the Pontiff cannot make any addition to the substance of the Creed: his influence over the Creed consists in *this*, that he can summon a General Council, which alone can add an article or articles to

the Creed; but such article or articles must be no more than *declaratory* ones, and they can only be called for by "insurgentes errores," by the errors of heretics that may spring up from time to time; and which can be met only by declaring that they are already condemned by some original article of the Creed, which the Council explains, amplifies, or defines.

Articulus X.—*Utrum ad Summum Pontificem pertineat Fidei Symbolum ordinare.*—Videtur quod non pertineat ad Summum Pontificem Fidei Symbolum ordinare. Nova enim editio Symboli necessaria est propter explicationem articulorum Fidei. Sed in Veteri Testamento Articuli Fidei magis ac magis explicabantur secundum temporum successionem: propter hoc, quòd veritas fidei magis manifestabatur secundum majorem propinquitatem ad Christum. Cessante ergo tali causa, in Nova Lege non debet fieri major ac major explicatio Articulorum Fidei. Ergo non videtur ad auctoritatem summi Pontificis pertinere nova editio Symboli.

2. Præterea, Illud, quod est sub anathemate interdictum ab Universali Ecclesia non subest potestati hominis alicujus: sed nova Symboli editio interdicta est sub anathemate auctoritate Universalis Ecclesiæ. Dicitur enim gestis primæ Ephesinæ Synodi, quòd perlecto Symbolo Nicenæ Synodi, decrevit Sancta Synodus aliam fidem nulli licere proferre, vel conscribere, vel componere, præter definitum a Sanctis Patribus qui in Nicena congregati sunt, cum Spiritu Sancto: et subditur anathematis pœna; et idem etiam reiteratur in gestis Chalcedonensis Synodi: ergo videtur quòd non pertineat ad auctoritatem Summi Pontificis nova editio Symboli.—Thom. Aquinas, Secunda Secundæ, art. x.

Note 3, p. 8.

The difference between an Article of Faith and an Article of a Creed may be illustrated by the Articles of our own Church. We declare in the xxxviith Article, that "it is lawful for Christian men, at the command of the Magistrate, to wear weapons, and serve in the wars;" but we do not insert this in the Creeds. The proposition may be discussed and rescinded by the same authority which decreed it. So the Articles of the Council of Trent may be rescinded by another Council, and the Bulls of Popes may be rescinded by those of their successors.

Note 4, p. 9.

See Dedication, p. 133, "Scriptural Communion with God," Part VI. Rivingtons: London, 1849.

In his *Commonitorium* Dupin discussed the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, as they regarded doctrine, morality, and discipline. He insisted on the necessity of tradition to interpret the Scriptures, and establish the canonicity of the books of the Old and New Testament. He insisted on the infallibility of the Church in faith and morality; and he contended, that the sacrifice of the Mass was not a simple sacrament, but a continuation of the sacrifice of the Cross. The term Transubstantiation he seemed willing to give up, if the Roman Catholic doctrine expressed by it were retained! He proposed that communion under both kinds, or under bread alone, should be left to the discretion of the different Churches. The marriage of priests, in the countries in which such marriages were allowed, and the recitation of divine service in the vernacular language, he allowed; and he intimated that no difficulty would be found in the ultimate settlement of the doctrines respecting indulgences, the veneration of saints, relics, or images. He seems to have thought that the Pope can exercise no immediate jurisdiction in the dioceses of bishops, and that his primacy invested him with no more than a general conservation of the deposit of faith, a right to enforce the observance of the sacred canons, and the general superintendence of discipline. He allowed, in general terms, that there was little substantially wrong in the discipline of the Church of England; he deprecated all discussion on the original merit of the Reformation; and he professed to see no use in the Pope's intervention, in the business then in hand, till the basis of the negotiation should be settled.

Note 5, p. 10.

I extract here part of this appeal to the Pope:—"We dare not say that all believers in the truth of Scripture, in the Divinity of Christ, and in the necessity of personal religion, will be damned if they receive not this Creed of Pius IV.

"Thou, Bishop of Rome, canst not believe these things. The time has come when the Pope cannot, does not, dare not, profess

his belief, that every Christian who welcomes not the Creed of Pius IV. will not be saved. It is impossible—and the Bishops in communion with you know that it is impossible, that the rejector of images, and the withholder of honour from other mediators than the Holy Son of God, shall be cast away from the infinite mercy of Jesus Christ, because that arbitrary, inconsistent, intolerant, and intolerable tissue of mingled truth and falsehood is unacceptable, or unendurable. Act then, Bishop of Rome, upon your apostolical, episcopal authority. *Heal the divisions of the Churches, by declaring that this obnoxious Bull be cancelled, rescinded, repealed.* Affirm your willingness to exempt from their oaths of canonical obedience the declarers of attachment to this Creed. Summon the Bishops of your own Patriarchate. Affirm your supremacy within the limits which the Council of Nice assigned you. Invite your brethren of the Apostolicity to consult on Scriptural and Primitive principles, for the whole Catholic Church. *Assume your real dignity as a spiritual ecclesiastic in Italy, without stretching your decaying sceptre over the Churches of Europe and the world.* Make the greatest sacrifice at the altar of Jesus Christ, which Prince or Potentate ever made—the sacrifice of the usurpation of centuries—the sacrifice of a dominion claimed from heaven, but never given by the Almighty. *Destroy Popery*, and *substitute Christianity*. Take away from the Catholic Church the severe and stern necessity of resisting to the death the Bishop of Rome. Seek no longer to enslave us; and thus command the cessation of the wide-spread and undying resolution to effect your overthrow. In the name of the God of peace, we implore you to lay the foundation of the religious peace of the Churches of Christ. Do not wait till ruin descend upon you, as the result of the obstinate efforts of Popery to bind the dead mass of its corruptions to the living body of Christ; but give the world peace from your restlessness, your machinations, your conspiracies against freedom, your hatred against the truth. Resign your claims to an unscriptural supremacy. Be like St. Peter, the brother Bishop, and the brother Elder, and not the lord over the heritage of God. Bid the unholy war to cease against a free Press, an open Bible, the spiritual Church of England, and the common spirit of inquiry, which, though often perverted, is the basis of our conviction of Truth,

and the next blessing to Truth itself. Head the movement. Become the standard-bearer of that great number which no man shall number, in these latest ages of history, which passionately longs for the embracing of Peace with Truth, and reunions of the members of the Universal Church of Christ. Neither you, nor your successors, with all the despotisms of Europe, if they could be restored, nor all the Jesuits who have ever uttered their curses on our energies, nor all the perverted traitors within our own tolerant Church, will be able to reunite the Christian Churches on the foundation of the old Popery. You may reunite them on the basis of the Confession of the errors of your predecessors, and the withdrawal of the Papal pretensions. Act on these principles, and you will become in reality what you profess to be in theory—the messenger from God to man—the peace-maker between the divided Churches —the reconciler of Christians—the benefactor of the Church and the world. *Falsify the assertions of those who tell us that Rome cannot, and will not, reform herself.* Confute and nullify all those interpretations of the prophecies, which assure us that Rome is the one great Antichrist, which refuses to be reformed by others, and which must and will be consumed by fire from heaven. Begin your own revision of the past, and of the present; and it shall be at the end of the Christian Dispensation, as it was at the beginning, that the Faith of the Church of Rome shall be spoken of with admiration, imitation, and gratitude throughout the whole world."

Note 6, p. 13.

"It may be observed, that the authority of Bishops was never greater in the world than when they concerned themselves only in the exercise of their own proper spiritual power. For then they had an universal respect paid them by all sorts of men; insomuch that no Christian would pretend to travel without taking letters of credence with him from his own Bishop, if he meant to communicate with the Christian Church in a foreign country. Such was the admirable union of the Church Catholic in those days, and the blessed harmony and consent of her Bishops among one another! These letters were of divers sorts, according to the different occasions or quality of the persons that carried them. They are generally reduced to three kinds: the *Epistolæ Commendatoriæ*, *Com-*

municatoriæ, and *Dimissoriæ*. The first were such as were granted only to persons of quality, or else persons whose reputation had been called in question, or to the clergy who had occasion to travel into foreign countries. The second sort were granted to all who were in the peace and communion of the Church, whence they were also called *Pacificæ*, and *Ecclesiasticæ*, and sometimes *Canonicæ*. The third sort were such as were given only to the clergy when they were to remove from their own diocese, and settle in another; and they were to testify that they had their Bishops' leave to depart; whence they were called *Dimissoriæ*, and sometimes *Pacificæ* likewise. All these went under the general name of *Formatæ*, because they were written in a peculiar form, with some particular marks and characters, which served as special signatures, to distinguish them from counterfeits."—Bingham, book ii. chap. iv. sect. 5.

Note 7, p. 16.

The error of Dr. Pusey, and of all his party, whether actually gone over to the Church of Rome, or in the transition state thither, is, the forgetfulness of the spirit of that holy Wisdom, which has declared that "the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath," Mark ii. 27. They forget that the priest is appointed for the people, and not the people for the priest; that while the priest is the salt of the earth, and the leaven of the bread, the salt was made for the earth, and not the earth for the salt; the leaven was made for the bread, and not the bread for the leaven. I have read Dr. Pusey's Sermons. The fault may be in myself; but to me they appear to be obscure, inconsistent, and unintelligible. His own friends point out his own heterodoxy. "Give me," I exclaimed to myself, slightly altering the lines of G. Canning,—

> Give me the avow'd, the erect, the Popish foe;
> Bold I may meet, and thus avert the blow;
> But of all plagues, my God, thine anger sends,
> Save, save Thy Churches from their traitor friends.

I have said that Dr. Pusey's own friends point out his heterodoxy, and, by presenting us with a succinct summary of his leading tenets, spare us the distasteful task of raking them together from those writings of their master in which they are dispersed. Mr. Dods-

worth, in his Letter to Dr. Pusey, shows that his friend inculcates twelve points of faith, which Rome approves, and England condemns.—The twelve points are these: 1. the Sacrament of Penance; 2. Auricular Confession; 3. the Propitiatory Sacrifice of the Holy Eucharist; 4. the Corporeal presence in the Eucharist; 5. the Adoration of Christ really present on the Altar; 6. introduction of Roman Catholic books; 7. encouraging the use of rosaries; 8. and of crucifixes; 9. and of devotion to the five wounds of Christ; 10. using the popish expression of our "being inebriated by the blood of our Lord;" 11. advocating counsels of perfection; 12. seeking to restore the conventual and monastic life.—Yet Dr. Pusey still remains in the Church of England!

Note 8, p. 74.

The 14th of March is observed in honour of the Forty-seven Martyrs who were baptized by St. Peter and St. Paul in the Mamertine Prison, where they were detained for nine months, and were then beheaded. This prison is at the foot of the Capitol, a little above the Forum, with steps down to it, and is visited, from religious motives, by believers on stated days. It is held in great veneration on account of its connexion with the Apostles Peter and Paul. It strongly resembles the prison described by Sallust, in his Catiline war: "Est locus in carcere quod Tullianum appellatur, ubi paulatim descendens ad lævam circiter duodecim pedes humi depressus, eum muniunt undique parietes, atque insuper camera lapideis fornicibus juncta, et incultu tenebris, odore fœda, atque terribilis ejus est facies." But Baronius (Martyr. Roman. Martii xiv.) thinks that "the Mamertine prison is not the same with this prison, which was constructed by King Tullius (as Varro relates, de Ling. Lat. Lib. iv.), and called from him, Tullianus; but lies to the east of it." Pliny says, that the Carcer Tullianus,—that part of it, at least, in which persons convicted of capital offences were confined,—extended to the Theatre of Marcellus. Now that theatre is between the Tarpeian Rock and the Tiber. But the Mamertine prison lies to the east of the Temple of Marcellus; therefore it must be altogether a different place from the Carcer Tullianus. Further; the Tarpeian rock, and the rock called Robur, whence criminals used to be precipitated, inclines

towards the Tiber. Near to this was the Carcer Tullianus; but the Mamertine Prison is not at the elevated side of the Capitol, but at the lower part: therefore the Mamertine Prison must be altogether a different one from the Tullian. The Tullianus Carcer must have been a large one; for there was no other prison at Rome. There was, indeed, a place of confinement, called the Carcer Centum Virorum, but that was only for debtors. The Mamertine Prison was a *private one*. Some think Mamertinus is derived from Mars, some from Mamerca, the name of a Roman family. There was also a Mamertinus, of the Flavian family, who was Consul in the time of the Emperor Julian. An old inscription attests that the prison was built in the Consulship of M. Cocceius Nerva and Vibrus Rufinus, an. 7 of Augustus. In the time of Constantine the Mamertine Prison was made into a church, and persons guilty of grave offences were thenceforward sent to the island in the Tiber. The early Christians were also confined in private houses: this was called, libera custodia — liber carcer. "Carcer (says Varro, de Ling. Lat. lib. iv.) a *coërcendo*, quod exire prohibentur.'"

NOTE 9, p. 116.

"Via del Babuino, No. 96, Roma.

"Litteras tuas, admodum R. Domine, humanitatis et benevolentiæ plenissimas ante hos dies accepi; quarum causa debitas tibi gratias ago. Nam quod me benignè inviseris, tuæque plurimæ doctrinæ coram agnoscendæ occasionem præbueris; quod item Christianæ religionis contra hodiernos incredulorum conatus tuendæ magnum zelum ostendcris; hæc, inquam, atque alia amantissimæ tuæ atque optimæ indolis indicia me summopere delectarunt; tuique memoriam, numquam quoad vixero, ex animo meo delendam, ingesserunt.

"Quod autem postulas, ut ego tibi R. Domine, *συστατικοῖς γράμμασι* ad Pontificem Maximum aditum curem; equidem, si opus fuerit, prono animo id agam: neque dubito quin te Pontifex perlibenter adeuntem excipiat.

"Ceterum quæ hactenus mihi subindicasti de cogitato Christianorum conventu, et ferendis religiosæ pacis conditionibus, ea

perardua mihi, tibique ipsi, ut puto, videntur; nec sine ingenti omnipotentis Dei beneficio fieri posse. Sancta quidem Romana Ecclesia in dogmatibus semel definitis perstat, semperque perstabit: neque a conciliorum quorumlibet œcumenicorum placitis umquam recedet. Nam præterquam quod id Catholicæ Ecclesiæ naturam adficit, periculum esset, ne si res gravius et incautius permiscerentur, nec vetera reciperemus, nec hodierna quidem sarta tecta retineremus.

"Reliquum est ut tibi A. R. Domine gratum animi sensum declarem, quod liberalem adeo te præbeas, ut hospitalem quoque mensam apud Dunelmum, si forte opus foret, mihi offeras. Equidem nobilissimam Angliam invisere vellem, nisi ætas ingravescens et occupationes vetarent: et quamvis Dunelmum borealius est, sedes tamen Volsei et Tunstalli, et tot illustrium litteratorum collegium non parum me allicerent. Ergo, interim, vir admodum reverende et doctissime mei memor, vale. A. Card. Maius.

"Dabam ex ædibus Alteriorum Romæ,
iv idus Aprilis mdcccl.

"Admodum Reverendo Domino Geo. Townsend,
Canonico Dunelmensi."

Note 10, p. 16.

I place here a copy of the Circular which I sent to some few of the Bishops, and other influential personages, immediately before I set out on my journey to Italy. The state of my health would not allow me at that time to continue the correspondence in which it involved me. I hope, however, that I shall be still enabled to persevere in the efforts to which it refers:

"My Lord, or Sir,

"Your earnest attention is requested to the *statement* contained in this Circular, and to the *request* with which it is concluded.

"Because the disunion among the worshippers of Jesus Christ may be deemed the chief source of the numerous evils which curse and afflict the Catholic Church and the world, the attempt to lessen this disunion, however visionary such effort may at first sight appear, becomes the bounden duty of every Christian.

"The hope of success in this most desirable object must be founded on principles which shall be alike free from many of the decisions of the Mediæval Bishops, and of the Reformers also, who, in objecting to those decisions, proceeded to opposite extremes; and free also from the schisms and errors of a mass of contending sects, and from the dogmas of either ancient or modern infidelity. Such hope must be established also on inferences deducible from the New Testament; from the history, doctrines, laws, and customs of the early Churches; and from the experience and facts of the past.

"To lessen, therefore, this disunion of Christians, to establish the best Peace Society,—the true Evangelical Alliance,—and to make one humble attempt to commence the accomplishment of an object no less interesting to the civilized world than to the Universal Church, I have presumed to submit to the Christian community the details of a plan for once more gathering together in one the Churches of the Catholic Church of Christ[1]. I venture to call your attention to the outline of this plan of union, and to solicit your co-operation in the endeavour to carry it into effect.

"The chief impediment to the Re-union of the Churches of the *Catholic* Church of Christ is the Creed, which is sometimes called the Creed of the Council of Trent. I have shown that this Creed was not given to the churches by the Council of Trent; that the same Council gave no power to the Bishop of Rome to draw up a new Creed; that this Creed was commanded to be received by the Bull of Pius IV. alone; and that, as the Bishop of Rome possesses, and has exerted, the power of rescinding the Bulls of his predecessors, it is in the power of the Bishop of Rome to rescind this Bull also; and consequently, by the removal of the sanction of a Creed from various long-established errors in doctrine, discipline, and worship, to throw open the whole controversy—to unpoperise, and therefore to catholicise, the Christian Church, and to prepare the way for one common mode of prayer, and one common faith and discipline, as we have now one written Revelation, and one Lord and Saviour.

---

[1] In four several Dedications to a Work entitled "Scripture Communion with God."

"I have next shown that, if this Bull were rescinded, the Christian Sovereigns of the world may imitate the example of Constantine (before he violated his own law of toleration, contained in the edict of Milan) without consulting the Bishop of Rome, if the Bishop of Rome refuses to consider the past. I have pointed out the singular parallel between the present age and the age of Constantine, and enumerated these seven particulars, in which the secular monarchs of the Catholic Church may unite to attempt the commencement of a better state of Christianity, as the guardians of the peace, happiness, morality, religion, and union of the people. They are :—

a. Impartiality between controverting Christians.

b. The upholding of their own supremacy, without noticing, much less acknowledging, the Ecclesiastical supremacy of the Bishop of Rome.

c. Their summoning, and acting with the Catholic Episcopacy.

d. Their resolutely adopting a *Catholic*, not a Papal Creed.

e. Their upholding the Universal Episcopate and its Canons, so far as these Canons are consistent with their political institutions.

f. Their care to extend to all, the chief Blessing of Man—the Word of God.

g. And their sanctioning a *primitive*, not a Papal Liturgy, and the worship of Christ as Divine.

"I have, then, presumed to suggest that the Christian titles of 'Defender of the Faith,' and 'Protestant,' with the remembrance of the three great services rendered by England to the World; namely, by Elizabeth, in resisting Ecclesiastical Despotism; by William III., in resisting Political Despotism—and by George III., in resisting Jacobinical and Infidel Despotism—justify the hope, that Great Britain may be the means of attempting a still greater benefaction to mankind than even all these; and that an attempt may be made to promote the Re-union of Christians, by the Sovereign of Great Britain permitting its Christian Ambassadors at Foreign Courts, to communicate with Christian Statesmen, Christian Princes, and Christian Prelates, on the subject of a Catholic Council, or Catholic Congress, to establish Peace and truth. I have concluded my humble suggestions by showing, that as two

chief causes of the disunion of Christians, and the consequent mournful evils which afflict the Church and the World, have been the discontinuance of that part of the Apostolic office which consisted in the mutual vigilance of Bishop over Bishop; and the discontinuance, also, of their frequent assemblings, to consider the best mode of maintaining the union of Christians on the basis of Truth; therefore, the Archbishop of Canterbury and his brother Prelates, obtain the consent of our own influential Government to correspond with the Prelates of other countries, on the best plan of originating an universal movement, for the Re-union of Christian believers in the Divinity of the Son of God.

"Such is the *statement* I have ventured to place before you, as the foundation of the *request* with which most respectfully, but earnestly, I now, as a Christian, make to you as a Christian,—

"That you *will share with me the honour, or disesteem,* which uniformly attends the projector of any novel scheme of usefulness; communicate with me on this sacred subject; and unite with me in preparing and submitting to Her Majesty, to the Government, to the Bishops, and to the Clergy, petitions for commencing and continuing the preliminary correspondence which might possibly result in the assembling of a General Council or Congress—the result of whose deliberations may be, the more evident and certain fulfilment of the prophecies, which predict the eventual establishment of peace and union among the now divided Churches of the one Holy Catholic Church of Christ. The last prayer before HE was led out to be crucified, whose zeal for God, love for man, and sacrifice of self, render HIM the pattern, the example, and the model to Christians, was for the union of HIS followers. Can we not offer the same prayer, and can we not do something to accomplish the object for which we pray?

"I have the honour to be,

"Your faithful Christian Servant,

"GEORGE TOWNSEND,

"Canon of Durham."

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